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AMERICAN ETCHERS.

THE term etching has a definite and limited significance too often disregarded in popular speech. Its maltreatment seems the more inexcusable when we remember that it is not a word originally wider in meaning which has been narrowed by the custom of the studio into limited technical applicability; but that its etymological, dictionary force is at one with its employment in artistic parlance. And as it denotes not an effect but a process, there should not be the least confusion with regard to it. Even if it were possible—as it is not—to produce identical effects by other methods, no work so produced could be called etched work. *To etch* comes from the same root as *to eat*, the Greek *ἐσθαι*. Only such prints as are made from plates that have been acted upon by acid—bitten into, eaten away—are to be named etchings. To produce a print of this kind, the artist takes a plate—usually of copper, though sometimes of zinc—and coats it with a preparation formed of wax and other ingredients. Upon this “ground,” after it has been blackened with smoke so that his strokes will show more clearly, he draws his subject with a sharp-pointed instrument called a “needle” or “point,” using just sufficient pressure to remove the ground along the line of his strokes without scratching the metal underneath. The plate is then immersed in a shallow pan of acid called a “bath.” This acid, or “mordant,” acts upon the uncovered portions of the plate—upon the artist’s lines, that is—but has no effect upon the portions still protected by the ground. When the “biting” is accomplished, the plate is cleaned, inked, and printed on a roller-press. This is the bald theory of etching; but its practice is a much more complicated affair than might be thought. Variety in the blackness or strength

of lines cannot be produced—as in pen-drawing, for example—by varying degrees of pressure given to the draughtsman’s tool. This can do no more than remove the ground with a finer or a blunter point, thus producing lines which would vary in width, but scarcely at all in blackness, were all acted upon to an equal extent by the acid. But all are not thus equally acted upon. The palest, finest lines in a print have been bitten for a very short period; the darkest, strongest ones for a comparatively long period; and all intermediate lines for periods of intermediate lengths. There are various ways of obtaining these results. In one—the traditionary process employed by the great etchers of other days—the subject is completely drawn upon the plate, which is then immersed in the acid long enough to bite the lines intended to be palest. Then the plate is removed from the bath, the finished lines are “stopped out” with protecting varnish, so that the acid can no longer touch them, and the biting is resumed, these “stoppings out” being continued until all the desired gradations have been successively arrived at.*

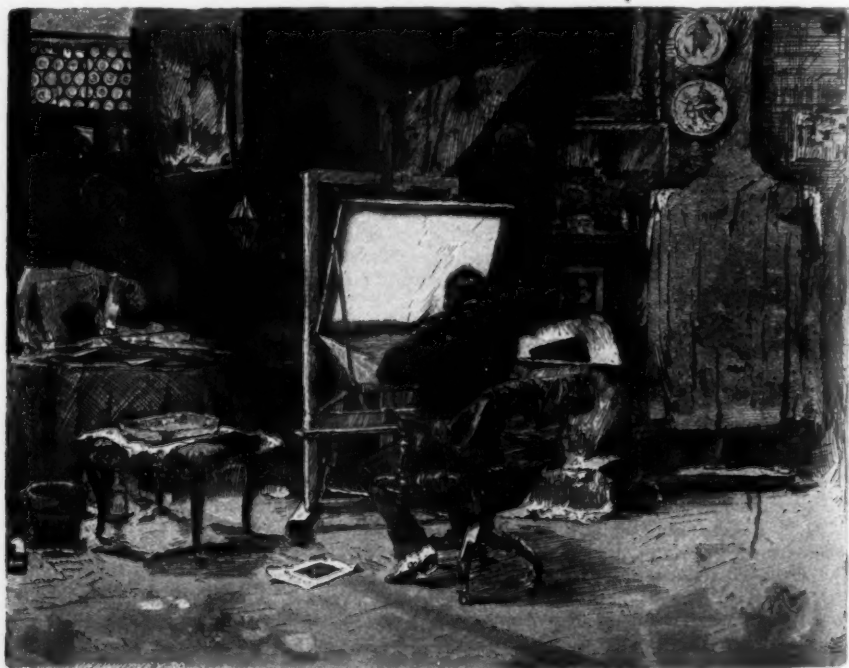
Another process, usually called the “continuous,” consists in drawing at first upon the plate only such lines as are intended to be darkest, biting these, cleaning and re-grounding the plate, laying and biting the lines of the next degree of strength, and so proceeding until the plate is finished. A third process, first brought into favor by Mr. Haden, presupposes the use of an acid which works rather slowly. In this the untouched plate is immersed, and the etcher’s work is done upon

* Of course the order in which the gradations are secured may be varied to suit individual desires. But it is impossible here to dwell upon the manifold minor resources of the art.

it through the liquid. Of course, here also the strongest lines will be laid in first and the work carried on gradually up to the very palest. This process has many advantages,—and not alone in its saving of trouble,—but it requires such mastery of the art, so perfect a foreknowledge of just what effects are desired and just what methods must be used to get them, that it is only fit for the most able hands. There are other methods and combinations of methods in use, but they cannot be here described. Enough has been said, I think, to show the general technical principles of the art. But a few words must be added with reference to the completion of a plate. The reader will understand that the biting plays as important a part in an etching as the draughtsmanship proper, since upon it depend all the artist's effects of tone and color and aerial perspective. But even when the last biting is finished, the plate is not of necessity complete. It may afterward be worked upon: with the "dry point,"—that is, with the needle, in lines that *cut* the copper, and are not submitted to the acid at all, and that give a peculiar effect of their own; with a line-engraver's burin; with the "roulette,"—a tiny wheel that gives results analogous to those of mezzotinting; with pumice-stone, to roughen

the surface; and in more than one way besides. Moreover, when the plate leaves the etcher's hands, the printer often has his special work to do. The simplest way to print an etching is, of course, to wipe the surface of the plate quite clean. Then nothing prints save the lines which hold the ink below the surface and into which the paper is driven by the action of the press. But to obtain *flat* tints, films of ink, of greater or less strength, are often left on or applied to portions of the plate, which films print tints of greater or less blackness. Often, as in the etching by Mr. Blum here reproduced, this so-called "artificial" or "artistic" printing plays a very important rôle. And some of my readers may remember the many "monotypes" which have been exhibited during the past year. These are produced by artificial printing *alone*—unassisted by any etched lines. Of course, with this process—as its name implies—a plate can only give a single impression; and equally of course, an etched plate, whether with or without added inked spaces, must be inked anew before the taking of each impression.

It is difficult, in the short space at my command and hampered by the desire to reserve as many pages as possible for a notice of



A MODERN ETCHER. (ROBERT BLUM.)



J. H. WHISTLER SC.

JOE. (JAMES A. M. WHISTLER.)*

individual American workmen, even to hint at the peculiar characteristics of the etcher's art, the peculiar gifts necessary for its successful practice. But I must try, though in the fewest words. Why, in the first place, is etching held to be a much more "artistic" process than any other manner of engraving? Why does it attract the hand of original, creative artists who leave other processes to their special students? Simply because it is infinitely *freer* than any other multiplying process, being, indeed, freer than any other *point* process whatsoever, as the etching ground offers even less resistance to an artist's touch than paper to the pen or pencil. It is the only graphic process by which an artist can *improvise*

—can put his own thoughts—directly, and with such ease that his most fleeting vision can be fixed and the least idiosyncrasy of his handling be preserved—upon a plate from which many duplicates may be printed. And, of course, it is this characteristic which makes etching so seductive to the artist, and which makes its results so interesting to the amateur.

Another charm of etched work—one which is less easy to explain in words, however, and which cannot be fully understood from the wood-cut reproductions here put before the reader—lies in the fact that the lines obtained by it differ vastly *in kind* from those obtained by any other engraver's process. Its blacks are deeper and richer and more velvety than

* Reprinted from this magazine for August, 1879.

those possible to any other linear process (whether a multiplying process or not), and its lights by contrast higher and more brilliant. Thus a wider range for the translation of color is at command. Moreover, an etched line, of whatever degree of strength or delicacy, has a peculiar quality of its own. An engraved line, cut slowly and painfully into the metal, will not only be stiffer, more mechanical, less autographic, than a line cut swiftly and easily into yielding wax, but when printed, from its even, monotonous structure, will always look cold and hard. But the action of acid is *not* even and mechanical. A bitten line is full of slight irregularities, ragged and minutely uneven; and when printed it will have far more of life and vivacity and accent. A lover of etching finds in the contemplation of a single strong, well-bitten line a pleasure akin to that found by the amateur of painting in the contemplation of a single strong, well-laid brush-stroke—a pleasure which has no equivalent if we study an engraved line in isolation. There is nothing at all in linear work (whether engraved or merely drawn) that compares with an etching for freedom, strength, and personal expression; and there is nothing like it in monochromatic work for warmth, variety, tenderness, and beauty of color.

A word must, however, be said* as to the limitations of the art—limitations which its lovers will hardly acknowledge to be drawbacks. As it is a strictly linear process it cannot cope with processes where tints and masses are employed in the rendering of full and perfect tone. Almost perfect tonality can, it is true, be accomplished with the needle and, its various aids, but only with much labor and a sacrifice of frank, linear expressiveness. Of the degree to which excellence has been attained in this respect, by modern "reproductive" etchers especially, I shall say a brief word later on. Here I will only note that the greatest original etchers are usually content to give tone and gradation in a partial, arbitrary, and strictly interpretative way, since by so doing they retain rapidity of handling and—the prime excellence of the art—strong linear expression. In a word, they think more of form and color and freedom than of complete tonality.

When we begin to examine etched work in particular examples, we shall prize most highly those prints in which its characteristic qualities are most perfectly exhibited, its limitations most loyally respected,—since, as Mr. Hamerton well says, an art is at its best when most thoroughly *itself*. Those etchings which are the freest and most personal in handling and the richest in color, and in

which the line is most strongly and expressively employed, will be the finest. Of course, as in all other arts so with this one, there is something more than technical skill to be considered: there is the idea which it expresses or the sentiment which it interprets. But as etching is not an imitative art, even to the comparative degree in which some arts may be so esteemed, as it is the most boldly and frankly interpretative of all graphic modes,—original, valuable ideas must have existed where really fine workmanship is seen. The etcher's translation into expressive linear language of something which has shown no similar lines in nature, presupposes a power of clear analysis. And in so interpretative an art, where very many facts in every theme must be omitted, their effect dispensed with altogether or merely suggested to the observer's memory, the converse power of synthesis is implied as well. An etcher who speaks strongly must speak concisely, significantly, rapidly, and, if I may so express it, typically or symbolically. Therefore he must be possessed by a clear idea of the things he wants to say, looking to it that they are not so many as to confuse or so alien as to confound his peculiar form of speech. And so it is that when we see in an etching really strong and individual workmanship, it vouches for intellectual qualities as well—it presupposes, by its very existence, clear, individual ideas or characteristic sentiments in the etcher, with the presence of the high artistic powers to which I have just referred,—the powers of analysis, condensation, and interpretation. It was his recognition of these facts which made Jules Dupré exclaim: "Artists paint on their good days and their bad, but etch on their good ones only." And such facts and such testimony may well dispose of the too prevalent idea that etching is an "easy" art,—one fitted for the casual attention of any dilettante.

And these facts imply that perhaps the chief thing to be prized in an etcher's work is *economy of labor*. As the art is essentially a free and rapid one, and as it is difficult and (so far as the action of the acid is concerned) always more or less uncertain, one's effects should be produced with as much simplicity as possible. An elaborate, patiently worked-up plate is never as delightful as one executed with more freedom, with less expenditure of time and effort,—provided, of course, that the desired effect has been secured. Work done with few lines and vital ones, its meaning suggested by subtle "short-hand" methods, which leave the white paper to play an important part in the general result, appeals to most lovers of the art with especial force and

charm. I should repeat, perhaps, that I am speaking now of original etchings only—of “painter etchings” as distinguished from reproductive work.

I hope the reader has not found his patience too sorely tried by so many technical explanations. He must remember that we cannot understand an artist's speech in all its meaning or appreciate one-half his skill, unless we know how he has been helped and limited by his tools. And with regard to so artistic and so peculiar a process as etching, such knowledge is doubly needful.*

The history of etching is a peculiar one. Though brought into notice by Albrecht Duerer and his contemporaries on both sides of the Alps, the full possibilities of the art were first developed a century later by Dutch and Flemish artists. The greatest of these as a painter was the greatest also as an etcher—the completest master of the art who has yet been born. In Rembrandt we find all the endowments of an etcher in such force, and find them displayed along so many lines,—with so many results of surprising unlikeness but of equal excellence,—that a study of his work alone would serve to show nearly all of which the art is capable. During a long period which succeeded the extinction of the great Netherland schools and lasted into our own century, the art fell into almost complete disuse and into completer public disesteem. But when a growing love of “romantic” and “picturesque” tendencies in art opposed itself to the insipidities, the “classicism,” and the formalities of preceding generations, modern artists were inspired by the etched as well as by the painted work of their great Dutch predecessors. Delacroix, Charles Jacque, and Daubigny were among the first to re-create an art most admirably adapted to express what in their time had become the prevailing artistic mood. Méryon, one of the greatest etchers of our day, was at work in 1850, and with him a host of scarcely inferior workmen. And after the establishment of the Second Empire, etchers were recognized as a special class of exhibitors at the Paris *Salons*.

Strictly speaking, the art revived a little earlier in England than in France, but with so much less of truth and energy that the

English school was soon outstripped by the Parisian, to which all others are even yet inferior. Not only are etchers more numerous in France than in any other country and their products far more widely appreciated, but these last are, as a rule, more original and various and in greater conformity to the true spirit of the art. I do not forget that one or two of the very ablest modern etchers have been Englishmen, but, nevertheless, my words hold true of French etchers as a class. And it is, therefore, a matter of congratulation that our own men have started in French rather than in English paths, though by no means in a servile or an imitative spirit.

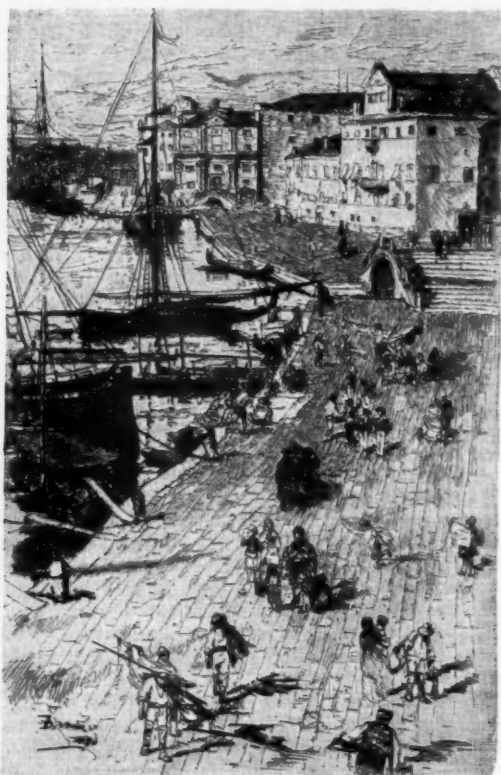
If we consider now the brief history of etching in America, here, too, it will be found to have had its ups and downs. An exhibition of American etchings, held at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in the spring of 1881, showed that as early as the thirties and forties there had been etchers in this country. Among the names of these long-forgotten pioneers we read some which are quite unfamiliar; some, like that of William Dunlap, the first historian of American art, which are associated with quite other things; and some which are of artists who, like Edwin White, have since gone over to the majority, or who, like Mr. Falconer and George L. Brown, still live and work among us. It would be too much to say that any of these men were etchers in the true sense of the word, with the exception, I think, of Mr. Falconer; still less were they etchers of originality or force. Usually they drew upon the copper with little idea of its unique requirements and with results of no artistic value. But their aspirations should be held in grateful recollection none the less, for theirs was the day of small things,—a time when every earnest student of art must have had an appreciable influence in a community where his fellows were so few.

A name which should not be forgotten is that of Edwin Forbes, who published* a large portfolio of etchings called “Life Studies of the Great Army,” containing forty plates illustrating the life of the Union armies during the years 1861-65. They are not executed in the true “etcher's spirit” or with great technical skill, but they are clever and interesting none the less, and will have historic value as the most complete and characteristic contemporary record of our military life. Mr. Forbes's work won foreign praise, and caused him to be elected a member of the French Etching Club and an honorary foreign member of the old London Etching Club as well.

In the year 1866 a spasmodic interest in

* For complete instruction in the theory and history of the art, the reader is referred to Mr. Hamerton's delightful volume, “Etching and Etchers.” His “Etcher's Handbook” gives full directions for its practice, but should be read, not only by those who aspire to work, but also by those who wish to understand the work of others. Lalanne's book on “Etching,” translated and annotated by Mr. S. R. Koehler, may also be recommended to every student, and much information may be got from Mr. Hamerton's essay on Mr. Haden's work in this magazine for August, 1880.

* In what year I cannot say, but they were copyrighted in 1876.



RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI, VENICE. (FRANK DUENECK.)

the art was prompted by a M. Cadart, who established in New York what he called a "French Etching Club," and whose instructions drew about him some of the younger artists of the day. But there followed another apathetic period, and it is only within very recent years that the art has shown any real, spontaneous activity likely to result in vigorous and fruitful growth. The year which followed that of the Centennial Exhibition, when so many unaccustomed eyes had been led to look with interest at things of art, may almost be called an epoch in the history of American development. In 1877, the torpid National Academy precincts saw the advent of certain young men from Munich who caused a great rattling of dry bones at the moment, and who proved but the advance guard of a whole battalion of fresh and eager painters. And, what more nearly concerns us here, it was this year which saw the birth of the "New York Etching Club," an association formed by a few earnest students of the art to incite activity by brotherly reunions and to spread its

results by annual exhibitions. The young society went through that struggle for existence which seems ordained for babes of every sort,—even for those which, like this artistic infant, are well fathered and tenderly watched over. The public was indifferent, and some of the Club's own members were too much absorbed in other work even to heed that condition of membership which prescribed that each should produce at least two plates every year. But though its survival was due to the pains and sacrifices of a few men who deserve well of the republic, the Etching Club is now prosperous and busy, and has been more potent than any other influence in aiding the progress of the art among us and in winning the public to its love.

An event which should be named as having worked with vigor toward the same good ends was the establishment, in 1879, of the "American Art Review." Its editor, Mr. S. R. Koehler, was especially anxious to foster etching in America, and gave with each monthly number of the magazine original



A WET EVENING IN VENICE. (OTTO H. BACHER.)

etchings by native workmen, accompanied by clear critical notices from his own pen. During the two years of the "Review's" most regrettably brief career it did much to benefit both the artist and the public, and its discontinuance was, in the words of the Etching Club itself, "a bereavement to the American etcher." In the spring of 1881, as I have said, an exhibition of American etchings was held in Boston, chiefly owing to the exertions of Mr. Koehler. At the same time, our workmen were winning their first foreign laurels. In the month of May was held in London the first exhibition of the English "Society of Painter-Etchers." The prints solicited from American artists caused such general surprise and were so cordially praised by the best foreign judges that a thrill of pride must have stirred every needle in this country. No less than nine or ten Americans—Mrs. Thomas Moran, Messrs. Thomas Moran, Farrer, Falconer, Swain Gifford, James Smillie, Bellows, Parrish, F. S. Church, and, I think, Frank Duveneck—were at once elected members of the new society, one print by each being chosen for its collection. Mrs. Moran's "Goose-pond," here reproduced, was one of the "diploma" pictures thus selected.

The exhibition held in New York last winter under the patronage of the Club, though not confined to the work of its members, was a surprise even to those who had watched with appreciative eyes the rapid progress of the art among us. Two rooms were filled with prints signed by fifty-three American names. Most of them were more than satisfactory, and some of them were quite admirable. We may not be able to count as yet any name of the highest rank save that of Mr. Whistler. But we must remember that, as Mr. Hamerton says, great etchers are produced at about the rate of two or three to a generation. And in an art so essentially artistic, and

so exacting and peculiar in its requirements, there are many places below the very highest which admirable workmen alone can fill.

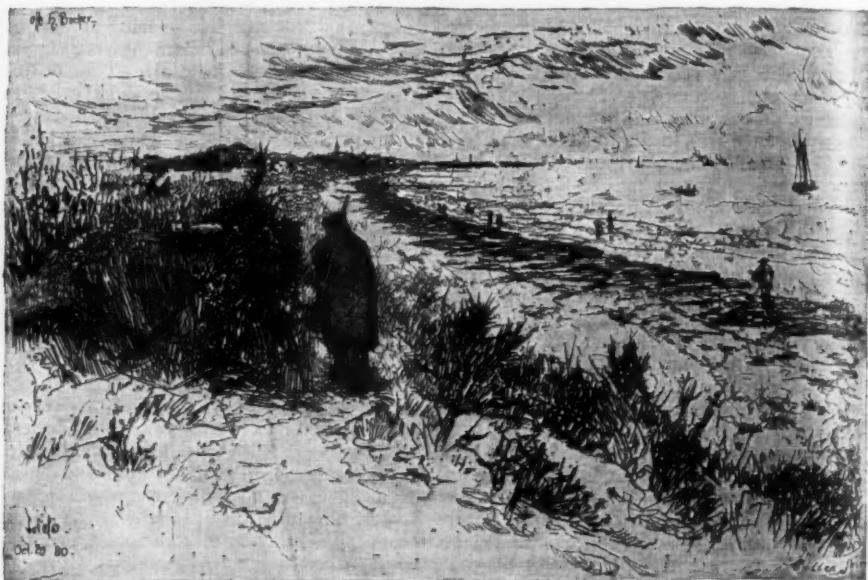
One or two external influences have worked so palpably to encourage etching in America, that they also must be mentioned before I pass from this brief history of our school to a briefer criticism of the work it has thus far done. Mr. Hamerton's teaching is one such influence. It would be hard to compute the good done by his book,—which won a sudden wide popularity very unusual to volumes of its sort,—both in prompting artists to take up the point, and in telling the public how to appreciate their efforts. Mr. Haden's etchings have worked strongly in the same direction, not only in and by themselves, but through the benefits their success has conferred upon the least of Mr. Haden's brethren in art as well as upon himself. It is not necessary here to dwell upon the degree of that success or upon the merit which secured it. Just now, when Mr. Haden has so recently come to visit us, the most casual reader may be supposed to know something of the one and of the other. Before the day of that success it was difficult indeed to sell modern etchings in England or America. But Mr. Haden opened the market to all good workmen, for he opened the eyes of his countrymen and our own. It is hoped and believed that his visit will give a fresh impulsion to the etcher's art among us. The mere presence of a great man has an inspiring effect upon his fellow artists; and the words of such an one, whether speaking in print or from the lecture platform, appeal to a more receptive audience than is reached by a whole chorus of lesser voices. Mr. Whistler's influence is another that should not be forgotten in a summary of the things which have helped us on our way. He is an American artist and so must be discussed

with more of detail. First, however, I would say a word as to the characteristics of our school in general,—for it is, I think, sufficiently independent and sufficiently well-established to have some that are worthy of the name.

One of the chief temptations which assail an artist in our day is the temptation to make a show of boldness and rapidity and synthesis if the real things are not at his command,—to work in a rough and careless or pretentious way, which, to untrained eyes, may pass for the freedom and vigor and breadth of a master hand. And as etching is an art where freedom is especially prized, and where, from the strictly interpretative nature of the method, the public may find

best things. As a school they have begun conscientiously and soberly, and are therefore more likely to work their way to complete mastery than if they had begun in careless over-confidence or willful posturing.

Another fact which has struck me most favorably is that as a rule our men show a very just instinct in the choice of their material. There is no kind of material, scarcely an "effect" of any sort, which may not be attempted with success in etching,—which has not been successfully interpreted by the great men of one day or of another. But it is nevertheless true, with this art as with all others, that certain things are by nature best adapted to its use. From the description of

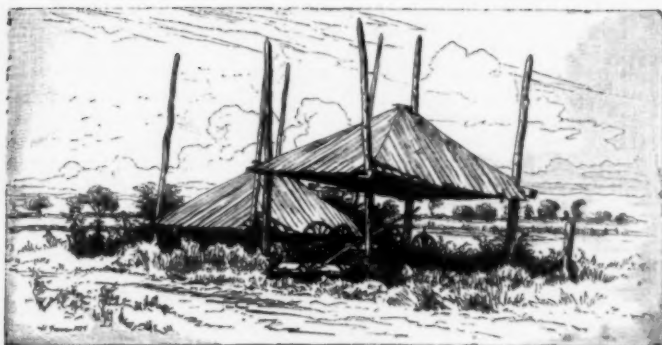


SEA-SHORE, LIDO, VENICE. (OTTO H. BACHER.)

it difficult to distinguish between an almost arbitrary yet truthful and brilliant interpretation of nature like one of Mr. Haden's, and a "free" but meaningless scribble on the copper,—it was to be feared that our young etchers might fall into sins of a careless or pretentious sort. But such has not been the case. When they do sin it is usually in the way of too much timidity, too little personality and force of handling, too much useless elaboration, too little abstraction and condensation and insistence upon the vital structure of their subject. They have not always conquered the possibilities of their art in the way of breadth and strength and originality; but they have not often travestied these

the process it will be felt that it must work most easily and surely upon things which can be expressed by few and powerful lines and simple tonic schemes. Form and color are its strongholds; strength and directness its great virtues; and, as Charles Blanc says, "It is attracted most by everything that is irregular, *bizarre*, incomplete, unexpected, disordered, or in ruin." And with these requirements our etchers seem to be in unison.

There is still a third tendency to be discovered in our work which cannot be too highly praised. Our best men—with the exception of Mr. Whistler and a few who have been inspired by him and Venice—have learned their art at home and have chosen local themes for



HAY-RICKS. (H. FARRER.)

its display. While our art is still so young and so rapidly developing, it cannot be too often said that all hope for its future as a characteristic national school must lie in the willingness of our men to interpret the life which gave them birth, and to which—in spite of foreign residence and training—their spirits must be most akin. Nor need the American etcher, by the way, be the man to complain that nature so decrees. Admirable material for his art lies ready to his hand,—especially in our great harbors and in our coast lands, with their long reaches of sand and rock, their changeful skies, their rugged, wind-torn growths of stem and foliage, their quaint forms of hull and sail, their tangled lines of mast and cordage, and the picturesqueness of their weather-beaten little towns, with the irregular shapes and strong outlines proper to wooden structures no longer in the ugly pride of newness. It is fortunate indeed that our men see the value of these things—fortunate for themselves as well as for the national repute, since every worker does his best when most at home with his subject-matter, and since, moreover, there is no such spur to originality of expression—

that chief of charms in etching—as freshness of material. We cannot be the parrots of any other man if we are saying something that none has said before.

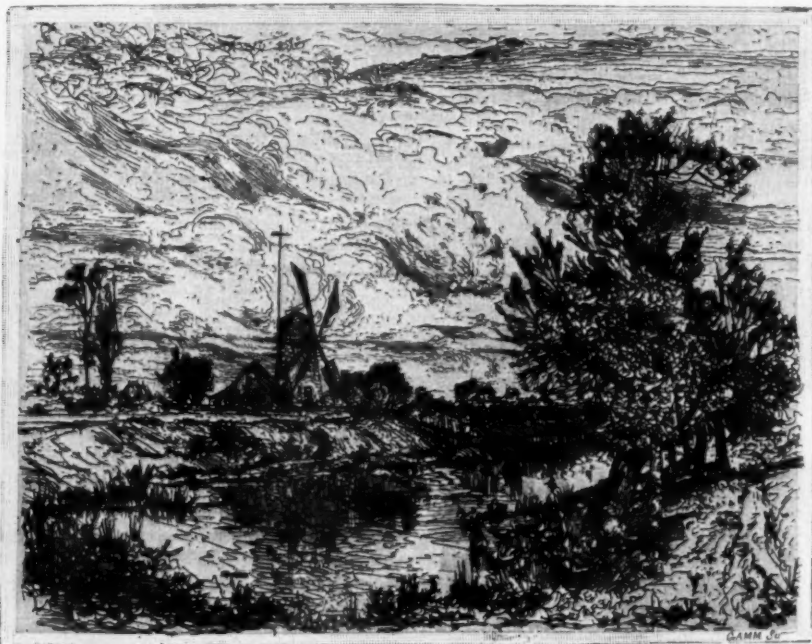
Mr. Whistler's name is, of course, the first that should be mentioned in a list of American etchers. Though most of his art education was obtained in Paris, and though his long residence in England has caused him to be identified with the younger English school, Whistler is an American by birth and breeding; and—what is of more importance in deciding his artistic nationality—he is, it seems to me, quite peculiarly American in his temperament. He is one of the very first few among living etchers, and his plates assisted those of Mr. Haden in the good work of bringing the etcher's art once more into wide popularity. Mr. Whistler cares little for orthodox "composition," and does not often try for even approximate tonality, but in individuality, in sentiment, and in free, frank, artistic, and "telling" use of the line, he has no superior among the moderns and few equals in any age. His work is at times extremely strong, at times supremely delicate, and always wonderfully vital and original.



AN OCTOBER DAY. (R. SWAIN GIFFORD.)

His strength is nervous and brilliant and incisive, not massive like Mr. Haden's; but his utmost delicacy has never a hint of commonplace or weakness. Every stroke has meaning, and each is set with beautiful skill and rare artistic feeling. His best-known plates—a series representing the Thames in and about London—had, at the time of their publication, some twelve years back, a quite noteworthy influence in showing what may

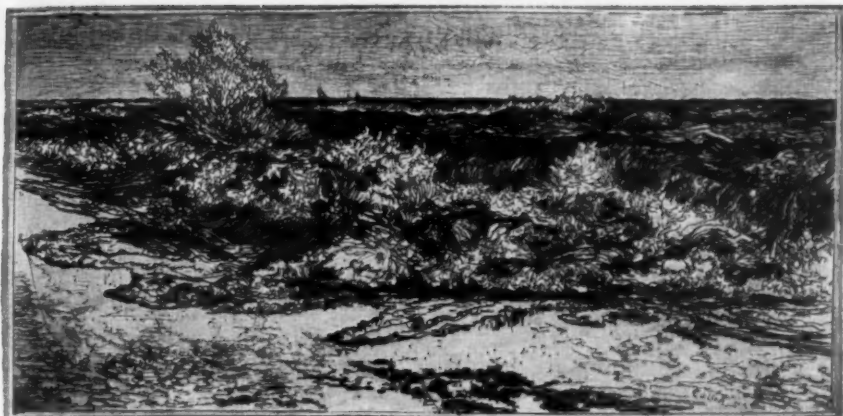
his products are of an original sort. It is hard to explain such differences in words; but I may say that his plates are more massive, more full of detail and color, while showing less individuality of sentiment and a less free and graceful linear beauty than Mr. Whistler's. He is, too, less of an "impressionist" and more of a "realist,"—if I may use these words now consecrated to meanings which they but imperfectly convey. Some of Mr. Duveneck's



A GOOSE-POND—EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND. (MARY NIMMO MORAN.)

be done with materials essentially modern and supposedly unpicturesque. His figure and portrait etchings are, to me, the finest that have come from any living hand. Mr. Whistler has stood, by the fact of his foreign residence, outside the main current of the art as developed in America; but he has had a strong direct influence upon some few of our men, as well as a stronger indirect influence upon the art in general. Of late years he has worked largely in Venice, and has had about him there from time to time a group of younger workmen who, while not imitating him in any servile fashion, yet show the impress of his example. Among them is Mr. Duveneck—far too strong a man to be beholden even to a Whistler for thoughts or manner. Though doubtless inspired by Whistler's plates to work from similar themes,

large plates are among the best things done in recent years, and are quite wonderful in the way they reproduce the color and busy stir and strongly contrasted effects of modern Venice. Next, perhaps, I may speak of Mr. Otto Bacher, a young artist who worked at first in a simple, quiet style, and from simple pastoral subjects, but who, since his Venetian visits, has adopted a bolder, stronger manner and tried more complicated themes. His aims are very much the same as those of Mr. Duveneck, but he is not quite so skillful as the elder artist in his management of the vigorous, crowded lines which they both delight in. Mr. Bacher has usually etched direct from nature. At first he worked in the bath, but while in Venice he found the older process of biting and stopping out indoors to be more convenient. Other young men who have done



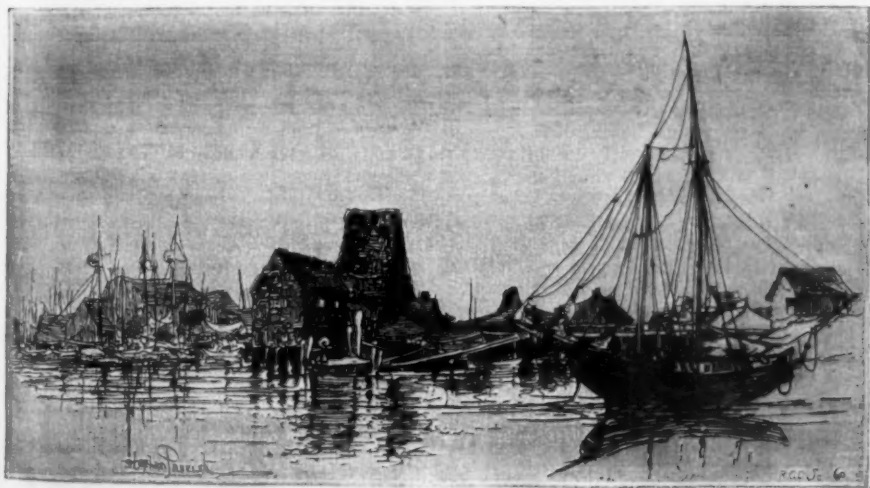
THE BREAKING WAVE. (THOMAS MORAN.)

good work from similar themes are Messrs. Corwin, Wendell, Rosenberg, and Hopkins.

It should be noted—as a happy sign once more—that, from Whistler and Duveneck down to their last young pupil, it is not the Venice of tradition or of fantasy which has inspired the needle, but the Venice of to-day,—that modern life where the nineteenth century utilizes the relics of the *cinque cento*; where great ships loom up amid the hurrying gondolas, and where smoke and steam play their not ignoble part in the gorgeous panorama of Venetian skies.

Turning from this little band of 'clever workmen we find few American etchers who have chosen foreign themes, and not one

who, if so choosing upon occasion, has done his best work thereupon. Mr. Henry Farrer, for example, one of the earliest and most prolific of our etchers, has tried subjects of many sorts, but all of local flavor, producing his best plates, perhaps, when depicting scenes in and about the harbor of New York. His early work was very careful and elaborate, but he has gradually made his way to far greater simplicity and far greater power. I would especially name several plates with dark hulls relieved against a brilliant evening or morning sky, as strikingly effective and thoroughly good in workmanship. The "Hayricks" here reproduced is not very characteristic of his most individual mood or choice



GLOUCESTER FERRY. (STEPHEN PARRISH.)

of theme. But it has seemed better,—in this as in more than one other instance,—to choose for reproduction such a plate as the wood-engraver could give most successfully, rather than one which, while intrinsically finer, would suffer more by interpretation into another art.

In his etched as in his painted work, Mr. Swain Gifford goes most often to our low coast-lands for his subject-matter. In choice

this is the most perfect plate, in sentiment and in execution, that has yet been done in America, though less brilliant and immediately "effective" than some others. It was chosen by the English Society as Mr. Gifford's "diploma" print. Mr. Gifford usually finishes his work from nature, and employs the oldest processes of the art; but sometimes he works by the "continuous" method.

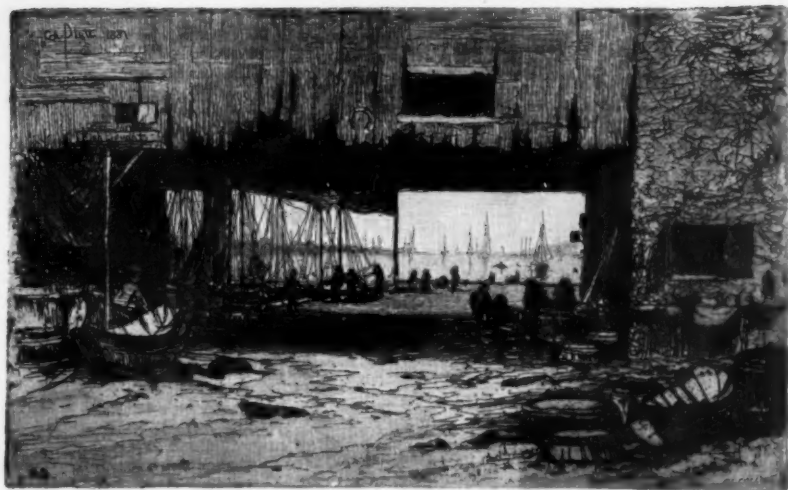
Mrs. Moran is, as yet, the only woman who



AN AMERICAN VENICE. (JOSEPH PENNELL.)

of theme he is peculiarly happy, and his handling combines both decision and delicacy to an unusual degree. It is difficult and might be unjust to use absolute superlatives when speaking of men so nearly on a par as our best etchers—to name one as superior to all the others. But I shall keep within a quite undisputed fact in saying that there is not one among them who shows a truer feeling for the requirements of this peculiar art than Mr. Gifford; who etches more truly in the etcher's spirit; who knows so exactly what to omit and what to insist upon, and thus produces such complete effects by such simple and synthetic means. His finest plate, to my eyes, is the "Pandaram Salt Works,"—most remarkable for quiet simplicity of manner and fullness of meaning, and for a truly artistic management of line and detail. I am only citing, of course, an individual preference; but to me,

is a member of the New York Etching Club, and no name stands higher on its roll. Her work would never reveal her sex—according, that is, to the popular idea of feminine characteristics. It is, above all things, direct, emphatic, bold,—exceeding in these qualities, perhaps, that of any of her male co-workers. The fine plate called "Solitude," published in the "American Art Review," in 1881, with its tall, thin tree-trunks cutting sharply against a back-ground half dark foliage and half pale sky, and its solid, well-contrasted effects of light and shadow, is a preëminently manly piece of work. The "Goose-Pond," here reproduced, is quite as good, though not so original in motive, while the largest plate yet etched by her, the "Twilight," shown at the New York Exhibition of 1882, is even finer. Mrs. Moran painted in oil and water colors for a number of years; but she found her true artistic voice only when she took up the point



INTERIOR OF FISH-HOUSE. (CHARLES PLATT.)

some three years ago. She has always etched direct from nature, usually finishing her plates to the very last stroke in presence of the chosen scene, and completing them with bitings as few and as vigorous as possible. In the "Twilight" she has made an extensive but well-calculated use of the roulette to produce effects of tone. Her methods are not so exquisitely frank and simple as those of Mr. Gifford, and she seeks more for "pictorial" results than he. For this reason her work is, perhaps, more popular than his. But this reason does not make it less praiseworthy. Their chief plates might well be put side by side to show how the art can vary while remaining at the same level of artistic excellence.

Mrs. Moran's immediate success with the needle was doubtless owing to the fact that she was her husband's pupil. Mr. Thomas Moran had etched for many years before the art became so popular as now, and has experimented in a score of ways, even with the little-practiced art of etching on glass. His plates are very various in character, but to me his best results are those of delicacy and refinement and grace, rather than those of force. His sea-shore sketches are especially attractive. If there is a fault to be found with his work—which, by the way, has won him hearty praise from Mr. Ruskin, who is not a lover of the art in general—it will be that his compositions sometimes lack unity of conception and consequently of effect,—an excellence that is strongly characteristic of the other names just mentioned.

Mr. Peter Moran has also been a prolific etcher. Animal life chiefly attracts him, and

a large plate called "The Return of the Herd," may possibly be called his best. He and his brother have both been fortunate in finding unhackneyed themes in the picturesque regions of the Yellowstone and of Spanish New Mexico.

Mr. Stephen Parrish, whom I should put with Mr. Gifford and Mr. Farrer and Mrs. Moran in the very first rank of our home-keeping etchers, and who is the most popular of them all, has tried his hand at themes of many sorts, but his name is especially associated with sea-board scenes. Our ragged fisher-villages, with their rocky foundations and primitive vessels, have found in him a first and most clear-voiced interpreter. He has experimented widely with his art, especially in the matter of sky-treatment. Those plates in which he has left the largest amount of almost untouched paper to play its part seem to me the most thoroughly successful. Unlike his associates just mentioned, Mr. Parrish does not believe in etching direct from nature, but thinks the peculiar requirements of his art may be better met if pencil sketches are leisurely adapted to the use of point and acid. He usually etches without stopping out, and sometimes altogether in the bath.

Mr. Joseph Pennell's work was hardly known, I think, until a couple of years ago, but secured him at once a place among the foremost. He too has struck out an original line for himself in his sketches of old Philadelphia, with its diversities of level and unexpected flights of steps, its quaint architectural forms, and its narrow streets and



BARNEY'S JOY. (LEROY MILTON VALE.)

curious court-yard so rich in effects of light and shade.* During the last few months he has treated with success similar themes found in lower Louisiana. Mr. Pennell writes me: "I should be most happy to tell you about my 'usual method of working'—but I haven't any. I either work from dark to light, or in the old-fashioned way and use stopping-out varnish. In fact all my work thus far has merely been a series of experiments * * *

* In an article called "From Cape Ann to Marblehead," published in this magazine in November, 1881, will be found wood-cuts after Mr. Parrish's best plates, while Mr. Pennell's work is similarly reproduced in "A Ramble in Old Philadelphia," in the number for March, 1882.

of my plates (in fact all, so far as I remember) have been done in a day—and most of them in half of one. About half were done out of doors and the rest from sketches. In future I intend to do everything from nature direct on the plate."

Mr. Charles A. Platt is a very young man, and just beginning, with energy and serious effort, his work in etching. He seems to have been influenced a good deal by Mr. Parrish, both in his choice of theme and in his manner of working. But his taste is artistic, his individuality is visible, and his master is a good one; so we may hope the three facts will work together till the former predominate in an art of first-rate quality.

Mr. Vanderhoof has done but few plates,



SOLITUDE. (CHARLES A. VANDERHOOF.)

in the preparation of which he has used the dry point very freely. They are all individual and poetic in sentiment and charming in workmanship. The one here reproduced is, so far as I know, the largest and most important he has published.

Mr. Nicoll is another artist worthy of all attention; and Mr. Falconer, the earliest of all our present etchers, has done a great deal of work of various sorts and qualities, from the most painstaking to the most sketchy sort,—the best being in clever renderings of time-worn and curious buildings.

Dr. Yale's name will not be found among those of our professional artists. Etching has been his recreation only, not even a minor branch of his main activity. But he deserves the name of artist none the less, and he is entitled to peculiar honor for the reason that, though standing outside the actual artistic guild, he was one of the most earnest founders and fosterers of the New York Etching Club.

Mr. Coleman, Mr. Bellows, Mr. George H. Smillie, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Kruseman Van Elten; Mr. Harry Chase, Mr. Laffan, Mr. McCutcheon, Mr. Sabin, Mr. Kimball, and Mr. Garrett—these are all men, of the elder or the younger generation, who have done interesting things, but whom the lack of space must deprive of further comment. Mrs. Greatorex has also produced many good plates, though rather in the spirit of the pen-and-ink draughtsman than of the etcher properly so-called. Still, her records of old New York are artistically as well as historically valuable.

As yet I have spoken only of our landscape etchers, and they form, indeed, a great majority among our workmen. But there are a few who have succeeded with other themes. Chief among these is Mr. F. S. Church, an artist who is so popular, and whose work has been so thoroughly discussed in Europe as well as here at home, that neither my description nor my praise is needed. His fantastic, graceful imagination is unique in our art, and works as well through the medium of point and acid as in other ways. The little cut here given does not show him in his most characteristic mood; but that mood is so familiar to every eye that perhaps a novelty was better chosen.*

Mr. John Ames Mitchell began life as an architect and has done some good etched work with architectural motives. He studied with Brunet-Debaines, one of the best French

* For a full and most appreciative notice of Mr. Church's work, the reader is referred to an article by Mr. Comyns Carr in "L'Art" for November 13th and December 4th, 1881.



THE ROSE OF PAIN. (F. S. CHURCH.)

etchers of our day, and learned from him a delicacy and refinement in the management of his tools which stood him in good stead in several series of small figure-subjects published a while ago in Paris. He is especially clever, if at times a bit theatrical, in his management of strong floods of light, and has an expressive touch when drawing one of his comically characteristic little faces.

Mr. Dielman's name should not be forgotten in this connection, nor that of Mr. Gaugengigl, who, though a German by birth and education, had never etched till he came to this country.

Mr. Blum shows only two or three plates as his work thus far; but the one here reproduced is among the most ambitious and dashing things we have yet accomplished. It is strongly sketched on zinc, and the



LOUIS AGASSIZ. (ANNA LEA MERRITT.)

elaborate tonality is secured, as has been said, by a somewhat lavish use of artificial printing. The biting was done in a rough-and-ready way, which may be noted to show how many odd devices an etcher can employ. The whole plate was bitten once, and then the acid was poured on certain spots and wiped off when its purpose was accomplished. Naturally, no delicate gradations could be secured in such a way, but for Mr. Blum's purpose it has answered well enough.

Mr. Chase, too, has as yet done little with the needle, but enough to prove him possessed of abilities that would repay further exercise. Quite rightly he does not carry his methods with the brush into his practice with the point. His plate after his own picture called "The Jester," is not a "reproductive" etching, but an etcher's free version of a theme he had quite differently put on canvas. The face, for example, is not carefully modeled so as to duplicate the effect of the painting, but is cleverly and quickly touched with an etcher's characteristic lines and dots.

And thus I come at last to say a brief word about reproductive etching. It is a quite distinct branch of the art, though, as always, we may find many good works occupying a middle ground between two logical extremes. As so very widely practiced by modern engravers it was unknown in earlier days. Etching was long used as an auxiliary

in other kinds of engraving, but has only lately grown to its full proportions as an independent reproductive craft, its development being due to the decline of the great art of line-engraving, and to that newly born taste which demands color and tone and the preservation of a painter's technical method in a black-and-white reproduction of any sort. These things can all be secured to a quite wonderful degree in etching, but only at a sacrifice of some qualities we prize most highly in original work. The engraver-etcher's methods are very delicate, very subtle, very artistic, but almost always very slow and, of necessity, very complicated. So he lacks not only the individuality but the spontaneity and the swiftness of the artist, who is called—to mark him off from these engravers with the needle—the *painter-etcher*. Thus, while employing the same technical processes, the reproductive etcher uses them with such different aims that his art is quite another thing from that of Mr. Haden, for example. For has not Mr. Haden said that an etching which is finished in one sitting is likely to be the best? Each art is right and good in its own place. It is only when the spheres of the two have been confused in the same work, when the etcher has not been clear as to his aims and consistent in his methods, that we may call either aims or methods illegitimate.

It is curious to reflect—when we remember the wonderful interpretative skill of our wood-engravers, and also how American art has always been taunted with its lack of originality—that our etched work is almost exclusively "painter's etching," that only a few of our men have attempted reproductive work, and that even these have shown little love for its more tedious if completer methods. Among these few, however, are some who must not go unmentioned. It would have been better, perhaps, to speak of Mrs. Merritt among original workmen. Her plates are chiefly portraits, done from painted or photographic originals, often from her own pictures, but, though quite elaborate in workmanship, are not exactly to be called "reproductive" etchings. Whenever she finds her theme, she treats it in a somewhat interpretative way. Her work is essentially English in flavor, delicate and artistic, but not over strong in handling. The portrait of Sir Gilbert Scott, after a painting by George Richmond, R. A., (published in the late Review) is to my thinking the best she has accomplished.

Mr. James Smillie has done good original work, but more often clever reproductions. Among the best are versions of pictures by Charles Jacque and Bridgeman. Mr. Stephen

Ferris, too, has not confined himself to reproductions (having done among other original things some clever little portraits), but has won most of his reputation by their means. Mr. Peter Moran has also done reproductive work, and Mr. Thomas Moran's very large plate, after the Turner in his possession, is the most ambitious and also the

most successful reproductive etching yet attempted in America. While acknowledging that we have no names to put into even remote comparison with the great French and German engraver-etchers of our day, we should not at all regret that our men show more inclination toward original, free, creative work.

M. G. van Rensselaer.



OUR WOOD IN WINTER.

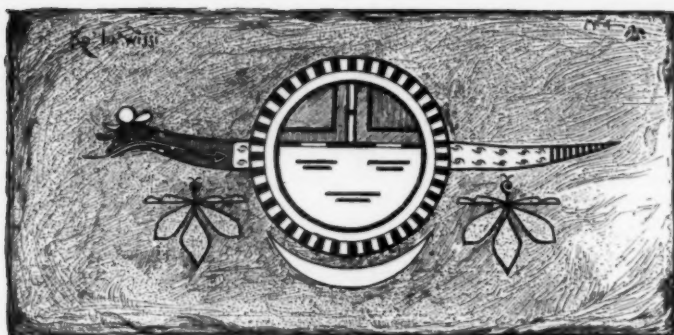
THE circle of the wind-swept ground
Was paved with beechen leaves around,
Like Nero's golden house in Rome;
While here and there in solemn lines
The dark pilasters of the pines
Bore up the high wood's somber dome;
Between their shafts, like tapestry flung,
A soft blue vapor fell and hung.

We paused with wonder-taken breath:
It seemed a spot where frost and death
Themselves were chained at nature's feet;
And in the glow of youth and love,—
The colored floor, the lights above,—
Our hearts, refreshed, with rapture beat;
The beauty thrilled us through and through
And closer to your side I drew.

Ah, tell me when we both are old,
On dismal evenings bleak and cold,
When not a spark is in the west,
When love, aweary grown and faint,
Scarce stirs the echo of complaint
Within the sad and laboring breast,—
Ah! tell me then, how once we stood
Transfigured in the gleaming wood.

And in a vision I shall turn
To see the fallen beech-leaves burn
Reflected in your lifted eyes,
And so for one brief moment gain
The power to cast aside my pain,
And taste once more what time denies;
Nor linger till the dream has fled,
But on your shoulder sink my head.

Edmund W. Gosse.



KO-LO-WISSI, GOD OF THE PLUMED SERPENT.

MY ADVENTURES IN ZUÑI. II.

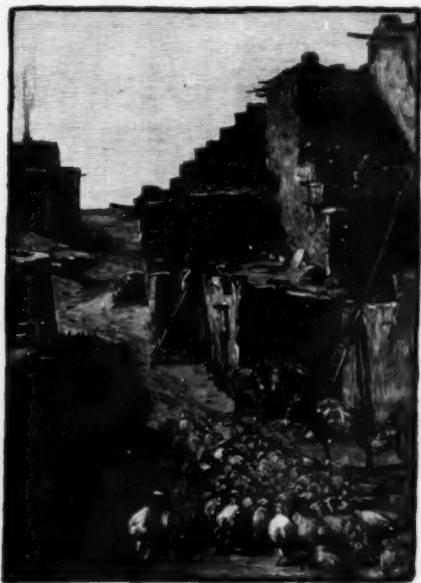
WHEN the frost first crackles the corn-leaves in the valley of Zuñi, it is, to the dweller in that desert land, what the first April shower is to husbandmen of New England. For in Zuñi autumn is spring-time. It is the time of soft breezes and hazy beauty of sky, not the days of blazing sun, driving sand-blasts and dust-hidden clouds and distances. You may stand on the topmost terraces of the old pueblo and see the busy harvesters bringing in their last crops, and the old women who have been off among the

mountains gathering peaches all day, staggering home at sunset, under huge baskets, strapped across their foreheads, full of the most delicious fruit. As you stroll through the narrow terrace-bounded streets your foot slips on pulpy melon-rinds, and from every dark window-hole dusky faces grin at your mishap. From as many door-ways welcomes greet you in unpronounceable clicks and guttural aspirations, which you are not long in comprehending, for basket after basket of the fruit brought in last evening is set before you. Day after day you may hear from the open plazas the sound of the drum and rattle, telling in strange cadences of the general joy of the time when "the corn grows aged, and the summer birds chase the butterfly to the land of everlasting summer."

It was toward the close of these merry days, one bleak evening in November, just as the red sun had set behind heavy black-bordered clouds at the western end of the plain of Zuñi, and the wind was wildly rushing to the opposite end, with its heavy freightage of sand, dead corn-leaves, and dried grasses, that the herald of Zuñi and I were walking down past the scalp-house toward the buildings of the mission. My companion turned to me with a pleasant smile on his face, and, tucking the corner of his *serape* more closely under one arm, raised his fingers as if to count them.

"Little brother, make your heart glad," said he, "a great festival is now every one's thought. Eighteen days more, and from the west will come the *Shá-la-k'o*; it welcomes the return of the *Ká-ká* and speeds the departure of the Sun. Make your heart glad, for you shall see it too."

Elated with the change of spirit toward me,



THE RETURN OF THE FLOCKS.

which this indicated on the part of the Indians, who had previously constantly opposed my presence at their ceremonies, I turned to reply, but he was shading his eyes and gazing intently off toward the road over the eastern mesas.

"Look! I wonder who are coming," said he.

A train of wagons was appearing at the

hail pelted fiercely down on the roof and against the plates of selenite in the windows. But the fire burned only the more brightly, shooting red tongues of flame up into the black, box-shaped flue, and casting dancing shadows against the white walls and over the stone-paved floor.

Next morning I crossed the pueblo, and looked down over the plain. The storm had



ZUÑI WEAVING.

crest of the black, distant head-lands. It came but slowly in the dusk, and against the wind-storm, so we returned to the pueblo.

My room was no longer lonely as at first. Huge blocks of piñon blazed on the hearth, and the Governor, now my inseparable friend, with his watchful, industrious wife, were there to welcome me. Night grew black outside. The wind howled in the chimneys. Rain and

ceased. Tents were pitched in the corral of the mission; white-topped wagons stood around, and smoke rose from a little fire in the corner. By these signs I knew that the caravan we had seen was my party returning from Moqui.

Hastening back to tell the good news to my "old brother," as the Governor insisted I should call him now, I met at the entrance



CHIEF PRIEST OF
THE BOW.

Colonel Stevenson. In-
changed, he drew forth
ed me a letter from the
ian Institution, informing
me that a
continuation of leave had been granted as I
requested.

That night, doubtful of the results, I told
the Governor that Washington wished me to
remain there some months longer, to write all
about his children, the Zuñis, and to sketch
their dances and dresses.

"Hai!" said the old man. "Why does
Washington want to know about our Ká-ká?
The Zuñis have their religion and the Amer-
icans have theirs."

"Do you want Washington to be a friend
to the Zuñis? How can you expect a people
to like others without knowing something
about them? Some fools and bad men have
said 'the Zuñis have no religion.' It is be-
cause they are always saying such things of
some Indians, that we do not understand
them. Hence, instead of all being brothers,
we fight."

"My little brother speaks wisely, but many
of my people are fools, too. He may get
in trouble if he pictures the Ká-ká too much."

"Suppose I do."

"Well, then, what makes you puff up your

quiries ex-
and hand-
Smithson-
me that a

ers] go away, I'll make a man of you then;"
and with this he leaned back against the
adobe bench, with all the complacency of a
tolerant, dutiful, and very responsible guardian.

A day or two afterward he approached me
with a designing look in his eyes, and snatched
off my helmet hat and threw it among some
rubbish in the corner, producing from behind
his back a red silk handkerchief. Folding
this carefully, he tied it around his knee,
and then placed it on my head. With a re-
mark denoting disgust, he hastily removed
it, and disappeared through a blanket-closed
door into a quaint mud-plastered little room.
After rummaging about for a time, he came
out with a long black silken scarf, fringed at
either end, which must have belonged once
to some Mexican officer. He wound this
round and round my head, and tied the ends
in a bow-knot at my temple, meanwhile turn-
ing his head from side to side critically.
"Good! good!" said the old man. "There,
now, go out and show the Zuñis, then travel
down to the camp and show the 'Teem-
sy-kwe' [Stevenson people] what a sensible
man you are, and how much better an *óthi-
pan* is than a mouse-head-shaped hat." He
also insisted on replacing my "squeaking
foot-packs," as he called a pair of English
walking shoes, with neat red buckskin moc-
casins.

face with sad thoughts?"
asked the old man impa-
tiently. "Don't you have
plenty to eat? When you
came here you lived on
pig's grease and baked
dough, but I threw the
light of my favor on you
and cooked some mutton.
Have you ever had to ask
for more? Sister would make
all the paper-bread, corn-
cakes, and dumplings you could
eat, but you will not eat them,
and she has grown ashamed.
What's the matter anyway?"
he persisted. "Do you want
to see your mother? Pah?

Well you can't, for if Washing-
ton says 'You stay here,' what have
you to say? Now go to bed. You
had better cut down that hanging bed
of strings, though, and sleep on a cou-
ple of sheepskins, like a man. Some
night you will dream of 'Short Nose'
[my mule], and tumble out of that
'rabbit net,' and then Washington
will say I killed you. You just wait
till 'Teem-sy' [Colonel Stevenson] and
his beasts [the Mexican cook and driv-

Thus, in a blue flannel shirt, corduroy breeches, long canvas leggings, Zuñi moccasins and head-band, heartily ashamed of my mongrel costume, I had to walk across the whole pueblo and down to camp, the old man peering proudly around the corner of an eagle-cage at me as I started. The Zuñis greeted me enthusiastically, but when I reached camp great game was made of me. I returned thoroughly disgusted, determined

nials others would be elected for the ensuing year. Followed by a great crowd, they went from court to court, repeating in a sing-song, measured tone prayers to the gods and instructions to the people, whom they directed to prepare within four days for the coming festivities. Each of these clowns, save one,—their reputed father,—would start out soberly and properly enough in his recitation, but would soon, as if confused, wander off to



WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

never to wear the head-band again; but, when I looked for the hat and shoes, they were nowhere to be found. When I asked for them, the Governor said, "No-o-o-o! The Americans are asses. Don't you suppose I know what becomes a man? Here, what have you got that on sideways for? You Americans *will* stick things on your heads as though your skulls were flat on one side; are they? Well, then! wear your head-band straight and don't make a hat of it. There!" said he, straightening the band. And every morning, just as I was about to go out, he would carefully equip me in the black silk head-band. He took so much satisfaction in this, and it pleased the other Indians so much, that I decided to permit them thenceforth to do with me as they pleased.

One night, toward the close of the month, there appeared in the pueblo the ten Kó-yi-ma-shis. It was for the last time, the Indians told me, for during the old Sun ceremo-

some ridiculous, childish nonsense, which would bring down the rebuke of the older one. Forthwith the culprit was hunted forth from the line and replaced by one of his companions. This one, in turn, repeated the failure of the first. Each sally of rude wit was greeted with loud laughter and shouts of applause from the by-standers, who crowded around the little circle and lined the house-tops in the dark. Those near the Kó-yi-ma-shis held torches in order that the grotesque faces might be seen. As soon as the prayer of the oldest one began, however, the torches were lowered, and the whole court was hushed until it was finished. Then the ceremony, varied only in the jokes, was repeated in some other plaza or court.

After all the plazas had been visited, I stealthily followed the retiring Kó-yi-ma-shis to a large room on the south side of the pueblo. A sentinel stood at the door, and no one but these clowns was permitted to enter.



ZUÑI SPINNING.

Nor could I catch more than a glimpse of the fire-lit interior, as the windows were heavily curtained with blankets. I learned that the group had been confined in this room four days and nights, engaged in fasting, prayer, and sacred incantations; so I determined to visit them.

Two days later I collected some tobacco and candles. The evening meal over, I asked where the *Kó-yi-ma-shis* were.

"They are tabooed," was the reply.

"I know," said I, "but where are they?"

"How do you know? What do you want with them?" the Indians glumly asked.

"They are good men," said I, "and I wish to give them some candles and tobacco."

It happened that an old man whom I knew, was one of the ten. He had temporarily come home after some plumes, and was standing aloof from the rest. A little while after his departure, a messenger came from the high-priest, with the request that I visit them, as "no harm would come from the presence of a *ki-he*." Forthwith, I was instructed how to behave.

"When you go in, little brother, you must breathe on your hand and, as you step into the fire-light, you must say, 'My fathers, how are you these many days?' They will reply, 'Happy, happy!' You must not touch one of them, nor utter a single word in Spanish or American, nor whistle. But you must behave very gravely, for it is *ák-ta-ni* [fearful] in the presence of the gods. If you should happen to forget and say a Spanish word, hold out your left

hand and then your right, one foot and then the other, and they will strike them very hard with a wand of yucca."

The messenger guided me to the low door, which I entered, breathing audibly on my hand. Stepping into the brightly lighted center of the room, I started off very well with, "My fathers" (*Hóm a tá-tchu*), but here broke down, and placing the candles and tobacco on the floor, with a muttered apology, I unfortunately finished, partly in Spanish. Instantly two or three of the sprawling priests started up exclaiming, "*Shu! shu!*" and stretched their hands excitedly toward me. One of them took a wand from the front of the altar, and gravely advanced toward me. Without a word I stretched out my hand, and he hit me a terrific blow directly across the wrist. Never wincing, however, although the pain was excruciating, I stretched out the other hand and my two feet in succession, receiving the hard blows on each. I breathed on my hand and said, *E-lah-kwa* (thanks!). The priest spat on the wand, smiled, and waved it four or five times around my head. The white-haired father of the ten then approached me, placed his finger on his lips as a warning, thanked me for the presents, and asked that the "light of the gods might shine on my path of life." But he directed that I be hustled away, for fear I might commit some other indiscretion.

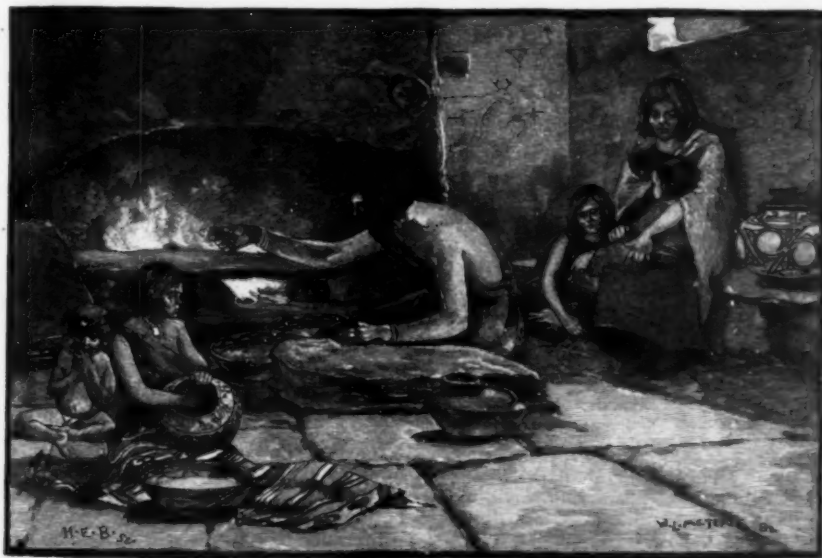
I had gained my object, however, in merely entering the room. It was large. At the western end stood an altar, composed of tablets of various heights and widths, strangely

carved and painted in representation of gods, and set up in the form of a square. At the back were larger tablets, on and through which figures of the sun, moon, and stars were painted and cut. Within the square stood a number of sacred wands of long macaw feathers inserted into beautiful wicker-work handles. Overhead hung the figure of a winged god, a little in front of and below which was suspended horizontally an elaborate cross. It was composed of two tablets, carved to zigzag points at the ends, and joined at the center, so as to resemble a wind-mill with four arms. Numerous eagle-plumes depended from the lower edges of the four arms, on each of which was perched the effigy of a swallow.* Underneath this stood

painted in red, green, blue and yellow, the figures of animals, birds, human monsters, demons, and significant pictographs.

This little glimpse revealed to me a mysterious life by which I had little dreamed I was surrounded, and I looked forward with curious anxiety to the coming ceremonies.

That night, on my way home, I saw great fires blazing on the south-western hills. I could hear the sound of rattles, and the long, weird cries of the dancers, whose forms were too distant to be seen even against the snow-sprinkled slopes. "The Long-horn and the Hooter, the wand-bearers and the sacred guardians, whom you shall see four days hence," said my brother, as he opened the



MAKING HÉ-WÉ (PAPER BREAD).

a large medicine-bowl with terraced edges. It was covered with figures of frogs, tadpoles, and dragon-flies, and contained a clear, yellowish fluid. Over this two of the priests were crouching and muttering incantations. Behind the altar, partly covered with little, embroidered cotton kilts, were the warty masks and the neck-cloths of these priestly clowns. Almost immediately on entering, my guide had uttered prayers and scattered medicine flour over them. All along the walls of the great room, now vivid in the fire-light, now indistinct in the flickering shadows, were

* I have since learned that this represented the great morning star, and that the swallows were emblematic of the summer rains.

door to let me in, and motioned with his head in the direction of the sounds.

During the next day, hundreds of Navajos, Moquis, and Indians from the Rio Grande pueblos, gathered in from the surrounding country. Everybody was busy. Oxen were slaughtered by the dozen, sheep by the hundred. In every household some of the men could be seen sewing garments both for themselves and the women. The latter were busily engaged in grinding corn, cooking paper-bread over great polished, black stones, cutting up meat, bringing water, and weaving new blankets and belts. Outside, continual streams of burros, heavily laden with wood, came pouring in from the surrounding mesas.

My old brother, however, was none too busy to insist constantly that I should not sketch the "fearful Shá-la-k'o," when they came in from the west. If I would promise this, the party and I should be permitted to see the great ceremonial, which never before had the white man been allowed to look upon.

Toward evening, on the second day following, people began to gather all over the southern terraces, and away out over the

the shoulder-blades of deer, and in their left, painted plumed sticks. Following came two red-bodied, elaborately costumed and ornamented characters wearing round, green helmets, across the tops of which were attached painted round sticks with shell-rattles at either end. They bore in their hands white deer-horns and plumed sticks, and were, with the others, guarded by two nearly nude figures with round-topped, long-snouted, red



THE TOWER OF THE SHADOWS AND THE ROAD OF THE RED DOOR.

plain there appeared seven gigantic, black-headed, white forms, towering high above their crowd of attendants. Gradually they came toward the pueblo, stopping, however, midway in the plain across the river, to perform some curious ceremonials. Meanwhile, eight remarkably costumed figures preceded them, crossed the river, and passed along the western end of the pueblo. These were the same the Governor had told me of. The "Long-horn" and the "Hooter" were clothed in embroidered white garments, and their faces were covered by horrible, ghastly, white masks, with square, black eye and mouth-holes. Their head-dresses were distinguished from each other only by the large white appendages, like bat-ears, attached to one of them, while the other was furnished with a long, green horn, from which depended a fringe of wavy black hair, tufts of which covered the heads of both. They bore in their right hands clattering rattles made from

masks, surrounded at the neck by collars of crow-feathers. They carried rattles like those of the chief figures, and long yucca wands with which to chastise spectators who might approach too near.

All of these were preceded by a gorgeously costumed, bare-headed priest, with streaks of black, shining paint across his eyes and chin, and profusely decorated with turquoise earrings and shell necklaces. A snow-white deer-skin mantle was thrown gracefully over his shoulders and trailed in the dust behind. He carried a tray of sacred plumes in his hand, and was closely followed by a representation of the fire-god. This was an entirely nude boy, the body painted black and covered all over with many-colored round spots. His face and head were entirely concealed by a round-topped, equally black and speckled mask or helmet. Slung across his shoulder was a pouch made from the skin of a fawn, and in his hand a long, large, smoking torch

of cedar bark, which he kept gracefully waving from side to side.

The whole party passed rapidly toward one of the plazas, where a square hole had been dug by the Priest of the Sun. After dancing back and forth four times to the clang of their rattles, uttering at intervals cries of hoo too! hoo too! the four principal characters, with long prayers and ceremonials,* deposited sacrifices of some of the plumed sticks. This ceremonial was repeated in the chief plazas of the pueblo, and outside of it north, south, and east, after which the whole party, just at sunset, retired into one of the immense sacred rooms at the southern side of the town.

After dusk, the giant figures which had been left on the plain across the river came in one by one. They were, by all odds, the most monstrous conceptions I had seen among the Zuñi dances. They were at least twelve feet high. Their gigantic heads were shocks of long black hair with great horns at the sides, green masks with huge, protruding eye-balls, and long, pointed, square-ended, wooden beaks; and their bodies were draped with embroidered and tasseled cotton blankets, underneath which only the tiny, bare, painted feet of the actor could be seen. The spasmodic rolling of the great eyeballs and the sharp snapping of the beak as it rapidly opened and closed, together with a fan-shaped arrangement of eagle-feathers at the back of the head, gave these figures the appearance of angry monster-birds.

To each new house of the pueblo one of these monsters was guided by two priests. The latter were clad in closely fitting buckskin armor and round, helmet-like skull-caps of the same material. Several elaborately costumed flute-players, together with a Kó-yi-ma-shi or two, attended. After prayers and ceremonials before the ladders of the houses to be entered, each, with his two attendant priests, mounted with great difficulty, descended through the sky-hole, and was stationed at one end of the room, near the side of an altar, differing only in details from the one already described as belonging to the Kó-yi-ma-shis. Immense fires of sputtering piñon-wood, and rude, bowl-shaped lamps of grease, brilliantly lighted up each one of these closely curtained rooms.

Toward midnight, my brother explained to me that, in each new room and sacred house of Zuñi, the twelve "medicine" orders of the tribe were to meet, and that, as he was a priest of one of them, I could go with him, if I would sit very quiet in one corner, and

not move, sleep, nor speak during the entire night.

As we entered the closely crowded, spacious room into which the first party of dancers had retired, a space was being cleared lengthwise through the center, from the altar down toward the opposite end. With many a hasty admonition, the Governor placed me in a corner so near the hearth that, for a long time, controlled by his directions, I was nearly suffocated by the heat. Along the northern side of the room were the dancers, their masks now laid aside. Conspicuous among them were the two priests, who were engaged in a long, rhythmical prayer, chant, or ritual, over eight or ten nearly prostrate Indians who squatted on the floor at their feet. As soon as this prayer was ended, great steaming bowls of meat, trays of paper-bread, and baskets of melons were placed in rows along the cleared space. A loud prayer was uttered over them by an old priest, who held in his hands a bow, some arrows, and a war-club, and who wore over one shoulder a strange badge of buckskin ornamented with sea-shells and flint arrow-heads.† He was followed by the Priest of the Sun, from the other end of the room. The little fire-god then passed along the array of victuals, waving his torch over them, with which the feast was pronounced ready.

Many of the dishes were placed before the dancers and priests and a group of singers whose nearly nude bodies were grotesquely painted with streaks and daubs of white. They were gathered, rattles in hand, around an immense earthen kettle-drum at the left side of the altar, opposite the now crouching monster. As soon as the feast was concluded, many of the women bore away on their heads, in huge bowls, such of the food as remained.

The singers then drawing closely around the drum, facing one another, struck up a loud chant, which, accompanied by the drumming and the rattles, filled the whole apartment with a reverberating din, to me almost unendurable. Two by two the dancers would rise, step rapidly and high from one foot to the other, until, covered with perspiration and almost exhausted, they were relieved by others. At the close of each verse in the endless chant, the great figure by the altar would start up from its half-sitting posture, until its head nearly touched the ceiling, and, with a startling series of reports, would clap its

† This, as I afterward learned, was Nai-in-tchi, the Chief Priest of the Bow, or the high-priest of a powerful sacred order of war, in many ways strangely like the Masonic Order, and of which I have since become a member.

* The purification of the pueblos.

long beak and roll its protruding eyes in time to the music.

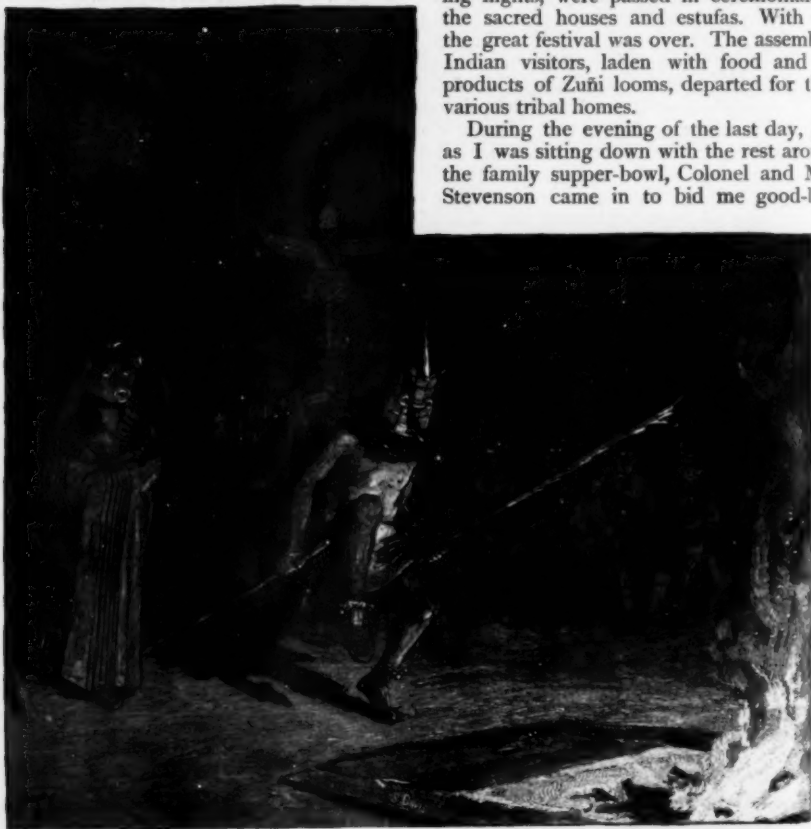
When the little fire-god took his place in the center of the room, no one relieved him for more than an hour and a half, and I feared momentarily that he would drop from sheer exhaustion. But I learned later that this was a trial ceremonial, and that it was one of the series of preparations which he had to pass through before becoming a priest, to which rank his birth rendered him eligible.

Just as the morning star was rising, the music ceased, the congregation became silent, and the chief dancer was led to the center of the room, where he was elaborately costumed. Then the Priest of the Sun took him up the ladder to the roof, where, facing the east, he pronounced in measured, solemn tones a long prayer to the waning Sun of the Old Year. Descending, he pronounced before the multitude (signalizing the end of each sentence

with a clang of his rattles) a metrical ritual of even greater length. Then the spectators gathered around the altar, and hastily said their prayers, the sound of which reminded me of a recitation in concert in a large school-room. The sun rose, and they dispersed to their various homes.

Some time after, the dancers, one by one, still in costume, passed over the river toward the southward; and the monsters, to the sounds of chants, accompanied by rude music on the flutes, were guided across to a flat, snow-covered plain, where, in the presence of the assembled priests of Zuñi,—but no others,—they ran back and forth, one after another, over a great square, planted plumed sticks at either end of it, and, forming a procession, slowly marched away and vanished among the southern hills. Toward evening no fewer than seven curious dance-lines of the Ká-ká at one time occupied the principal court. Most of that, as well as of the three succeeding nights, were passed in ceremonials at the sacred houses and estufas. With this the great festival was over. The assembled Indian visitors, laden with food and the products of Zuñi looms, departed for their various tribal homes.

During the evening of the last day, just as I was sitting down with the rest around the family supper-bowl, Colonel and Mrs. Stevenson came in to bid me good-bye.



A NIGHT WITH THE SHÁ-LA-K'Ó.

And on the following morning, long before daylight, their train passed over the lava-hills, and I was once more alone in Zuñi.

During the day I told the Governor that I would follow my friends before two months were over. With great emphasis and a smile of triumph, he replied, "I guess not."

On the evening of the second day he beckoned me to follow, as he led the way into the mud-plastered little room, whither he had unearthed my head-band. In one corner stood a forge, over which a blanket had been spread. All trappings had been removed, and the floor had been freshly plastered. A little arched fire-place in the corner opposite the forge was aglow with piñon, which lighted even the smoky old rafters and the wattled willow ceiling. Two sheepskins and my few belongings, a jar of water and a wooden poker, were all the furnishings. "There," said he, "now you have a little house, what more do you want? Here, take these two blankets,—they are all you can have. If you get cold, take off all your clothes and sleep next to the sheepskins, and *think* you are warm, as the Zuñi does. You must sleep in the cold and on a hard bed; that will harden your meat. And you must never go to Dust-eye's house [the Mission], or to Black-beard's [the trader's] to eat; for I want to make a Zuñi of you. How can I do that if you eat American food?" With this he left me for the night.

I suffered immeasurably that night. The cold was intense, and the pain from my hard bed excruciating. Although next morning, with a mental reservation, I told the Governor I had passed a good night, yet I insisted on slinging my hammock lengthwise of the little room. To this the Governor's reply was: "It would not be good for it to hang in a smoky room, so I have packed it away." I resigned myself to my hard fate and harder bed, and suffered throughout long nights of many weeks rather than complain or show any unwillingness to have my "meat hardened."

An old priest, whom I had seen at the head of one of the dances, and whose fine bearing and classic, genial face had impressed me, used to come and chat occasionally of an evening with the Governor, in the other

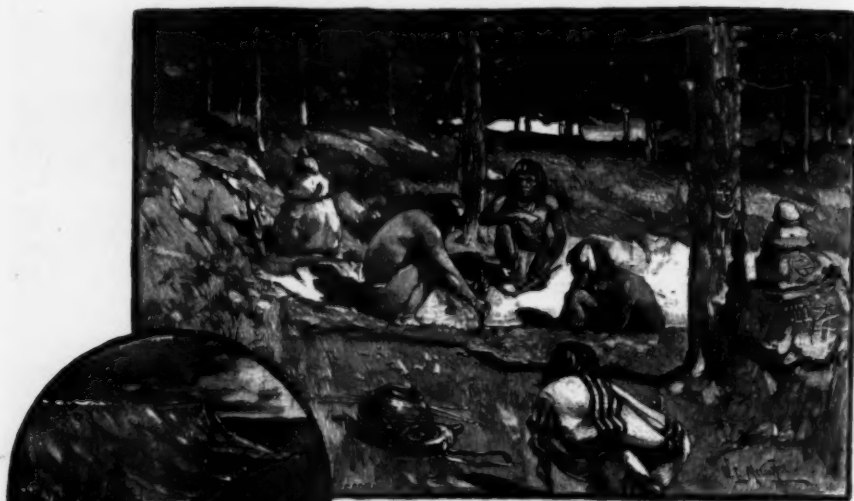


ARRIVAL OF THE SHÁ-LA-K'O.

room. Often, as he sat in the fire-light, his profile against the blazing background made me wonder if the ghost of Dante had not displaced the old Indian for a moment, so like the profile of the great poet was the one I looked upon. He had conceived a great affection for me, and his visits became more and more frequent, until at last one day he told me his name was Laf-iu-ah-tsai-lun-kia, but that I must forget his name whenever I spoke to him, and call him "father." Now that I wore the head-band and moccasins of his people, his attentions were redoubled, and he insisted constantly that I should dress entirely in the native costume, and have my ears pierced. That would make a complete Zuñi of me, for had I not eaten Zuñi food long enough to have starved four times, and was not my flesh, therefore, of the soil of Zuñi?

I strongly opposed his often repeated suggestions, and at last he so rarely made them that I thought he had altogether given up the idea.

One day, however, the Governor's wife came through the door-way with a dark blue bundle of cloth, and a long, embroidered red belt. She threw the latter on the floor, and unrolled the former, which proved to be a strip of diagonal stuff about five feet long



ANCIENT MINES IN THE VALLEY OF THE PINES.

by a yard in width. Through the middle a hole was cut, and to the edges, either side of this hole, were stitched, with brightly colored strips of fabric, a pair of sleeves. With a patronizing smile, the old woman said,—

"Put this on. Your brother will make you a pair of breeches, and then you will be a handsome young man."

Under her instructions I stuck my head through the central hole, pushed my arms down into the little blanket sleeves, and gathered the ends around my waist, closely securing them with the embroidered belt. The sudden appearance of the Governor was the signal for the hasty removal of the garment. He folded it up and put it away under the blanket on the forge. Long before night he had completed a pair of short, thin, black cotton trowsers, and secured a pair of long, knitted blue woolen leggings.

"Take off that blue coat and rag necklace," said he, referring to my blue flannel shirt and a tie of gray silk. "What! another coat under that. Take it off."

I removed it.

"There, now! Go over into that corner and put these breeches on. Don't wear anything under them."

Then the coarse woolen blanket shirt was again put on as before, only next to my skin. There were no seams in this remarkable garment, save where the sleeves were attached to

the shoulders and from the elbows down to the wrists. The sides, a little below the armpits, and the arms inside down to the elbow, were left entirely exposed. I asked the Governor if I could not wear the under-coat.

"No," said he. "Didn't I say you must have your meat hardened?"

Fortunately, however, a heavy gray serape, striped with blue and black, and fringed with red and blue, was added to this costume. One of the young men gave me a crude copper bracelet, and the old priest presented me with one or two strings of black stone beads for a necklace.

The first time I appeared in the streets in full costume the Zuñis were delighted. Little children gathered around me; old women patronizingly bestowed compliments on me as their "new son, the child of Wa-sin-tona." I found the impression was good, and permitted the old Governor to have his way. In fact, it would have been rather difficult to have done otherwise, for, on returning to my room, I found that every article of civilized clothing had disappeared from it.

During my absence for several days on an expedition to the Valley of the Pines in search of mines which had formerly been worked by the Zuñis, the old Governor and his wife industriously plastered my room, whitewashed the walls and even the rafters, spread blankets over the floor, and furnished it in Indian style more luxuriously than any other room in Zuñi. On the wall at one end, the Governor, in recollection of the pictures in officers' quarters which he had seen, had

pasted bright gilt and red prints, which no one knows how many years past had been torn from bales of Mexican *bayeta*. Above, carefully secured by little pegs, was a photograph of Colonel Stevenson, which the latter had given the Governor before leaving, and which the Indians had designed as my companion. On my return I was so cordially greeted that I could no longer doubt the good intentions of the Zuñis toward me.

My foster father and many other of the principal men of the tribe, now insisted that my ears be pierced. I steadily refused; but they persisted, until at last it occurred to me that there must be some meaning in their urgency, and I determined to yield to their request. They procured some raw Moqui cotton, which they twisted into rolls about as large as an ordinary lead-pencil. Then they brought a large bowl of clear cold water and placed it before a rug in the eastern part of the room. K'iawu presently came through the door-way, arrayed in her best dress, with a sacred cotton mantle thrown over her shoulders and abundant white shell beads on her neck. I was placed kneeling on the rug, my face toward the east. My old father, then solemnly removing his moccasins, approached me, needle and cotton in hand. He began a little shuffling dance around me, in time to a prayer chant to the sun. At the pauses in the chant he would reach out and grasp gently the lobe of my left ear. Each time he grasped, I braced up to endure the prick, until finally, when I least expected it, he ran the needle through. The chant was repeated, and the other ear grasped and pierced in the same way. As soon as the rolls of cotton had been drawn through, both the old man and K'iawu dipped their hands in the water, prayed over them, and, at the close of the prayer, sprinkled my head, and scattered the water about like rain-drops on the floor, after which they washed my hands and face, and dried them with the cotton mantle.



A BIVOUAC IN THE VALLEY OF THE PINES.

I could not understand the whole prayer; but it contained beautiful passages, recommending me to the gods as a "Child of the Sun," and a "Son of the Coru people of earth" (the sacred name for the priests of Zuñi). At its close, the old man said—"And thus become thou my son, Té-na-tsa-li," and the old woman followed him with, "This day thou art made my younger brother, Té-na-tsa-li." Various other members of the little group then came forward, repeating the ceremonial and prayer, and closing with one or the other of the above sentences, and the distinct pronunciation of my new name.

When all was over, my father took me to the window, and, looking down with a smile on his face, explained that I was "named after a magical plant which grew on a single mountain in the west, the flowers of which were the most beautiful in the world, and of many colors, and the roots and juices of which were a panacea for all injuries to the flesh of man. That by this name,—which only one man in a generation could bear,—would I be known as long as the sun rose and set, and smiled on the Coru people of earth, as a *Shi wi* (Zuñi)."

Frank H. Cushing.





THE CONSTANT HEART.

SADDE songe is out of season
When birdes and lovers mate,
When soule to soule must paye swete toll
And fate be joyned with fate;
Sadde songe and wofull thought controle
This constant heart of myne,
And make newe love a treason
Unto my Valentine.

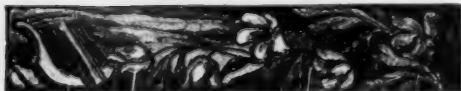
How shall my wan lippes utter
Their summons to the dedde,—
Where nowe repeate the promise swete,
So farre my love hath fledd?
My onely love! What musicke fleet
Shall crosse the walle that barres?
To earthe the burthen mutter,
Or singe it to the starrs.

Perchance she dwelles a spirite
In beautye undestroyed
Where brightest starrs are closely sett
Farre out beyonde the voyd;
If Margaret be risen yet
Her looke will hither turne,
I knowe that she will heare it
And all my trewe heart learne.

But if no resurrection
Unseale her dwellinge low,
If one so fayre must bide her there
Until the trumpe shall blowe,
Nathlesse shall Love outvie Despaire,
(Whilst constant heart is myne)
And, robbed of her perfection,
Be faithfull to her shrine.

At this blythe season bending
Ile whisper to the clodde,
To the chill grasse where shadowes passe
And leaflesse branches nodde;
There keepe my watche, and crye—Alas
That Love may not forget,
That Joye must have swifte ending
And Life be laggard yet!

Edmund Clarence Stedman.



A WOMAN'S REASON.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

I.

THE day had been very oppressive, and at half-past five in the afternoon the heat had scarcely abated, to the perception of Mr. Joshua Harkness, as he walked heavily up the Park street mall in Boston Common. When he came opposite the Brewer Fountain, with its Four Seasons of severe drouth, he stopped short, and stared at the bronze group with its insufficient dribble, as if he had never seen it before. Then he felt infirmly about the ground with his stick, stepped aside, and sank tremulously into one of the seats at the edge of the path. The bench was already partly occupied by a young man and a young woman; the young man had his arm thrown along the back of the seat behind the young woman; their heads were each tilted toward the other, and they were making love almost as frankly in that public place as they might in the seclusion of a crowded railway train. They both glanced at the intruder, and exchanged smiles, apparently of pity for his indecency, and then went on with their love-making, while Mr. Harkness, unconscious of his offense, stared eagerly out over the Common, and from time to time made gestures or signals with his stick in that direction. It was that one day of the week when people are not shouted at by a multitude of surly sign-boards to keep off the grass, and the turf was everywhere dotted with lolling and lounging groups. Perhaps, to compensate for the absence of the sign-boards (which would reappear over night like a growth of disagreeable fungi), there was an unusual number of policemen sauntering about, and it was one of these whom Mr. Harkness was trying to attract with his cane. If any saw him, none heeded, and he had to wait till a policeman came down the mall in front of him. This could not have been so long a time as it seemed to Mr. Harkness, who was breathing thickly, and, now and then, pressing his hand against his forehead, like one who tries to stay a reeling brain.

"Please call a carriage," he panted, as the officer, whom he had thrust in the side with his cane, stopped and looked down at him;

and then, as the man seemed to hesitate, he added: "My name is Harkness; I live at 9 Beacon Steps; I wish to go home at once; I've been taken faint."

Beacon Steps is not Beacon street, but it is of like blameless social tradition, and the name, together with a certain air of moneyed respectability in Mr. Harkness, had its effect with the policeman.

"Sick?" he asked. "Well, you *are* pale. You just hold on a minute. Heh, there! heh!" he shouted to a passing hackman, who promptly stopped, turned his horses, and drew up beside the curb next the Common. "Now you take my arm, Mr. Harkness, and I'll help you to the carriage." He raised the gentleman to his benumbed feet, and got him away through the gathering crowd; when he was gone, the crowd continued to hang about the place where he had been sitting, in such numbers that the young man first took his arm down from the back of the seat and the young woman tilted her head away from his, and then they both, with vexed and impatient looks, rose and walked away, seeking some other spot for the renewal of their courtship.

The policeman had not been able to refrain from driving home with Mr. Harkness, whom he patronized on the way with a sort of municipal kindness; and for whom, when he had got him indoors and comfortably stretched upon a lounge in the library, he wanted to go and call the doctor. But Mr. Harkness refused, saying that he had had these attacks before, and would soon be all right. He thanked the officer by his name, after asking him for it, and the officer went away, leaving Mr. Harkness to the care of the cook, who, in that mid-summer time, seemed to have sole charge of the house and its master. The policeman flipped the dust from the breast and collar of his coat, in walking back to his beat, with the right feeling of a man who would like to be better prepared if summoned a second time to befriend a gentleman of Mr. Harkness's standing, and to meet, in coming out of his house, a young lady of such beauty and elegance as he had just encountered. This young lady, as he closed the door behind

him, had run up the steps with the loop of her train in one hand, after the fashion of ten years ago, and in the other a pretty traveling-bag, carried with the fearlessness of a lady who knows that people are out of town. She glanced a little wonderingly, a little defiantly, at the policeman, who, seeing that she must drop one or other of her burdens to ring, politely rang for her.

"Thank you!" said the young lady, speaking a little more wonderingly, a little more defiantly than she had looked.

"Quite welcome, Miss," returned the policeman, and touched his hat in going down the steps, while the young lady turned and stared after him, leaning a little over the top step on which she stood, with her back to the door. She was very pretty indeed, with blue eyes at once tender and honest, and the fair hair, that goes with her beauty, hanging loosely upon her forehead. Her cheeks, in their young perfection of outline, had a flush beyond their usual delicate color; the heat, and her eager dash up the steps, had suffused them with a dewy bloom, that seemed momentarily to deepen and soften. Her loveliness was saved from the insipidity of faultless lines by a little downward curve, a quirk, or call it dimple, at one corner of her mouth, which, especially in repose, gave it a touch of humorous feeling and formed its final charm: it seemed less a trait of face than of character. That fine positive grace, which is called style, and which is so eminently the gift of exquisite nerves, had not cost her too much; she was slim, but not fragile, and her very motionlessness suggested a vivid, bird-like mobility; she stood as if she had alighted upon the edge of the step. At the opening of the door behind her she turned alertly from the perusal of the policeman's retreating back, and sprang within.

"How d' do, Margaret?" She greeted the cook in a voice whose bright kindness seemed a translation of her girlish beauty into sound. "Surprised to see me?" She did not wait for the cook's answer, but put down her bag and began pulling off her gloves, after shaking out her skirt, and giving that penetrating sidelong downward look at it which women always give their drapery at moments of arrival or departure. She turned into the drawing-room from the hall, and went up to the long, old-fashioned mirror, and glanced at the face which it dimly showed her in the close-shuttered room. Her face had apparently not changed since she last saw it in that mirror, and one might have fancied that the young lady was somehow surprised at this.

"May I ask *why* policemen are coming and going, in and out of our house, Mar-

garet?" she demanded of the cook's image, which, further down in the mirror, hesitated at the doorway.

"He come home with your father, Miss Helen," answered the cook, and as Helen turned round and stared at her in the flesh, she continued: "He had one of his faint turns in the Common. He's laying down in the library now, Miss Helen."

"Oh, poor papa!" wailed the young lady, who knew that in spite of the cook's pronoun, it could not be the policeman who was then reposing from faintness in the library. She whirled away from the mirror, and swooped through the doorway into the hall, and back into the room where her father lay. "The heat has been too much for him," she moaned, in mixed self-reproach and compassion, as she flew; and she dropped upon her knees beside him, and fondly caressed his gray head, and cooed and lamented over him, with the irrelevant tenderness he liked her to use with him.

"Poor old fellow," she murmured. "It's too bad! You're working yourself to death, and I'm going to stay with you now, and put a stop to your being brought home by policemen. Why, you ought to be ashamed, breaking down in this way, as soon as my back is turned? Has Margaret done everything for you? Wouldn't you like a little light?" She started briskly to her feet, flung up the long window, and raising and lowering the shade to get the right level for her father's eyes, stood silhouetted against the green space without: a grass plot between high brick walls, on one of which clambered a grapevine, and on the other a wistaria, while a bed of bright-leaved plants gave its color in the center of the yard. "There!" she said, with a glance at the succinct landscape. "That's the prettiest bit of nature I've seen since I left Boston." She came back and sat down on a low chair beside her father, who smiled fondly upon her, and took one of her hands to hold, while she pushed back his hair with the other.

"Are you awfully glad to see me?"

"Awfully," said Mr. Harkness, falling in with her mood, and brightening with the light and her presence. "What brought you so suddenly?"

"Oh, *that's* a long story. Are you feeling better now?"

"Yes. I was merely faint. I shall be all right by morning. I've been a little worn out."

"Was it like the last time?" asked Helen.

"Yes," said her father.

"A little more like?"

"I don't think it was more severe," said Mr. Harkness, thoughtfully.

"What had you been doing? Honor bright, now; was it accounts?"

"Yes, it was accounts, my dear."

"The same old wretches?"

"The same old ones; some new ones, too. They're in hopeless confusion," sighed Mr. Harkness, who seemed to age and sadden with the thought.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what, papa," said Helen, sternly: "I want you to leave *all* accounts, old *and* new, quite alone till the cold weather comes. Will you promise?"

Harkness smiled, as wearily as he had sighed. He knew that she was burlesquing somewhat her ignorance of affairs; and yet it was not much burlesqued, after all; for her life, like that of other American girls of prosperous parentage, had been almost as much set apart from the hard realities of bread-winning as the life of a princess, as entirely dedicated to society, to the studies that refine, and the accomplishments that grace society. The question of money had hardly entered into it. Since she was a little child, and used to climb upon her father's knee, and ask him, in order to fix his status in her fairy tales, whether he was rich or poor, she might be said never to have fairly thought of that matter. Of course, she understood that she was not so rich as some girls, but she had never found that the difference was against her in society; she could not help perceiving that in regard to certain of them it was in her favor, and that she might have patronized them if she had liked, and that they were glad of her friendship on any terms. Her father's great losses had come when she was too young to see the difference that they made in his way of living; ever since she could remember they had kept to the same scale of simple ease in the house where she was born, and she had known no wish that there had not been money enough to gratify. Pleasures of every kind had always come to her as freely and with as little wonder on her part as if they had been, like her youth, her bounding health, her beauty, the direct gift of heaven. She knew that the money came from her father's business, but she had never really asked herself how it was earned. It is doubtful if she could have told what his business was; it was the India trade, whatever that was, and of late years he had seemed to be more worried by it than he used to be, and she had vaguely taken this ill as an ungrateful return on the part of business. Once he had gone so far as to tell her that he had been hurt by the Great Fire somewhat. But the money for all her needs and luxuries (she was not extravagant, and really did not spend much upon herself) had come as before, and

walking through the burnt district, and seeing how handsomely it had been rebuilt, she had a comforting sense that its losses had all been repaired.

"You look a little flushed and excited, my dear," said her father, in evasion of the commands laid upon him, and he touched her fair cheek. He was very fond of her beauty and of her style; in the earlier days of her young ladyhood he used to go about with her a great deal, and was angry when he thought she did not get all the notice she ought, and a little jealous when she did.

"Yes, I *am* flushed and excited, papa," she owned, throwing herself back in the low chair she had pulled up to his sofa, and beginning to pluck nervously at those little tufts of silk that roughened the cobwebby fabric of the gray summer stuff she wore. "Don't you think," she asked, lifting her downcast eyes, "that coming home and finding you in this state is enough to make me look flushed and excited?"

"Not quite," said her father quietly. "It's not a new thing."

Helen gave a sort of lamentable laugh. "I know I was humbugging, and I'm as selfish as I can be, to think more of myself even now than I do of you. But, oh, papa! I'm *so* unhappy!" She looked at him through a mist that gathered and fell in silent drops from her eyes without clearing them, so that she did not see him carry the hand she had abandoned to his heart, and check a gasp. "I suppose we all have our accounts, one way or other, and they get confused like yours. Mine with—with—a certain person had got so mixed up that there was nothing for it but just to throw them away."

"Do you mean that you have broken with him finally, Helen?" asked her father gravely.

"I don't know whether you call it *finally*," said Helen, "but I told him it was no use—not just in those words—and that he ought to forget me; and I was afraid I wasn't equal to it; and that I couldn't see my way to it clearly; and unless I could see my way clearly, I oughtn't to go on any longer. I wrote to him last week, and I thought—I thought that perhaps he wouldn't answer it; perhaps he would come over to Rye Beach—he could easily have run over from Portsmouth—to see me—about it. But he didn't,—he didn't,—he—wrote a very short letter—oh, I didn't see *how* he could write such a letter; I tried to spare *him* in every way; and yesterday he—he—s—s—sailed!" Here the storm broke, and Helen bowed herself to the sobs with which her slimmest shook, like a tall flower beaten in the wind. Then she suddenly stopped, and ran her

hand into her pocket, and pulled out her handkerchief. She wiped away her tears, and waited for her father to speak; but he lay silent, and merely regarded her pitifully. "I couldn't bear it any longer there with those geese of Merrills,—I'm sure they were as kind as could be,—and so I came home to burden and afflict you, papa. Don't you think that was like me?" She gave her lamentable laugh again, sobbed, laughed once more, dried the fresh tears with her handkerchief, which she had mechanically shaped into a rabbit, and sat plucking at her dress as before. "What do people do, papa," she asked presently, with a certain hoarseness in her voice, "when they've thrown away their accounts?"

"I never heard of their doing it, my dear," said her father.

"Well, but when they've come to the very end of everything, and there's nothing to go on with, and they might as well stop?"

"They go into bankruptcy," answered the old man, absently, as if the thought had often been in his mind before.

"Well, that's what I've gone into—bankruptcy," said Helen. "And what do they do after they've gone into bankruptcy?"

"They begin the world again with nothing, if they have the heart," replied her father.

"That's what I have to do then—begin the world again with nothing! There! my course is clear, and I hope I like it, and I hope I'm satisfied!"

With these words of self-reproach, Helen again broke down, and bowed herself over the ruin she had made of her life.

"I don't think you need despair," said her father, soothingly, yet with a sort of physical effort which escaped her self-centered grief, "Robert is such a good fellow that if you wrote to him——"

"Why, papa! Are you crazy?" shouted the young girl. "Write to him? He's off for three years, and I don't think he'd come posting back from China, if I *did* write to him. And how *could* I write to him, even if he were in the next room?"

"It wouldn't be necessary, in that case," said her father. "I'm sorry he's gone for so long," he added, rather absently.

"If he were gone for a *day*, it couldn't make any difference," cried Helen, inexorably. "I argued it all out—and it's a perfect chain of logic—before I wrote to him. I looked at it in this way. I said to myself that it was no use having the affair off and on, any longer. It would be perfect misery to a person of my temperament to be an officer's wife, and have my husband with me to-day and at the ends of the earth to-morrow. Besides his pay

wouldn't support us. You told me that yourself, papa."

"Yes," said Mr. Harkness. "But I thought Robert might leave the navy, and——"

"I never would have let him!" Helen burst in. "He would have been as unhappy as a fish out of water, and I wouldn't have his wretchedness on my conscience, and his idleness—you know how long that splendid Captain Seymour was trying to get into business in Boston, after he left the service: and then he had to go to California before he could find anything to do; and do you suppose I was going to have Robert mooning round in that way, for ages?"

"He might have gone into business with me for the time being," said Mr. Harkness, not very hopefully.

"Oh, yes! you could have *made* a place for him, I know! And we should both have been a burden to you, then. But I shouldn't have cared for all that. I would have met any fate with Robert, if I had believed that I felt toward him just as I should. But, don't you see, papa? If I had felt toward him in that way, I never should have thought of any—any—prudential considerations. That was what convinced me, that was what I couldn't escape from, turn which way I would. That was the point I put to Robert himself, and—and—oh, I don't see how he could answer as he did! I *don't* see how he could!" Helen convulsively clutched something in the hand which she had thrust into her pocket. "It isn't that I care for myself; but oh, I am so sorry for him, away off there all alone, feeling so hard and bitter toward me, and thinking me heartless, and I don't know what all,—and hating me so."

"What did he say, Helen?" asked her father, tenderly. She snatched her hand from her pocket and laid a paper, crumpled, wept, distained, in the hand he stretched toward her, and then bowed her face upon her knees.

Helen and her father were old confidants, and she had not more reluctance in showing him this letter than most girls would have had in trusting such a paper to their mother's eyes. Her own mother had died long ago, and in the comradeship of her young life her father had entered upon a second youth, happier, or at least tranquil, than the first. She adored him and petted him, as a wife could not, and this worship did not spoil him as it might if it had been a conjugal devotion. They had always a perfect understanding; she had not withdrawn her childish intimacy of thought and feeling from him to give it to her mother, as she would have done if her mother had lived; he knew all her small

heart-affairs without asking, more or less in a tacit way; and she had an abidingly grateful sense of his wisdom in keeping her from follies which she could see she had escaped through it. He had never before so directly sought to know her trouble; but he had never before seen her in so much trouble; besides, he had always been Robert Fenton's friend at court with Helen; and he had quietly kept his hopes of their future through rather a stormy and uncertain present.

He liked Robert for the sake of Robert's father, who had been captain and supercargo of one of Harkness and Co's ships, and had gone down in her on her home voyage, when he was returning to be junior partner in the house, after a prosperous venture of his own in Wenham ice. He left this boy, and a young wife who died soon afterwards. Then Mr. Harkness, who was the boy's guardian, gave him and the small property that remained to him more than a guardian's care. He sent him to school, but he made him at home in his own house on all holidays and in vacation. These sojourns and absences, beginning when Robert was ten years old, and continuing through his school-boy age, had renewed alternately his intimacy and strangeness with Helen, and kept her a mystery and enchantment which grew with his growth, while to her consciousness he was simply Robert, a nice boy, who was now at school or now at home, and who was often so shy that it was perfectly silly. When he was old enough to be placed in some career he was allowed to choose Harvard, and a profession afterwards, or any more technical training that he liked better. He chose neither: the sea called him, as the old superstition is, and every nerve in his body responded. He would have liked to go into the trade in which his father had died, but here his guardian overruled him. He knew that the India trade was dying out. If Robert's soul was set upon the sea, of which there seemed no doubt, it was better that he should go into the navy; at Annapolis he would have a thorough schooling, which would stand him in good stead if future chance or choice ever cast him ashore to live.

Helen was in the sophomore year of the class with which she was dancing through Harvard when Robert came home from his first cruise. She was then a very great lady, and she patronized the midshipman with killing kindness as a younger brother, though he was in fact half a year her senior. He now fell in love with her outright: very proud love, very jealous, very impatient. She could not understand it. She said to her father it was so queer.

She never *thought* of such a thing. Why, *Robert!* It was *absurd*. Besides, he had such a funny name: *Fenton!* But a passion like his was not to be quenched with reasons even so good as these. He went to sea again, bitterly, rapturously brooding over her idea, and came home in the autumn after Helen's class-day. All the fellows had scattered now; and she was left much younger and humbler in her feelings, and not so great a lady for all her triumphs. Two of her class had proposed to her, and lots had come near it; but her heart had been left untouched, and she perceived, or thought she perceived, that these young gentlemen, who were wise and mature enough for their age, though neither Solomons nor Methuselahs, were all silly boys. In herself, on the contrary, the tumult of feeling with which she had first entered the world had been succeeded by a calm, which she might well have mistaken for wisdom. She felt that she now knew the world thoroughly, and while she was resolved to judge it kindly, she was not going to be dazzled by it any longer. She had become an observer of human nature; she analyzed her feelings; sometimes she made cutting remarks to people, and was dreadfully sorry for it. She withdrew a great deal from society, and liked being thought odd. She had begun to take lessons in painting with a number of ladies, under an artist's criticism; she took up courses of reading; she felt that life was a serious affair. On his return, Robert at first seemed to her more boyish, more brotherly than before. But in talking with him certain facts of his history came out that showed him a very brave and manly fellow, and good, too. This gave her pause; so keen an observer of human nature at once discerned in this young man,—who did not brag of his experiences, nor yet affect to despise them as trifles, but honestly owned that at one time he was scared, and that at another he would have given everything to be ashore,—an object worthy of her closest and most reverent study. She proceeded to idealize him, and to stand in awe of him. Oh, *yes!* with a deep sighing breath, and a long dreamy look at him—*he!* What *he* had been through, must have changed the whole world to him. After that night in the *typhoon*—*well*, nothing could ever have been the same to *her* after that. He must find all the interests at home sickeningly mean. This was the tone she took with him, driving him to despair. When he again urged his suit, she said that she could not see why he should care for her. At the same time she wanted to ask him why he did not wear his uniform ashore, instead of that unnatural civil dress that he seemed so anxious to make himself ridiculous in. Being pressed

for some sort of answer, she said that she had resolved never to marry. After this Robert went off very melancholy upon his third cruise. But she wrote him such kind and sympathetic letters that he came home from this cruise, which was a short one, more fondly in love than ever, but more patiently, more pleasingly in love; and he now behaved so sensibly, with so much apparent consideration for her uncertainty of mind, that she began to think seriously of him. But though she liked him ever so much, and respected him beyond anything, the very fact that she was wondering whether she could ask him to leave the navy or not, and where and how they should live, seemed sufficient proof to her that she did not care for him in the right way. Love, she knew, did not consider ways and means; it did not stop to argue; it found in itself its own reason and the assurance of a future. It did not come after years of shilly-shallying, and beating about the bush, and weighing this and that, and scrutiny of one's emotions. If she loved Robert so little as to care what happened after they were married, she did not love him at all. Something like this, but expressed with infinite kindness, was what she had written from Rye Beach to Robert stationed at Portsmouth. She ended by leaving the case in his hands. She forbade him to hope, but she told him there *had* been a time, a moment, when she thought that she might have loved him.

Robert took all this away. He did not deign to ask her when this mysterious moment was, far less whether it might ever recur; he did not answer one of her arguments; he did not even come over to Rye Beach to combat and trample on her reasons. He wrote her a furious, foolish reply, in which he agreed with her that she had never loved him, and never would, and he bade her farewell. He managed to exchange with a friend who was bemoaning his hard lot in being ordered away from his young wife to the China station, and he sailed with their blessing three days after getting Helen's letter. She only learned of his departure by chance.

The old man held the letter in his hand, after reading it, for so long a time, that at last Helen looked up. "It seems to me you take it pretty coolly, papa," she said, her lips quivering.

"Yes, yes. Poor Robert! Poor boy!" sighed her father. Then, while she bridled indignantly at his misplaced compassion, he added, "I'm sorry, Helen. I think you would have come to like him. Well, well! If you are contented, my dear——"

"How can you *say* such a thing, papa?" cried Helen, astonished that he should have

taken what he understood of her letter just as Robert had done, "when you know,—when you know I—" but Helen could not finish what she was going to say. She could not own that she thought her letter susceptible of quite a different answer. She set her lips and tried to stop their trembling, while her eyes filled.

Her father did not notice. "My dear," he said presently, "will you ask Margaret to make me a cup of tea? I feel unpleasantly weak."

"Why, papa!" cried Helen, flying to the bell, "why didn't you tell me before, instead of letting me worry you with all this foolishness? Why didn't you *say* you were not so well?"

"I wasn't thinking of it," said her father, meekly accepting her reproof. "It's nothing. The wind has changed, hasn't it. I feel the east a little."

"You're *chilly*?" Helen was now tempted to be really harsh with him for his remissness, but she did not stay from running after the wrap, soft and light, which she had brought back from the sea-side with her, and had thrown down with her bag in the hall, and though she bemoaned his thoughtlessness, as she flung it over him, still she did not pour out upon him all the self-reproach in her heart. She went and hurried Margaret with the tea, and then set an old-fashioned tea-pot beside the sofa, and when the tea came, she drew up her chair, and poured it for him. She offered to pull down the window, but he made her a sign to let it be; and, in fact, it was not cooler without than within, and no chill came from the little yard, on whose lofty walls the sunset was beginning to burn in tender, red light. She poured herself a cup of tea when she came back, and when she had made her father repeat again and again that he felt much better, she began to see the absurdity of being tragic about Robert at this late day, when she had so often refused him before without the least tragedy. This, to be sure, was not quite like the other refusals; not so one-sided; but really, except for Robert's own sake, what had she to be sorry for, and why should she pity his towering dudgeon? An ache, faint and dull, made itself felt deep in her heart, and she answered sadly, "Well," to her father's tentative "Helen."

He did not go on, and she asked presently, "What is it, papa?"

"Oh, nothing. There was something I was going to speak to you about. But it will do another time." Helen recollected that once or twice before this her father had begun in the same way, and had postponed whatever he

had been going to say in the same fashion. It was not a thing to be curious about, and she had never pressed him to speak. She knew that he would speak when he really thought best. But she wondered now a little if his mind was still running upon Robert.

"Was it something in regard to—to—me, papa?"

"Why, yes. Yes, indirectly."

"Well, then, don't think of it any more. I shall not. I'm sorry I worried you about it."

"About what, my dear?" asked her father, who could not have followed her.

"Robert!" said Helen abruptly.

"Oh! I wasn't thinking about Robert."

"Because, if you were, papa, I want to tell you that I am quite reconciled to have everything end as it has done. Robert and I will always be good friends. You needn't be troubled about that."

"Oh, yes, certainly," assented her father, closing his eyes.

Helen sat looking at him, as if she would like to go on. But she was a little ashamed, and a little piqued that her father should shut his eyes in that way while she was talking of Robert. He had taken the whole affair rather oddly. She had been prepared to defend Robert if her father were angry with him, as she expected; but, instead of being angry, he had really seemed to side with Robert, and had somehow, by his reticence, implied that he would have been glad to have her humble herself to Robert.

"If you wish to sleep, papa," she said, with a dignity wasted upon him, for he still lay with his eyes closed, "I will go away."

"I'm drowsy," said her father. "But don't go, Helen. Sit down here."

He made a motion for her to sit beside him, and after an instant's further resentment she drew up her chair and laid her beautiful head down upon the cushion by his. She gave him a kiss, and dropped a large tear against his withered cheek and wiped it away with her handkerchief; and then she hid her face again, and wept peacefully till all her tears were gone. At last she lifted her face and dried her eyes, and sat dreamily watching the red sunset light creeping up the wall on which the wistaria clambered. It rose slowly, leaf by leaf, till it lit an airy frond at top that swayed in it like a pennon. Suddenly it leaped from this and left it dark, and a shiver coursed through the next rank of foliage. It somehow made her think of a ship going down below the horizon, and the waves running along the sky where the streamers had just hung. But Robert must have been out of sight of land for two days and more before that.

II.

HELEN sat beside her father, while the solitude of the house deepened from silence to silence. Then Margaret came to the door and looked in as if to ask whether it was not time for her to fetch away the tea-things. Helen gave her a nod of acquiescence and presently rose and followed her out to the kitchen to tell her that she was going to her own room, and to say that she must be called when her father woke. But in the kitchen Margaret's company was a temptation to her loneliness, and she made one little pretext after another for remaining, till Margaret set her a chair in the door-way. Margaret had been in the house ever since Helen was born, and Helen still used the same freedom with her that she had in childhood, and gave herself the range of places to which young ladyhood ordinarily drives its radiant presence. She had, indeed, as much intimacy with the cook as could consist with their different ages, and she got on smoothly with the cook's temper, which had not been so good as her looks in youth, and had improved quite as little with age. Margaret was of a remote sort of Irish birth; but her native land had scarcely marked her accent, and, but for her church and her sense of place, which was sometimes very respectful and sometimes very high and mighty with those above her, she might have been mistaken for an American. She had a low voice, which only grew lower as she grew angry. A family in which she could do all the work had been her ideal when she first came to Boston, but she had failed of this now for some thirty years, and there seemed little hope that the chances would still turn in her favor. In Helen's childhood, when she used to ask Margaret, in moments of tenderness following the gift of dough in unexpected quantity, whether she would come and live with her after she got married, Margaret had always answered: "Yes, if you won't have any one else bothering round," which was commonly too much for the just pride of the actual second-girl. She had been cook in the family so long ago as when Mr. Harkness had kept a man; she had pressed upon the retreat of the last man with a broom in her hand and a joyful sarcasm on her lips; and she would willingly have kept vacant the place that she had made too hot for a long succession of second-girls. In the intervals of their going and coming, she realized her ideal of domestic service for the time being; and in the summer, when Helen was away a good deal, she prolonged these intervals to the utmost. She was necessarily much more the housekeeper than Helen,

though they both respected a fiction of contrary effect, and Helen commonly left her the choice of her helpers. She had not been surprised to find Margaret alone in the house, but she thought it well to ask her how she was getting on without anybody.

"Oh, very well, Miss Helen! You know your father don't make any trouble."

"Well, I've come now, and we must get somebody," said Helen.

"Why, I thought you was going back on Monday, Miss Helen," answered Margaret.

"No, I shall not leave papa. I think he's not at all well."

"He does seem rather poorly, Miss Helen. But I don't see why you need any one, in the summer, this way."

"Who's to go to the door?" asked Helen. "Besides, you couldn't take care of both of us, Margaret?"

"Just as you say, Miss Helen; I'd just as lives," answered Margaret, stubbornly. "It isn't for me to say; but I don't see what you want with anybody; you won't see a soul."

"Oh, you never can tell, Margaret. You've had a good rest now, and you must have somebody to help you." Helen's sadness smiled at this confusion of ideas, and its suitability to Margaret's peculiar attitude. "Get somebody that you know, Margaret, and that you'll like. But we must have somebody." She regarded Margaret's silent and stiff displeasure with a moment's amusement, and then her bright face clouded, and she asked softly: "Did you know, Margaret, that Robert—that Lieutenant Fenton—had sailed again?"

"Why, no, Miss Helen! You don't mean that? Why, I thought he was going to stay the summer at Portsmouth."

"He was," said Helen, in the same low voice, "but he changed his mind, it seems."

"Sailors is a roving set, anyway," Margaret generalized. Then she added: "Did he come down to say good-bye to your father?"

"Why, no," sadly answered Helen, who now thought of this for the first time. Her heart throbbed indignantly; then she reflected that she had kept him from coming. She looked up at the evening blue, with the swallows weaving a woof of flight across the top of the space framed in by the high walls on every hand, and "He hadn't time, I suppose," she said sadly. "He couldn't get off."

"Well, I don't call it very nice, his not coming," persisted Margaret. "I'd 'a' deserted first." Her associations with naval service had been through gallant fellows who were not in a position to resign.

Helen smiled so ruefully at this that she

would better for cheerfulness have wept. But she recognized Margaret's limitations as a confidant, and said no more. She rose presently, and again asked Margaret to look in pretty soon, and see if her father were awake, and call her, if he were; she was going to her room. She looked in a moment herself as she went, and listened till she heard him breathing, and so passed on through the drawing-room, and trailed heavily upstairs.

The house was rather old-fashioned, and it was not furnished in the latest taste, but it made the appeal with which things out of date, or passing out of date, touch the heart. It was, in fact, beginning to be respectable, because it was no longer in the contest for effect, which the decorations of the newer houses carried on about it, and there was a sort of ugly keeping throughout.

In the very earliest days of Mr. Harkness's house-keeping, the ornamentation of his home had reflected the character of his business somewhat. There had been even a time when the young super-cargo brought back—it was his first voyage—quaint and beautiful shells from the East, for his wife to set about the tables and mantels; but these objects, so exquisite in themselves, so unyielding in composition, had long since disappeared. Some grotesque bronzes, picked up in Chinese ports, to which his early ventures had taken him, survived the expulsion of ivory carvings and Indian idols and *genre* statuettes in *terra cotta* (like those you see in the East Indian Museum at Salem), and now found themselves, with the new feeling for Oriental art, in the very latest taste. The others were bestowed in neglected drawers and shelves, along with boxes containing a wealth of ghastly rich and elaborate white crape shawls from China, and fantastically subtle cotton webs from India which Helen had always thought she should use in tableaux, and never had worn. Among the many pictures on the walls (there were too many), there were three Stuarts; the rest were of very indifferent merit,—large figure paintings or allegorical landscapes, after the taste of Cole and Poussin, in great carved and scrollwork frames. Helen had once thought of making a raid upon these enemies of art, and, in fact, she had contemplated remodeling the whole equipment of the parlors, in conformity to the recent feeling in such matters; but she had not got further than the incomplete representation of some golden-rod and mullein-stalks upon the panels of her own chamber-door; and now that the fervor of her first enthusiasm had burnt itself out, she was not sorry she had left the old house in peace.

"Oh, I should think you'd be so rejoiced," said the chief of her friends; "it's such a comfort to go into *one* house where you don't have to admire the artistic sentiment, and where every wretched little æsthetic prig of a table or a chair isn't asserting a principle or teaching a lesson. Don't touch a cobweb, Helen!" It had never even come to a talk between her and her father, and the house remained unmolested—the home of her childhood. She had not really cared much for it since she was a child. The sense of our impermanent relation to the parental roof comes to us very early in life; and, perhaps, more keenly to a young girl than to her brothers. They are of the world, by all the conditions of their active, positive being, almost from the first,—a great world that is made for them,—but she has her world to create. She cannot sit and adorn her father's house, as she shall one day beautify and worship her husband's; she can indeed do her duty by it, but the restless longing remains, and her housewifeliness does not voluntarily blossom out beyond the precincts of her own chamber, which she makes her realm of fancy and of dreams. She could not be the heart of the house if she would, as her mother is, or has been; and though, in her mother's place, she can be housekeeper, thrifty, wise, and notable, still some mysterious essential is wanting which it is not in her nature to supply to her father's house.

Helen went to her own room, and flinging up the windows, let in the noises of the streets. A few feet went by in the secluded place, and a sound of more frequent trampling came from the street into which it opened. Further off rose the blurred tumult of business, softened by the stretch of the Common, and growing less and less with the lapse of the long summer day. It was already a little cooler, and the smell of the sprinkled street stole refreshingly in at the window. It was still very light, and when Helen opened her blinds, the room brightened cheerfully all about her, and the sympathetic intimacy of her own closest belongings tenderly appealed to her. After something has happened, and we first see familiar things about us as they were, there comes, just before the sense of difference in ourselves returns to torment us, a moment of blind and foolish oblivion, and this was Helen's as she sat down beside the window, and looked round upon the friendly prettiness of her room. It had been her room when she was a child, and there were childish keepsakes scattered about in odd places, out of the way of youngladyish luxuries, high-shouldered bottles of perfume, and long-handled ivory brushes, and dainty boxes and cases,

and starred and beveled hand-glasses, and other sacred mysteries of toilet. Of the period when she had thought herself wedded to art, there were certain charcoal sketches pinned against the wall, and in one corner, not very definite at first glance under the draperies tossed upon it from time to time, was her easel. On projections of her mirror-frame hung souvenirs of Robert's first cruise, which had been in the Mediterranean; ropes of Roman pearls; nets and bracelets and necklaces of shells and beads from Venice; filigree silver jewelry from Genoa; strands and rosaries of black, barbarically scented wooden beads from the Levant,—not things you could wear at all, but very pleasant to have; they gave a sentiment to your room when you brought any one into it; they were nice to have lying about, and people liked to take them into their hands; they were not so very uncommon, either, that you had to keep telling what they were. She had never thought that, possibly, Robert had expected her to wear the absurd things. With an aching recurrence to their quarrel (it could be called no less) and a penitent self-pity, she thought of it now. It did not seem to her that she could touch them, but she went languidly to the mirror and took some of them down, and then all at once fantastically began to array herself in them; like a mad girl, she reflected. She threw the loops of Roman pearls and the black strands of Levantine beads about her neck; she set a net of the Venetian shell-work on her hair, and decked her wrists and her lovely ears with the Genoese filigree; a perfectly frantic combination, she mused, as she shook her head a little to make the ear-bobs dance. "Yes, perfectly frantic," she said aloud, but not much thinking of the image confronting her from the mirror, thinking rather of Robert, and poignantly regretting that she had never put them on for him; and thinking that if the loss of him had made her certain about him too late for ever, how fatally strange that would be. Again she went over all the facts of the affair, and was able to make much surer of Robert's motives than of her own. She knew that if he had understood her saying that she might have loved him once to be any encouragement for the future, he would not have written as he did. She could imagine Robert's being very angry at the patronizing tone of the rest of her letter; she had entire faith in his stupidity; she never doubted his generosity, his magnanimous incapability of turning her refusal of him into a refusal of her; his was not the little soul that could rejoice in such a chance. She wondered if now, far out at sea, sailing, sailing away, three years away, from her, he

saw anything in her letter but refusal; or was he still in that blind rage? Did he never once think that it had seemed such a great thing for her to make confession, which meant him to come to her? But had she really meant that? It seemed so now, but perhaps then she had only thought of mingling a drop of kindness in his bitter cup, of trying to spare him the mortification of having loved a person who had never thought for a moment of loving him? From time to time, her image appeared to advance upon her from the depths of the mirror, decked in all that incongruous frippery, and to say with trembling lips, "Perfectly frantic, perfectly frantic," while the tears ran down its face; and she found a wild comfort in regarding herself as quite an insane, irresponsible creature, who did not know what she was about. She felt that fate ought not to hold her to account. The door-bell rang, and she snatched the net from her hair with a fearful shudder, and flung down all the ornaments in a heap upon her dressing-table. Bumping sounds in the hall below reminded her that in her trance before the glass she had remotely known of a wagon stopping at the door, and presently she heard Margaret coming up the stairs behind the panting expressman who was fetching up her trunk. She fled into another room, and guiltily lurked there till they went out again, before she returned to unlock and unpack the box. It was one of Helen's economies not to drive home from the station, but to send her baggage by express and come up in a horse-car. The sums thus saved she devoted to a particular charity, and was very rigid with herself about spending every half-dollar coach-fare for that object. She only gave twenty-five cents to the express, and she made a merit of the fact that neither the coach-hire nor the charity ever cost her father anything. Robert had once tried to prove that it always cost him seventy-five cents, but she had easily seen through the joke, and had made him confess it.

She was still busy unpacking when Margaret came up to say that her father was awake now, and then she left off at once to go to him. The gas had been lighted in the hall and library, and that made life another thing. Her father was in his arm-chair, and was feeling decidedly better, he said; he had told Margaret to have tea there in the library. Helen laughed at him for having two teas within two hours; he owned to being hungry, and that reminded her that she had eaten nothing since an early dinner. When the tea and toast came in, and the cloth was laid half across the round table, in the mellow

light of the study lamp, they were very cozy. Helen, who was always thinking of Robert, whatever else she thought of, began to play in fancy at a long life of devotion to her father, in which she should never marry. She had always imagined him living with her, but now she was living with him, and they were to grow old together; in twenty years, when he was eighty, she would be forty-three, and then there would not be much difference between them. She now finally relinquished the very last idea of Robert, except as a brother. She did not suppose she should ever quite like his wife, but she should pet their children.

"Helen," said her father, breaking in upon these ideas, "how should you like to live in the country?"

"Why, papa, I was just thinking of it! That is, not in the country exactly, but somewhere off by ourselves, just you and I. Of course, I should like it."

"I don't mean on a farm," pursued her father, "but in some of the suburban towns, where we could have a bit of ground and breathing space. I think it grows closer and closer in town; at times it seems as if I could hardly catch my breath. I believe it would agree with me in the country. I can't get away from business entirely for a few years yet,—if the times continue so bad, I must bend all my energies to it, in fact,—and I have a fancy that the coming in and out of town would do me good. And I have a notion that I should like to build. I should like a new house—a perfectly new house. We could live on a simpler scale in the country."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Helen. "I should come into town to shop, with my initials worked in worsted on the side of my bag, and I should know where the bargains were, and lunch at Copeland's. I should like it."

"Well, we must think about it. I daresay we could let the house here without much trouble. I feel it somehow a great burden upon me, but I shouldn't like to sell it."

"Oh, no, papa! We couldn't think of selling it. I should just like to let it, and then never go near it, or look in the same direction, till we were ready to come back to it."

"I have lived here so long," continued her father, making her the listener to his musings rather than speaking to her, "that I should like a change. I used to think that I should never leave the house, but a place may become overcrowded with associations. You are too young, Helen, to understand how terrible it is to find one's own past grow into the dumb, material things about one, and become, as it were, imprisoned in them."

"Oh, yes," sighed the girl, "there are some

dresses of mine that I can't bear the sight of, just because I felt or said or did certain things when I wore them."

"An old house like this," Mr. Harkness went on, "gets to be your body, and usurps all your reality, which doesn't seem to live in it either, while you move round like a ghost. The past is so much more than the present. Think how much more these walls and these old chairs and tables have known of us than we now are!"

"No, no! Don't think of it, papa, or we shall be getting into the depths again," pleaded Helen.

"Well, I won't," consented her father, coming back to himself with a smile, which presently faded. "But it all makes me restless and impatient. I should like to begin a new life somewhere else, in a new house." He was silent awhile, trifling with the toast on his plate; his appetite had passed at the sight of the food, and he had eaten scarcely anything. He looked at Helen, and then at a portrait on the wall, and then at Helen again.

"I'm not much like mamma, am I, papa?" she asked.

"Not much in face," said Mr. Harkness.

"Do you wish I was more?" she pursued timidly.

"No, I don't think I do," said her father.

"It would only make me more painful, if I looked more like her, such a helpless, selfish thing as I am," morbidly assented Helen. "I should only make you miss her the more."

"Why, Helen, you're a very good girl—the best child in the world," said her father.

"Oh, no, I'm not, papa. I'm one of the worst. I never think of anybody but myself," said Helen, who was thinking of Robert. "You don't know how many times I've gone down on my mental knees to you and asked you to have patience with me."

"Asked *me* to have patience with you?" said her father, taking her by the chin, and pressing against his cheek the beautiful face which she leaned toward him. "Poor child! There's hardly a day since you were born that I haven't done you a greater wrong than the sum of all your sins would come to. Papas are dreadful fellows, Helen; but they sometimes live in the hope of repairing their misdeeds."

"Write them on a slip of paper, and hide it in a secret drawer that opens with a clasp and spring, when you don't know they're there," said Helen, glad of his touch of playfulness. "We've both been humbugging, and we know it."

He stared at her and said, "Your voice is like your mother's; and just now, when you came in, your movement was very like hers.

I hadn't noticed it before. But she has been a great deal in my mind of late."

If he had wished to talk of her mother, whom Helen could not remember, and who had been all her life merely the shadow of a sorrow to her,—a death, a grave, a name upon a stone, a picture on the wall,—she would not spare herself the duty of encouraging him to do so. "Was she tall, like me?" she asked.

"Not so tall," answered her father. "And she was dark."

"Yes," said Helen, lifting her eyes to the picture on the wall.

"She had a great passion for the country," continued Mr. Harkness, "and I liked the town. It was more convenient for me, and I was born in Boston. It has often grieved me to think that I didn't yield to her. I must have been dreaming of her, for when I woke a little while ago, this regret was like a physical pang at my heart. As long as we live, we can't help treating each other as if we were to live always. But it's a mistake. I never refused to go into the country with her," he said, as if to appease this old regret. "I merely postponed it. Now I should like to go."

He rose from the table, and taking the study-lamp in his hand, he feebly pushed apart the sliding-doors that opened into the drawing-room. He moved slowly down its length, on one side, throwing the light upon this object and that, before which he faltered, and so returned on the other side, as if to familiarize himself with every detail. Sometimes he held the lamp above, and sometimes below his face, but always throwing its age and weariness into relief. Helen had remained watching him. As he came back she heard him say less to her, as it seemed, than to himself, "Yes, I should like to sell it. I'm tired of it."

He set the lamp down upon the table again, and sank into his chair, and lapsed into a reverie which left Helen solitary beside him. "Ah," she realized, as she looked on his musing, absent face, "he is old and I am young, and he has more to love in the other world, with my mother and both my brothers there, than he has in this. O Robert, Robert, Robert!"

But, perhaps, his absent mind was not so much bent upon the lost as she thought. He had that way fathers have of treating his daughter as an equal, of talking to her gravely and earnestly, and then of suddenly dropping her into complete nothingness, as if she were a child to be amused for a while, and then set down from his knee and sent out-of-doors. Helen dutifully accepted this condition of their companionship; she cared for it so little as never to have formulated it

to herself; when she was set down she went out, and ordinarily she did not think of it.

A peremptory ring at the door started them both, and when Margaret had opened it there entered, all at the same instant, a loud, kindly voice, the chirp of boots, heavily trodden upon by a generous bulk, that rocked from side to side in its advance, and a fragrance of admirable cigars, that active and passive perfume which comes from smoking and being smoked in the best company. "At home, Margaret?" asked the voice, whose loudness was a husky loudness, in a pause of the boots. "Yes? Well, don't put me in there, Margaret," which was apparently in rejection of the drawing-room. "I'll join them in the library."

The boots came chirping down the hall in that direction, with a sound of heavy breathing. Helen sprang from her chair, and fled to meet the cheerful sound; there was the noise of an encountering kiss, and a jolly laugh, and "Well, Helen!" and "Oh, Captain Butler!" and later, "Harkness!" and "Butler!" as Helen led the visitor in.

"Well!" said this guest, for the third time. He straightened his tall mass to its full height, and looked out over his chest with eyes of tender regard upon Harkness's thin and refined face, now lit up after the handshaking with cordial welcome. "Do you know," he said, as if somehow it were a curious fact of natural history, "that you have it uncommonly close in here?" He went over to the window that opened upon the little grassy yard and put it up for himself, while Harkness was explaining that it had been put down while he was napping. Then he planted himself in a large leathern chair beside it, and went on smoking the cigar on the end of which he had been chewing. He started from the chair with violence, coughing and gesturing to forbid Helen, who was hospitably whispering to Margaret. "No, no; don't do it. I won't have anything. I couldn't. I've just dined at the club. Yes, you may do that much," he added to Helen, as she set a little table, with an ash-holder, at his elbow. "You've no idea what a night it is. It's cooler, and the air's delicious. I say, I want to take Helen back with me. I wish she'd go alone, and leave us two old fellows together here. There's no place like Boston in the summer, after all. But you haven't told me whether you're surprised to see me." Captain Butler looked round at them with something of the difficulty of a sea-turtle in a lateral inspection.

"Never surprised, but always charmed," said Helen, with just the shade of mockery in her tone which she knew suited this visitor.

"Charmed, eh?" asked Captain Butler. Apparently he meant to say something satirical about the word, but could not think of anything. He turned again to her father:

"How are you, Harkness?"

"Oh, I'm very well," said Harkness evasively. "I'm as well as usual."

"Then you have yourself fetched home in a hack by a policeman every day, do you?" remarked Captain Butler, blowing a succession of white rings into the air. "You were seen from the club window. I'll tell you what: you're sticking to it too close."

"Oh, yes, Captain Butler, *do* get him away," sighed Helen, while her father, who had not sat down, began to walk back and forth in an irritated, restless way.

"For the present I can't leave it," said Harkness, fretfully. He added more graciously: "Perhaps in a week or two, or next month, I can get off for a few days. You know I was one of the securities for Bates and Mather," he said, looking at Captain Butler over Helen's head.

"I had forgotten that," answered Captain Butler, gravely.

"They left things in a complete tangle. I can't tell just where I am yet, and, of course, I've no peace till I know."

"Of course," assented Captain Butler. "I wont vex you with retroactive advice, Joshua," he added affectionately; "but I hope you wont do anything of that kind again."

"No, Jack, I wont. But you know, under the circumstances, it would have been black ingratitude to refuse."

"Yes," said Captain Butler. He smoked awhile in silence. Then he said, "I suppose it's no worse with the old trade than with everything else, at present."

"No, we're all in the same boat, I believe," said Harkness.

"How is Marian?" asked Helen, a little restive under the cross firing.

"Oh, Marian's all right. But if she were not, she wouldn't know it."

"I suppose she's very much engaged," said Helen, with a faint pang of something like envy.

"Yes," said Captain Butler. "I thought you were at Rye Beach, young lady."

"I thought you were at Beverly, old gentleman," retorted Helen; she had been saucy to Captain Butler from infancy.

"So I was; but I came up unexpectedly to-day."

"So did I."

"Did you? Good! Now I'll tell you why I came, and you shall tell me why *you* did. I came because I got to thinking of your father,

and had a fancy I should like to see him. Did you?"

Helen hung her head.

"No," she said at length.

The captain laughed.

"Whom had you a fancy to see here, then, at this time of year?"

"Oh, I didn't say I should tell. You made that bargain all yourself," mocked Helen. "But it was very kind of you to come on papa's account," she added softly.

"What are you making there?" asked the captain, bending forward to look at the work Helen had taken into her lap.

"Who—I?" she asked, as if she had perhaps been asked what Robert was making. Her mind had been running upon him since Captain Butler asked her why she had come up to Boston. "Oh!" she recovered herself. "Why, this," she said, taking the skeleton frame-work of gauze and wire on her fingertips, and holding it at arm's length, with her head aslant, surveying it, "this is a bonnet for Margaret."

"A bonnet, hey?" said the captain. "It looks like a Shaker cap."

"Yes?" Helen clapped it on her head, and looked jauntily at the captain, dropping her shoulders, and putting her chin out. "Now, does it?"

"No, not now. The Shaker sisters don't wear crimps, and they don't smile in that wicked way." Helen laughed, and took the bonnet-frame off. "So you make Margaret's bonnets, do you? Do you make your own?"

"Sometimes. Not often. But I like millinery. It's what I should turn to if I were left to take care of myself."

"I'm afraid you wouldn't find it such fun," said the captain.

"Oh, milliners make lots of money," returned Helen. "They must. Why, when this bonnet is done, you couldn't get it for ten dollars. Well, the materials don't cost three."

"I wish my girls had your head for business," said the captain, honestly. Helen made him a burlesque obeisance. "Yes, I mean it," he insisted. "You know that I always admired your good sense. I'm always talking it into Marian."

"Better not," said Helen, with a pin between her teeth.

"Why?"

"Because I haven't got it, and it'd make her hate me if I had."

"Do you mean to tell me that you're not a sensible girl?" inquired the captain.

Helen nodded, and made "yes" with her lips, as well as she could with the pin between her teeth. She took it out to say, "You should have seen my performances in my room a

little while ago." She was thinking of that rehearsal before the mirror.

"What were they?" asked the captain.

"Oh, as if I should tell!"

Helen bowed herself over the bonnet, and blushed and laughed. Her father liked to hear the banter between her and his old friend. They both treated her as if she were a child, and she knew it and liked it; she behaved like a child.

"Harkness," said the captain, turning his fat head half round toward his friend, who sat a little back of him, and breaking off his cigar-ash into the bronze plate at his elbow, "do you know that your remaining in the trade after all the rest of us have gone out of it is something quite monumental?"

Captain Butler had a tender and almost reverential love for Joshua Harkness, but he could not help using a little patronage toward him, since his health had grown delicate and his features had not distinctly prospered.

"I am glad you like it, Jack," said Harkness quietly.

"The captain is a mass of compliments tonight," remarked Helen.

The captain grinned his consciousness. "You are a minx," he said admiringly to Helen. Then he threw back his head and pulled at his cigar, uttering between puffs, "No, but I mean it, Harkness. There's something uncommonly fine about it. A man gets to be *nolesse* by sticking to any old order of things. It makes one think of the *ancien régime* somehow to look at you. Why, you're still of the oldest tradition of commerce, the stately and gorgeous traffic of the Orient; you're what Samarcand and Venice and Genoa and Lisbon and London and Salem have come to."

"They've come to very little in the end, then," said Harkness as before.

"Oh, I don't know about that;" the captain took the end of his cigar out and lit a fresh one from it before he laid it down upon the ash-holder; "I don't know about that. We don't consider material things merely. There has always been something romantic—something heroic about the old trade. To be sure, now that it's got down to telegraphing, it's only fit for New Yorkers. They're quite welcome to it." This was not very logical, taken as a whole, but we cannot always be talking reason. At the words romantic and heroic Helen had pricked her ears, if that phrase may be used concerning ears of such loveliness as hers, and she paused from her millinery. "Aha, young lady," cried the captain, "you're listening, are you? You didn't know there was any romance or heroism in business, did you?"

"What business?" asked Helen.

"Your father's business, young woman; my old business, the India trade."

"The India trade? Why, were you ever in the India trade, Captain Butler?"

"Was I ever in the India trade?" demanded the captain, taking his cigar out of his mouth in order to frown with more effect upon Helen. "Well, upon my word! Where did you think I got my title? I'm too old to have been in the war."

"I didn't know," said Helen.

"I got it in the India trade. I was captain and super-cargo many an eleven months' voyage, just as your father was."

Helen was vastly amused at this.

"Why, papa! were you ever captain of a ship?"

"For a time," said Mr. Harkness, smiling at the absurdity.

"Of course he was!" shouted the captain.

"Then why isn't he captain now?"

"Because there's a sort of captain that loses his handle when he comes ashore, and there's a sort that keeps it. I'm one sort and your father's the other. It's natural to call a person of my model and complexion by some kind of title, and it isn't natural to call such a man as your father so. Besides, I was captain longer than he was. I was in the India trade, young lady, and out of it before you were born."

"I was born a great while ago," observed Helen, warningly.

"I daresay you think so," said the captain.

"I thought I was, at your age. But you'll find, as you grow older, that you weren't born such a very great while ago after all. The time shortens up. Isn't that so, Harkness?"

"Yes," said Mr. Harkness. "Everything happened day before yesterday."

"Exactly," said the captain. Helen thought how young she must be to have already got that letter of Robert's so many centuries ago. "Yes," the captain pursued. "I had been in the India trade twenty-five years when I went out of it in 1857—or it went out of me." He nodded his great, close-clipped head in answer to her asking glance. "It went out of a good many people at that time. We had a grand smash. We had overdone it. We had warnings enough, but we couldn't realize that our world was coming to an end. It hadn't got so low as telegraphing, yet; but it was mere shop then, even, compared with the picturesque traffic of our young days. Eh, Harkness?"

"Yes, it had lost all attraction but profit."

"Were you ever down at India Wharf, Helen?" demanded the captain. "I don't blame you; neither were my girls. But were you?"

"Of course," said Helen, scorning to lift her eyes from her work. "The Nahant boat starts from it."

"The Nahant boat!" repeated the captain in a great rage. "In my day there was no Nahant boat about India Wharf, I can tell you, nor any other steamboat; nor any dirty shanties ashore. The place was sacred to the shipping of the grandest commerce in the world. There they lay, those beautiful ships, clean as silver, every one of them, and manned by honest Yankee crews." The captain got upon his feet for the greater convenience of his eloquence. "Not by ruffians from every quarter of the globe. There were gentlemen's sons before the mast, with their share in the venture, going out for the excitement of the thing; boys from Harvard, fellows of education and spirit; and the forecabin was filled with good Toms and Jims and Joes from the Cape; chaps whose aunts you knew; good stock through and through, sound to the core. The super-cargo was often his own captain, and he was often a Harvard man—you know what they are!"

"Nicest fellows in the world," consented Helen.

The captain blew a shaft of white smoke into the air, and then cut it through with a stroke of his cigar.

"We had on a mixed cargo, and we might be going to trade at eastern ports on the way out. Nobody knew what market we should find in Calcutta. It was pure adventure, and a calculation of chances, and it was a great school of character. It was a trade that made men as well as fortunes; it took thought and forethought. The owners planned their ventures like generals planning a campaign. They were not going to see us again for a year; they were not going to hear of us till we were signaled outside on our return. When we sailed it was an event, a ceremony, a solemnity; and we celebrated it with song from all the tarry throats on board. Yes, the men used to sing as we dropped down the bay."

"Oh, Captain Butler, it was fine!" cried Helen, dropping her hands on her work, and looking up at the captain in his smoke cloud, with rapture. "Papa, why didn't you ever let me come down to see your ships sail?"

"It was all changed before you were born, Helen," began her father.

"Oh, yes, all changed," cried the captain, taking the word away from him. "The ships had begun, long before that, to stop at East Boston, and we sold their cargoes by sample, instead of handling them in our warehouses, and getting to feel some sort of human interest in them. When it came to that, a mere

shopman's speculation, I didn't much care for the New Yorkers' getting it."

The captain sat down and smoked in silence.

"How did the New Yorkers get it?" asked Helen, with some indignant stir in her local pride.

"In the natural course of things," said her father. "Just as we got it from Salem. By being bigger and richer."

"Oh, it was all changed anyway," broke in the captain. "We used to import nearly all the cotton goods used in this country,—fabrics that the natives wove on their little looms at home, and that had the sentiment you girls pretend to find in hand-made things,—but before we stopped, we got to sending our own cottons to India. And then came the telegraph, and put the finishing stroke to romance in the trade. Your father loads now, according to the latest dispatches from Calcutta. He knows just what his cargo will be worth when it gets there, and he telegraphs his people what to send back." The captain ended in a minor key. "I'm glad I went out of it when I did. You'd have done well to go out too, Harkness."

"I don't know, Jack. I had nothing else in view. You know I had become involved before the crash came, and I couldn't get out."

"I think you could," returned the captain, stubbornly. And he went on to show his old friend how. And the talk wandered back to the great days of the old trade, and to the merchants, the super-cargoes, the captains, the mates of their youth. They talked of the historic names before their date, of Cleaveland and his voyages, of Handasyd Perkins, of Bromfield, of the great chiefs of a commerce which founded the city's prosperity, and which embraced all climes and regions; the Dutch colonies and coffee; the China trade and tea; the North-west coast and furs; the Cape, and its wines and oil; the pirates that used to harass the early adventurers; famous shipwrecks; great gains and magnificent losses; the splendor of the English nabobs and American residents at Calcutta; mutinies aboardship; the idiosyncrasies of certain sailors; the professional merits of certain black cooks. These varied topics and interests conspired to lend a glamour to the India trade as it had been, that at last moved Captain Butler to argument in proof of the feasibility of its revival. It was the explanation of this scheme that wearied Helen. At the same time she saw that Captain Butler did not mean to go very soon, for he had already sunk the old comrade in the theorist so far as to be saying "Well, sir," and "Why, sir,"

and "I tell you, sir." She got up—not without dropping her scissors from her lap, as the custom of her sex is—and gave him her hand, which he took in his left, without rising.

"Going to bed? That's right. I shall stay a bit yet. I want to talk with your father."

"Talk him into taking a little rest," said Helen, looking at the captain as she bent over her father to kiss him good-night.

"I shall give him all sorts of good advice," returned the captain, cheerily.

Her father held her hand fondly till she drew an arm's length away, and then relinquished it with a very tender "Good-night, my dear."

Helen did not mean to go to bed, and, when she reached her own room, she sat a long time there, working at Margaret's bonnet, and overhearing now and then some such words of the captain's as "dyes," "muslins," "ice," "teak," "gunny-bags," "shellac," "Company's choppers,"—a name of fearful note, descriptive of a kind of Calcutta handkerchief once much imported. She imagined that the captain was still talking of the India trade. Her father spoke so low that she could not make out any words of his. The sound of his voice somehow deeply touched her; his affection appealed to hers in that unintelligible murmur, as the disembodied religion of a far-heard hymn appeals to the solemnity of the listener's soul. She began to make a fantastic comparison of the qualities of her father's voice and the captain's, to the disadvantage of the captain's other qualities. She found that her father was of finer spirit and of gentler nature, and, by a natural transition, she perceived that it was a grander thing to be sitting alone in one's room with one's heart-ache than to be, perhaps, foolishly walking the piazza with one's accepted commonplace destiny, as Marian Butler was at that moment. At this point she laughed at herself, said "Poor Marian!" aloud, and recognized that her vagaries were making Captain Butler an ill return for his kindness in dropping in to chat with her father. She hoped he would not chat too long, and tire him out. And so her thoughts ran upon Robert again, and she heard no more of the talk below till after what seemed to her, starting from it, a prolonged reverie. Then she was aware of Captain Butler's boots chirping out of the library into the hall toward the door, with several pauses, and she caught fragments of talk again: "I had no idea it was as bad as that, Harkness * * * bad business, must see what can be done * * * weather it a few weeks longer * * * confoundedly straitened myself * * * pull you through," and, faintly, "Well, good-night, Joshua. I'll see you

in the morning." There was another pause, in which she fancied Captain Butler lighting his cigar at the chimney of the study-lamp with which her father would be following him to the door. The door closed, and her father went slowly back to the library, where she felt rather than heard him walking up and down. She wanted to go to him, but she would not; she wanted to call to him, but she remained silent. When, at last, she heard his step upon the stairs, heavily ascending, and saw the play of his lamp-light on the walls without, she stealthily turned down the gas that he might not think her awake. Half an hour later, she crept to his door, which stood a little ajar, and whispered, "Papa!"

"What is it, Helen?" He was in bed, but his voice sounded very wakeful. "What is it, my dear?"

"Oh, I don't know!" She flung herself on her knees beside his bed in the dark, and put her arms about his neck. "But I feel so unhappy!"

"About—" began her father, but she quickly interrupted.

"No, no! About *you*, papa! You seem so sad and careworn, and I'm nothing but a burden and a trouble to you!"

"You are nothing but a comfort and a help to me. Poor child! You mustn't be worried by my looks. I shall be all right in the morning. Come, come!"

"But weren't you perplexed somehow about business? Weren't you thinking about those accounts?"

"No, my dear."

"What were you thinking of?"

"Well, Helen, I was thinking of your mother and your little brothers."

"Oh!" said Helen, with the kind of recoil which the young must feel even from the dearest dead. "Do you often think of them?"

"No, I believe, not often. Never so much as to-night, since I first lost them; the house

seemed full of them then. I suppose these impressions must recur."

"Oh, doesn't it make you feel strange?" asked Helen, cowering a little closer to him.

"Why should it? It doesn't make me feel strange to have your face against mine."

"No; but— Oh, don't, don't talk of such things, or I can't endure it! Papa, papa! I love you so, it breaks my heart to have you talk in that way. How wicked I must be, not to like you to think of them! But don't, to-night! I want you to think of me, and what we are going to do together, and about all our plans for next winter, and for that new house, and everything. Will you? Promise!"

Her father pressed her cheek closer against his, and she felt the fond smile which she could not see in the dark. He gave her his promise, and then began to talk about her going down to the Butlers', which it seemed the captain had urged further after she had bidden him good-night. The captain was going to stay in Boston a day or two, and Mr. Harkness thought he might run down with him at the end of the week. Helen did not care to go, but with this in view she did not care to say so. She let her father comfort her with caressing words and touches, as when she was a child, and she frankly staid her weak-heartedness upon his love. She was ashamed, but she could not help it nor wish to help it. As she rested her head upon his pillow she heard his watch ticking under it; in this sound all the years since she was a little girl were lost. Then his voice began to sink drowsily, as it used to do in remote times, when she had wearied him out with her troubles. He answered at random, and his talk wandered so that it made her laugh. That roused him to full consciousness of her parting kiss. "Good-night," he said, and held her hand, and drew her down by it again, and kissed her once more.

(To be continued.)



FEATURES OF THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

SOLVING THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

GENERAL MILES, who has probably had more experience in fighting Indians than any other officer of the army, believes that any wild tribe can be civilized up to the point of becoming self-supporting, in four or five years, if the right method is pursued. His success with the Cheyennes, who surrendered to him at Fort Keogh a few years ago, gives him the right to hold this opinion. The Cheyennes were savages, who had never come into any relation with the whites, other than that of hostility, until Miles conquered them. When they surrendered they showed a decided repugnance to going upon a reservation. They thought they could shift for themselves if they were not put in charge of an agent. General Miles sold all their ponies, except one or two to a lodge, and with the money bought cattle for them. He detailed a soldier who understood farming to teach them to raise crops. They went to work on the Fort Keogh military reservation. For about a year it was necessary to issue rations to them, but the allowance was steadily diminished, and finally stopped altogether. The Indians raised wheat, corn, and potatoes, made gardens, and soon had a surplus of vegetables, grain, and melons to sell. In the winter they hunted buffalo, and with the proceeds of the sale of the skins bought wagons and plows. They soon learned the value of money and became expert in barter. When I visited Fort Keogh last May nearly all of them had left the military reservation and gone up the Little Rosebud River, to open farms and build log-houses. They asked nothing from the Government except to be let alone. Their only apprehension was that they would be forced to submit to the agency system. To a suggestion that the Government would provide a school for the children, the chiefs replied that they would establish a school of their own if they had good crops this year, and that they would rather pay the expense themselves and not be dependent upon the Government. Yet these people were roaming the plains, clad in skins, three years ago,—as wild and warlike a tribe of painted savages as ever harassed the frontier. They were wise enough to know that the agency system meant demoralization and poverty, and to understand that by working, as they saw the white man work, they

could get for themselves the good things they saw the white man enjoy.

I saw a little of the Indians of British Columbia during a visit to Victoria. The authorities of that province never treated the Indian tribes as though they were independent nations, owning all the land they roamed over. No treaties were made with them. Small reservations were set apart for their homes, but no money annuities were paid them, and there was no effort to pauperize them by feeding and clothing them at the public expense. The result is that these Indians are not only self-sustaining, but contribute in no inconsiderable degree to the trade and wealth of the province. Last spring over \$50,000 was spent by Indians at the Victoria stores for clothing and groceries, from the proceeds of their winter catch of furs. Nor do they live wholly by hunting and fishing. I saw Indians unloading vessels, driving teams, and doing other kinds of labor. Many are at work on the Canada Pacific Railroad.

The universal opinion in the North-western territories is that the reservation and agency system is wholly vicious and ought to be abolished. The essence of this system is to make the Indian think the Government is afraid of him, and is eager to buy his friendship and furnish him with food and blankets to keep him from going on the war-path. This makes him an arrogant pauper who is ready to turn murderer on the smallest provocation. The Canadians and British Columbians always treated the Indian as if he had reason to fear them, not they him. They protected him in his rights as a human being, and told him that if he wanted food and clothes, he must work as they did.

THE PUGET SOUND INDIANS.

In the Puget Sound country the Indian question is settling itself by the rapid decrease of the tribes living on the shores of that beautiful inland sea. Old steam-boat captains who navigated the Sound thirty years ago say that its surface then swarmed with the canoes of the natives, and that the aboriginal population was not less than thirty thousand. Now it is probably not over six thousand. No tribes have been removed to the interior. All are still living upon little reservations fronting the tide-water, where they can fish and dig clams as of old. Nor have there

been wars to thin their numbers. Whisky, and the law of the survival of the fittest, is fast exterminating them. It is a crime to sell them intoxicating drink, and the Government maintains a penitentiary on an island near Steilacoom, chiefly for the confinement of men breaking the law in this respect; but the Indian manages to procure the means of getting drunk now and then in spite of the Revised Statutes. These Sound Indians are a mild, harmless folk, subsisting partly on fish and partly on the Government. They are not picturesque, like their kindred of the interior, because they have adopted civilized costume and wear such cheap, ill-fitting garments as they can get at the clothing stores. They look best when skimming along the water in their boats, which are dug out of tree-trunks, and are of uniform model, with graceful lines and a high, curving beak. Painted black, these swift little craft are not unlike a Venetian gondola. A whole family will paddle to a town in a canoe, with dried fish enough to subsist on for a few days, sleeping in the boat at night and hanging idly about the streets in the day-time, sitting motionless on the sidewalk for hours, like so many bundles of rags. The number of light-complexioned faces among the young folks is remarkable and significant.

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There is a mistaken notion in the East that the Chinese are always humble and submissive, and much put upon and abused by the whites of the Pacific coast. There was a time when the hoodlums of San Francisco maltreated the Asiatic immigrants shamefully, but that time has gone by. Now the Chinaman appears to be as secure in his rights of

person and property as anybody. Instead of being deferential and timid he is often pushing and insolent. He does not give way in the street. He hustles you as rudely as an English navvy. A body of Chinese laborers marching down a narrow street will crowd ladies into the gutter. The Chinese merchants, doctors, and others belonging to the better classes, are as polite as Frenchmen, but the masses of the Chinese population on the Pacific coast are rude and brutal. The chief thing in their favor is their habit of personal cleanliness. The railroad laborers, who are the poorest and most ignorant class, wash themselves from head to foot at the end of each day's work. All classes are frequent customers of the barber, who gives minute attention to their heads, faces, ears, and necks.

Among the common laborers there is little sympathy for sick and injured comrades. If a man is likely to become a burden, the other members of his gang want to get rid of him as soon as possible. It is commonly believed by the white bosses on the railways that the Chinese doctors put sick men out of the way by poison when they think they cannot be speedily cured. A case was told me in Oregon of a Coolie railway laborer who had an arm broken. It was set by the company's doctor, and was doing well, but the man's comrades insisted on bringing a Chinese doctor to attend him. The doctor came from a distant camp and gave the patient a dose. In an hour the poor fellow was dead. In such cases there is no investigation; nobody cares that there is one Chinaman less. The death of a cart-horse is of much more consequence. One great difficulty the employers of Chinese labor have to contend with is the superstition of these queer people. Their religious worship consists chiefly in propitiating the malevolent spirits of the dead. If a Chinese domestic fancies there is a ghost in the house he departs at once, and leaves an inscription behind to warn his successors. It often happens that a family will be unable to keep a servant longer than a single day. Man after man will come and go without giving any reason for his abrupt departure. At last the warning sign is found in the kitchen or the servant's room and expunged; then there is no more trouble. Not long ago two Chinamen were killed in Oregon by the premature explosion of a blast on a new railway line. One of their fellow workmen declared that just before the explosion he saw two devils come to the opposite bank of the river and heard them talking. Thereupon the whole gang of forty men dropped work, and could not be induced, by threats or persuasions, to return to the spot. It was neces-

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with his tent or his "shack," patiently waiting for customers. In mining camps, on bare and desolate cattle-ranges, at river fords, where a few horsemen or a mule team may cross, now and then, and on lonely forest trails, traversed only by prospectors and Indians, the man of decanters and bottles has established himself. Usually his only stock in trade is a barrel of whiskey and a few pounds of sugar, but if he be convenient to wagon transportation, he will have bottled beer. The consumption of beer in the camps of the railway builders is enormous. At Bismarck I saw an entire freight train of thirty cars laden with bottled beer from a Chicago brewery, bound for the town nearest the end of track. The chief engineer of the construction force said that an average of one bottle for every tie laid was consumed, and that the tie and the beer cost the same—fifty cents. Thus the workmen pay as much for their drink as the company for one of the important elements of railway construction.

NEWSPAPERS.

THE fecundity of the Far North-west in newspapers is remarkable. Towns which, in the Middle or older Western States, would barely sustain a weekly, have one or two dailies, and mere hamlets of two or three hundred inhabitants support a weekly to trumpet their advantages and aspirations. The proportion of newspapers to population in Oregon and Washington must be twice or three times as great as in Iowa or Illinois. As the town precedes the country in the development of this region, the papers must mainly subsist on such patronage as can be obtained within gunshot of their offices. The four dailies of Walla Walla, for example, depend upon a town which, in the East, would perhaps sustain two or three weeklies; but there are no tributary villages, the surrounding country being an immense wheat-field, with three or four families to a square mile of territory. The three dailies of Seattle depend upon a lumber town of perhaps 6,000 inhabitants with a wilderness on one side and the water on the other. The daily at Port Townsend is supported by a population not exceeding 2,500, including Indians and Chinese. The fact that newspapers live in such small communities argues a great deal of enterprise and liberality on the part of the people and a pretty high average of intelligence.

The general news field of the Pacific North-west is monopolized by a single rich and prosperous newspaper, the "Portland Oregonian," which controls the associated press dispatches and sells them in condensed form to small dailies in the interior and on the

Sound. There is no parallel case in the United States of a single newspaper having an absolute monopoly of so large a field of circulation, which is about 1,000 miles square.

An affection of odd and original names prevails among the journals of the Far West. For instance: The "Lewiston Teller," the "Salem Daily Talk," the "Reese River Reveille," the "Pinal Drill," the "Las Vegas Optic," the "Colton Semi-Tropic," the "Calico Print," published in the new mining town of Calico, and the "Tombstone Epitaph" of the town of Tombstone, Arizona.

NORTH-WESTERN RIVERS.

THE rivers of the Pacific North-west are, in many instances, badly named. The Columbia should have been allowed to keep the old name of the Oregon; but, once called the Columbia, the name should have been applied to the longer branch of the stream, which flows wholly in United States Territory, instead of to the shorter branch, which heads in British America. The longer branch, called Clark's Fork in its lower course, is one of the most picturesque streams on the continent. Its dignity is diminished by its bearing at different points of its course no fewer than five names. First it is Clark's Fork—a clumsy appellation; above Pend d'Oreille Lake it is locally called the Pend d'Oreille River, as far up as the mouth of the Flat Head River; further up it bears the soft, musical name of the Missoula; still further, above the mouth of the Bitter Root, it is called the Hell Gate, from the savage gorge through which it flows, and finally, in South-western Montana, where it heads, it is called the Deer Lodge. As it seems now to be too late to call the entire stream the Columbia, would it not be well for Congress to christen it the Missoula? If an effort is made to abolish the confusing local names given to this noble stream, the Snake River, once called Lewis's Fork of the Columbia, might, at the same time, be given its Indian name of Shoshone, or be called Lewis River. It is a powerful stream, navigable for two hundred miles and draining an immense area of country. Its present name is detestable. The original Indian names for the smaller streams have very generally been retained. Some of them are pretty and melodious, like the Willamette, the Alsea, the Palouse, the Pataha, the Kalama, the Chehalis, and the Nesal. Some are barbarous and jaw-breaking, like the Stiglnamish, the Swinomish, the Cathlapootle, the Skagit, the Ya Chats, the Hy-as-kna-ha-laos, the Wenatchapam, and the Hum-tu-lups. The old resident rolls these names off his tongue with evident enjoyment.

QUEER NAMES.

IN Oregon and Washington are many queer names of towns and streams that testify in some cases to the quaint fancy of the early settlers, and, in others, to a blunt, rude realism still displayed in mining camps. In the Willamette Valley you can pass through the hamlet of Needy, and a few miles further on arrive at Glad Tidings, and then, in ten miles more, reach Sublimity. On Puget Sound are two neighboring logging-camp towns, one called Arcadia and the other Hardscrabble. In neither of them does life appear to be Arcadian, and Hardscrabble is quite as attractive or unattractive as its neighbor with the poetic name.

A southern Oregon settlement, where the early gold-seekers met with disappointment, was called Humbug, and the name sticks to it to this day. Not far off are Louise Creek, Whiskytown, and Jump-off-Joe Creek, the latter named on account of an adventure of old General Joe Lane, who fought the Indians in that region. In Eastern Washington a railway station is called Eltopia—a euphemism for the Hell-to-Pay of the first settlers.

RAILWAY LINES.

IN all parts of the Far West railway enterprise runs in advance of population. Powerful companies, backed by eastern or foreign capital, carefully survey the unsettled regions, sending out parties of experts to study the character of the soil, the grasses, the mineral deposits, and the timber, and report on the probable traffic to be had when settlers come in. The companies know that settlers will follow the new road and occupy a broad band of country on either side of it. A given population will afford a given amount of freight and passenger business; thus the problem is as simple as a sum in arithmetic, provided excessive competition does not lead to the construction of too many roads. Eastern Dakota is already well supplied with rail transportation, and the enormous wheat crop of that region is promptly moved to Chicago or to water transit at the head of Lake Superior. Oregon and Washington have also a remarkably well developed railway system, carrying their immense wheat surplus to tide-water at Portland and the Puget Sound ports. Between these two systems the long line of the Northern Pacific Railroad is rapidly advancing from both directions. Next summer the gap will be closed and the whole North-west will be linked together. The advanced condition of the transportation system of the

Pacific North-west is really remarkable, considering the isolated situation and slender population of that section. Two standard gauge and two narrow gauge lines traverse the Willamette Valley, and few farmers in that wonderfully productive region need haul their grain further than ten miles to reach a railway station. One of these lines is being pushed southward through the Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys and over three mountain ranges to California, where it joins a road building northward up the valley of the Sacramento. The completion of these roads next year will unite California and Oregon by unbroken railway between San Francisco and Portland.

A trunk line, owned by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, runs westward from Portland, up the deep gorge of the Columbia River, past the two great obstructions to navigation at the Cascades and the Dalles, and out into the open, fertile country east of the Cascade Mountains, draining all the rich grain and grazing regions of Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington, and taking their products westward to tide water. At Umatilla this line throws off a branch to the Grande Ronde Valley, which is being extended southward to Baker City, where it will meet the Oregon Short Line now building North-westward from the Union Pacific Road at Ogden. At Wallula junction it meets the main stem of the Northern Pacific, and, by an alliance between the two companies, becomes its Western extension to Portland and Puget Sound; the original plan of throwing the Northern Pacific over the Cascade Mountains directly to the Sound having been laid aside for a few years. At the same junction begins an important system of local roads, partly completed and being steadily extended, which throws out branches on both sides of the Snake River, penetrates the new, rich, wheat country skirting the base of the Blue and Cœur d'Alene Mountains and will next summer reach as far as the towns of Lewiston and Moscow in Northern Idaho.

In Western Washington a link of the Northern Pacific system runs from Kalama on the Columbia River, one hundred and five miles due North to Tacoma at the head of Puget Sound. The connection with Portland is now made by steamers on the Columbia, but next year the forty miles' gap will be closed by rail. Then the whole interior system of railways in the North-west will have two termini at ocean navigation—one at Portland and one on Puget Sound. In all there are now in operation in Oregon and Washington, over eleven hundred miles of railway, to be joined to the transportation

system of the East in 1883, by the completion of the Northern Pacific Transcontinental line. When one considers that the two communities of the Pacific North-west have only a quarter of a million of inhabitants, and are wholly isolated from direct communication with the rest of the United States, their enterprise in railway building is remarkable. Every locomotive and every rail used on their lines has been brought around Cape Horn. Practically, Oregon and Washington have, up to this time, been in the position of an island out in the Pacific Ocean, for their commercial relations with the rest of the world have been carried on by means of steamer lines to San Francisco and sailing ships going round the Horn to New York and Liverpool. When these beautiful and productive regions are brought within seven days of New York, their direct development will be enormously accelerated.

THE OREGON METROPOLIS.

PORTLAND has a population of about 25,000, and is growing rapidly. It has grown rich by handling and shipping the wheat of the Willamette Valley and the upper Columbia country and selling goods to the farmers of the interior. It has none of the look of a raw Western town. The business streets are well built with brick, the residence streets are handsomely shaded, and bordered by pretty white and cream-colored houses, each with its lawn, rose-bushes, and flower-beds. The streets running back from the water-front climb a gentle slope to a dense, dark forest. Ships with foreign flags, lie in the stream, and white, river steamers come and go. The town has large school-houses, fine churches, gas and water works, street-railways, a theater, a club, spacious stores, well-filled with all goods that appeal to the fancy of women in the East—in short, the attractions and comfort to be found in Eastern cities. It has also a stable, intelligent population, largely of the New England and Middle State elements. Portland, sitting at the gateway of the rich Willamette Valley and controlling the transportation lines leading up and down the Columbia River, has got beyond the stage of experiment.

THE PUGET SOUND TOWNS.

BETWEEN the Columbia River and Puget Sound, a distance of about one hundred miles, the country is all forest, save where a few settlements have been made along the Cowlitz River, or on spots of prairie land left

open by nature. The shores of the Sound, too, are one enormous, and almost unbroken forest, notched here and there, on the water-front by clearings for logging camps, and saw-mill villages. The towns are few and far between, and are encircled not by belts of cultivated fields, but by the dim aisles of the primeval woods. Lumbering is the chief industry, and an immense industry it is, counting its annual product by hundreds of millions of feet, sending building material to South America, China, and Australia, as well as to the whole California coast, and furnishing masts and spars to the navies of the world.

Seattle is the chief Sound port. It has about 8,000 inhabitants, and besides its big saw-mills, enjoys the profits of the coal business from the neighboring mines, and of a trade with the little lumbering hamlets up and down the Sound, on its numerous bays, coves, and straits. Big hotels, bustling business streets, two-story coal-wharves, and a young university are among the features of this thriving, ambitious place.

Tacoma, on Commencement Bay, is the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and of its branch to the Wilkeson coal fields, which is eventually to climb over the Cascade Mountains. It has perhaps 3,000 inhabitants. From the plateau on which it stands there is an inspiring view of the dark green base and dazzling snowy summit of Mount Rainier, the noblest of the white giants of the Cascade Range—a grander mountain than Mont Blanc, and though a thousand feet lower, apparently more lofty because it is seen from the sea level towering up into the sky, individual and alone. Its Indian name is Mount Tacoma, and so it should be called instead of after an English admiral who never saw it.

Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, is a pretty village, embowered in fruit trees, with 2,500 inhabitants, a branch railroad and a steam-boat that runs to Seattle and Tacoma. There is some farming country back of the place, and a good water-power close by.

Port Townsend, at the entrance to the Sound, looks down on the green water from a high plateau. There is a lower town by the wharves connected with the upper one by a long flight of wooden stairs. The population is about the same as that of Olympia. The custom-house is here for all the Sound ports, and it is in some sort a supply station for shipping. The other Sound towns are inconsiderable settlements depending on big saw-mills for their existence, or on rather feeble agricultural settlements on tidal flats redeemed by dikes, or in the narrow bottoms of the little rivers that are fed by the melting snows of the mountains.

COAL DEPOSITS.

WEST of the Missouri River, in the small valleys of the Heart and Little Missouri Rivers, numerous seams of lignite or brown coal are found, which furnish a valuable fuel resource for a region nearly destitute of timber. Two of the thicker seams are being worked. Further west, the whole valley of the Yellowstone abounds in lignite deposits. Many of them are too thin for working, but there are thick seams enough exposed on the face of the bluffs along the river to indicate that the supply is practically inexhaustible. The quality of the lignite varies considerably in different seams. The best develop a heat-producing power equal to about sixty-five per cent. of that of the same weight of good bituminous coal. On the slopes of the Belt Mountains, near Bozeman, veins of true bituminous coal were found last summer, which will be worked this year. They promise to yield much the best fuel to be found anywhere between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific coast. A hundred and fifty miles north-west of these veins, on the farther side of the main divide of the Rockies, I saw a mine that had been worked for local consumption in the neighboring valley of Deer Lodge, and abandoned, no doubt, because wood was cheaper to burn, when the rude facilities for mining, the high price of labor, and the small demand for fuel were taken into account. With the denser settlement of the country and the building of railways, an extensive coal-mining industry will, no doubt, be developed in the Rocky Mountain region.

The important coal region of the Pacific North-west lies east of Puget Sound and close under the western base of the Cascade Mountains. From this field is now derived the coal supply of San Francisco and all the cities on the Pacific coast. It probably extends north and south for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Thus far it has been systematically developed at two points only, one known as the Newcastle region, about twenty miles east of Seattle, and the other called the Wilkeson and Carbonado region, thirty miles west of Tacoma. Both these regions are connected by rail with tide-water on the Sound, the outlet of one being at Seattle and the other at Tacoma, and from each of these ports fleets of steam and sail colliers run to San Francisco. As the demand increases the output increases. New deposits are constantly being discovered, and the quality—a hard, black lignite, not readily slacked—improves as deeper veins are reached. The importance of these coal-fields in the future industrial

development of the Pacific coast communities can scarcely be overestimated.

TIMBER LANDS.

PRACTICALLY, the whole country between the Minnesota prairies and the Rocky Mountains is bare of timber. There are little strips of forest trees along the water-courses in Dakota, but they consist mainly of cottonwood, soft maple, and alder, and furnish only a scanty supply of fuel to the settlers, and are of no value as a source of building material. West of the Missouri there is nothing worth sawing up into lumber until the advanced spurs of the Rockies are reached—the Big Horn, the Belt, the Judith, the Big Snowy, and the Yellowstone Mountains. In the gorges running up their sides there is sufficient “bull pine” and spruce for the settlers’ purposes and for railway ties and bridge timbers, but there are no large, well-timbered areas. On both sides of the main divide of the Rockies about the same condition is found. The pines are somewhat larger, and some cedar is met with. For want of something better, the timber is of great value for local consumption, for fuel and building purposes in the neighboring valleys, but this is all that can be said of it. Not until I reached Clark’s Fork of the Columbia, or the Pend d’Oreille, as it is known to the settlers, did I see any extensive body of good timber. On both sides of that stream, between the Cœur d’Alene and Cabinet Mountains, lies a heavily timbered belt of about one hundred miles in length by thirty in width, reaching down to and around Pend d’Oreille Lake. The trees are “bull pine,” cedar, hemlock, and spruce, with a little white pine. The western slopes of the Cœur d’Alene Mountains and the Bitter Root Mountains, which are a continuation of the same range, are moderately well timbered and furnish material for fuel, fences, and buildings for a wide stretch of rich, bare country further west. From these mountains, westward to the narrow valleys running up into the Cascade Range, the country is nearly destitute of forest growth. A few stunted pines grow on the sides of the deep narrow valleys through which the streams run. Along the lower course of the Columbia and around Puget Sound there are immense forests of fir, furnishing a practically inexhaustible lumber supply. Eastern Oregon is mostly treeless, but the slopes of the mountain ranges bear sufficient timber for local uses. Eastern Washington, fast becoming a great wheat field, feels most the lack of forests. Western Oregon, including the fertile, well-settled Willamette Valley, is well supplied

from both the coast and Cascade Mountains, while Western Washington is all a vast forest, where the clearings are mere specks upon the immense expanse of woodland. This magnificent forest is destined to be a source of great wealth for centuries to come. The lumbering operations up to this time, although very extensive, have only notched it here and there at long intervals close to the water-side.

CLIMATIC PECULIARITIES.

It is a common mistake in the East to suppose that the rigorous winter climate of Minnesota continues westward on parallels of latitude all the way to the Rocky Mountains. Dakota winters are even more severe than those of Minnesota, because there are no forests to break the force of the blizzards. There is, however, a great deal of bright, still weather, when the cold is hardly felt, because of the dryness of the air. West of the Missouri the mean winter temperature steadily increases as you go toward the Rockies, and the weather in December, January, and February, in the valley of the Yellowstone, is no more rude than in Maryland or Southern Ohio, with the great advantage of a dry, bracing atmosphere, instead of the cold rains and sloppy snow-falls which characterize the season in the middle latitudes of the Atlantic coast and Mississippi Valley. The snow-fall is much less than in the belt of country along the Union Pacific Railroad. On the Northern Pacific line, which runs at one point in Idaho almost as far north as the boundary of British America, the only region of heavy snow-fall is around Lake Pend d'Oreille, and for a hundred miles up Clark's Fork of the Columbia; but there the road is protected from drifts by the heavy forest growth. No serious obstacle to regular winter traffic will be occasioned by snow on any of the railways penetrating the northern line of States and Territories between Lake Superior and Puget Sound. The fact that Montana was formerly the great buffalo range, and is fast becoming a vast cattle and sheep range, verifies the assertions of its inhabitants regarding the light snow-fall.

Between the Rockies and the Cascade Range, in the new agricultural regions of Washington and Oregon, the climate does not greatly differ from that of Pennsylvania. The summers are cooler, because of the greater elevation above the sea level, and the winters dryer, with less snow. Cattle and horses live on the dried grasses all winter, in the whole region, as far north as the British line. West of the Cascades, in the rich valley of the Willamette, and the Puget Sound country, the summer weather is perfect; but there

are five disagreeable, rainy months, from October to April. Very little snow falls, but "the rain it raineth every day"; or, to be more precise, about two days out of three. Perhaps the best climate, the year round, of the Pacific North-west, is that of the Rogue River Valley, in Southern Oregon. The south-west winds, which bring the winter rains, strike the coast a little north of this valley, and its winter climate is said to resemble that of Italy. The summer climate is not unlike that of the interior of Massachusetts. On all the Pacific coast, it is the direction of the mountain ranges and of the currents of sea-air, that determine climate more than latitude. Thus, the winter in Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, is no colder than that of Baltimore, while the summer resembles that of Newfoundland, if any parallel to its delightful, cool, bracing weather can be found on the Atlantic coast. For the most agreeable climatic conditions possible, one should have a cottage in Victoria for the summer, looking out over the blue waters of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and a fruit ranch for the winter in one of the warm valleys of Southern California.

FUTURE STATES.

PUBLIC opinion in Dakota has firmly decided that the territory shall be cut into halves by a line following the 45th parallel of latitude, and be thus made into two States. The line is not a natural boundary. It is chosen because it gives about an equal area to North and South Dakota, and runs through the center of an unsettled belt now dividing the settled region along the Northern Pacific Railroad from the southern section of the present territory, already well supplied with railway facilities. Very soon this vacant belt will fill up with people, and the completion of north and south railroad lines, now considerably advanced, will make of both sections a homogeneous community. Still the territory is too large for one State, and the reasons for dividing it are identical with those which led to separating Minnesota from Iowa, and Kansas from Nebraska. Montana is even larger than Dakota, but it contains far less farming land and, save in a few valleys, will never support a dense population. The eastern portion is mainly a grazing country, while the western portion is a mass of mountain ridges, between which lie narrow, fertile valleys, where agriculture is very profitable, but can only be carried on with the aid of irrigation. There is no talk yet of dividing this immense territory, but the time will come when conflicts of opinion will arise between the people living on the Yellowstone and its

tributaries, and those inhabiting the mountain country. Perhaps it will then be found wise to make two States out of Montana, by a line drawn north and south.

Washington is destined to become a rich, populous State. It has in its eastern counties an extensive area of remarkably productive wheat land, yielding thirty, forty, and even fifty bushels to the acre. The Puget Sound counties are rich in coal and lumber, and in the region north of the Columbia, as yet only partly explored, both iron and coal have lately been found, as well as mines of nickel, silver, and gold. The population of Washington, now a little over 100,000, will probably increase to a million in a quarter of a century. Idaho develops very slowly. The streams mostly run in deep cañons, making no fertile valleys, and the high lands are too dry for cultivation. Mining for the precious metals is the leading industry. This territory and Wyoming will be the last to come in as States. The only section of Idaho containing broad, contiguous areas of arable land is embraced in the Pan Handle on the extreme north, and the four counties comprising that district are eagerly seeking to be detached and to be united with Washington, with which they are closely identified both geographically and commercially.

THE ULTIMATE FRONTIER.

IMMIGRATION pushes eastward from the Pacific coast as well as westward from the Valley of the Mississippi. In Oregon and Washington I met hundreds of families going East. They came from the well-settled valley of the Willamette and were bound for the new grain and pasture regions east of the Columbia River. The ultimate frontier may be said to be in Idaho. Into that territory emigrants seeking a new country come from east, west, and south. The whole Rocky Mountain region will, however, remain practically a frontier country for a long time to come. It is only adapted for very sparse settlement and will always afford a field of adventure for hunters and tourists. A belt of country about two hundred miles wide, in Montana and Idaho, and widening out to nearly one thousand in New Mexico and Arizona, will probably always preserve most of its present characteristics of wildness and vacancy. The lofty wooded ranges of the Cascade Mountains in Oregon and Washington, with their sublime isolated snow peaks and their profound gorge-like valleys, will also repel all settlement save that of hunters, lumbermen, and miners. Along the Pacific coast, between the Coast Range and the sea,

there is another belt of country too heavily timbered for occupancy by farmers save on the bottom lands along the streams.

DEFECTS OF THE PUBLIC LAND SYSTEM.

TRAVEL in the scantily settled regions of the Far West has convinced me that our present system of land laws abounds in mischievous defects. It was adopted when the central and extreme western portions of the continent were little known, and was well enough adapted at that day to encourage immigration into regions of nearly uniform fertility like Illinois and Iowa, and to parcel out the public domain among those who intended to occupy and cultivate it. The system is, however, poorly adapted to meet the conditions existing in regions like Montana, where the arable lands lie in narrow strips of valleys and most of the country consists of mountain ranges, or high, dry pasture tracts unfit for crops. In Eastern Dakota, one hundred and sixty acres of rich wheat-land are ample for a homestead, which will support a family; but what is a settler to make of one hundred and sixty acres of grassy plateau, too dry for any crop, but good for cattle and sheep, if he had enough of it.

The preemption feature of the land system should be abolished altogether. Under it the gigantic wheat farms of Dakota have been formed. The owners first bought the alternate sections of land from the railroad company, and then placed their own hired men upon the government sections to preempt, purchase, and transfer them. Six months' real, or pretended residence in a six by nine shanty is sufficient to perfect a preemption claim. The claimant then gets his patent by paying \$2.50 an acre if within the limits of a railroad grant, or \$1.25 if not, and he can at once sell out to the speculator or the "bonanza farmer." The public land laws ought to make the way of the land-grabber a hard one, and preserve the arable portions of the public domain for actual settlement and cultivation in small tracts. The "bonanza farm" system secures the cultivation of large areas, but only by the hired labor of men without families, who leave the farm as soon as the crop is harvested. Ten thousand acres tilled on this plan will support, as permanent residents, perhaps half a dozen families of employes, who look after the machinery, animals, and buildings. If divided into small, separate holdings, the same tract would sustain a hundred families, raising less wheat, perhaps, but more children, to become good citizens of the republic.

E. V. Smalley.

THE CREOLES IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," etc.

I.

PRAYING TO THE KING.

IN 1699, France, by the hand of her gallant sailor, D'Iberville, founded the province of Louisiana. In 1718, his younger brother, Bienville, laid out the little parallelogram of streets and ditches, and palisaded lots which formed New Orleans. Here, amid the willow-jungles of the Mississippi's low banks, under the glaring sunshine of bayou clearings, in the dark shadows of the Delta's wet forests, the Louisiana Creoles came into existence,—valorous, unlettered, and unrestrained, as military outpost life in such a land might make them. In sentiment they were loyal to their king; in principle, to themselves and their soil. Sixty-three years had passed, with floods and famines and Indian wars, corrupt misgovernment and its resultant distresses, when in 1762 it suited the schemes of an unprincipled court secretly to convey the unprofitable colony—land and people, all and singular—to the King of Spain.

In the early summer of 1764, before the news of this unfeeling barter had startled the ears of the colonists, a certain class in New Orleans had begun to make formal complaint of a condition of affairs in their sorry little town (commercial and financial rather than political) that seemed to them no longer bearable. There had been commercial development; but, in the light of their grievances, this only showed through what a debris of public disorder the commerce of a country or town may make a certain progress.

These petitioners were the merchants of New Orleans. Their voice was now heard for the first time. The private material interests of the town and the oppressions of two corrupt governments were soon to come to an open struggle. It was to end, for the Creoles, in ignominy and disaster. But in better years further on there was a time in store when arms should no longer overawe; but when commerce, instead, was to rule the destinies, not of a French or Spanish military post, but of the great southern sea-port of a nation yet to be. Meanwhile, the spirit of independence was stirring within the inhabitants. They

scarcely half-recognized it themselves (there is a certain unconsciousness in truth and right); but their director-general's zeal for royalty was chafed.

"As I was finishing this letter," wrote M. d'Abbadie, "the merchants of New Orleans presented me with a petition, a copy of which I have the honor to forward. You will find in it those characteristic features of sedition and insubordination of which I complain."

A few months later came word of the cession to Spain. The people refused to believe it. It was nothing that the king's letter directly stated the fact. It was nothing that official instructions to M. d'Abbadie as to the manner of evacuating and surrendering the province were full and precise. It was nothing that copies of the treaty and of Spain's letter of acceptance were spread out in the council chamber, where the humblest white man could go and read them. Such perfidy was simply incredible. The transfer *must* be a make-believe, or they were doomed to bankruptcy,—not figuratively only, but, as we shall presently see, literally also.

So, when doubt could stay no longer, hope took its place,—the hope that a prayer to their sovereign might avert the consummation of the treaty, which had already been so inexplicably delayed. On a certain day, therefore, early in 1765, there was an imposing gathering on the Place d'Armes. The voice of the people was to be heard in advocacy of their rights. Nearly all the notables of the town were present; planters, too, from all the nearer parts of the Delta, with some of the superior council and other officials,—an odd motley of lace and flannel, powdered wigs, buckskin, dress-swords, French leather, and cow-hide. One Jean Milhet was there. He was the wealthiest merchant in the town. He had signed the petition of the previous June, with its "features of sedition and insubordination." And he was now sent to France with this new prayer that the king would arrange with Spain to nullify the act of cession.

Milhet met, in Paris, Bienville, ex-governor of the province and unsuccessful campaigner against its Indian foes, who, in his eightysixth year, was fated to fail once more in his effort to serve Louisiana. They sought, to-

gether, the royal audience. But the minister, the Duc de Choiseul (the transfer had been part of his policy) adroitly barred the way. They never saw the king, and their mission was brought to naught with courteous dispatch. Such was the word Milhet sent back. But a hope without foundations is not to be undermined. The Creoles, in 1766, heard his ill-tidings without despair, and fed their delusion on his continued stay in France and on the non-display of the Spanish authority.

By another treaty Great Britain had received a vast territory on the eastern side of the Mississippi. This transfer was easier to understand. The English had gone promptly into possession, and, much to the mental distress of the acting-governor of Louisiana, M. Aubry (M. d'Abbadie having died in 1765), were making the harbor of New Orleans a highway for their men-of-war and transports, while without ships, ammunition, or money, and with only a few soldiers, and they entitled to their discharge, he awaited Spain's languid receipt of the gift which had been made her only to keep it from these very English.

But, at length, Spain moved, or seemed about to move. Late in the summer a letter came to the superior council from Havana, addressed to it by Don Antonio de Ulloa, a commodore in the Spanish navy, a scientific scholar and author of renown, and now revealed as the royally commissioned governor of Louisiana. This letter announced that Don Antonio would soon arrive in New Orleans.

Here was another seed of cruel delusion. For month after month went by, the year closed, January and February, 1766, came and passed, and the new governor had not made his appearance. Surely, it seemed, this was all a mere diplomatic maneuver. But, when the delay had done as much harm as it could, on the 5th of March, 1766, Ulloa landed in New Orleans. He brought with him only two companies of Spanish infantry, his government having taken the assurance of France that more troops would not be needed.

II.

ULLOA, AUBRY, AND THE SUPERIOR COUNCIL.

THE cession—a sentence, as it seemed to the Louisianians, of commercial and industrial annihilation—had now only to go into effect. It was this, not loyalty to France, that furnished the true motive of the Creoles and justification of the struggle of 1768. The merchants were, therefore, its mainspring. But merchants are not apt to be public leaders. They were behind and under the people. Who, then, or

what, was in front? An official body whose growth and power in the colony had had great influence in forming the public character of the Creoles,—the Superior Council.

It was older than New Orleans. Formed in 1712 of but two members, of whom the governor was one, but gradually enlarged, it dispensed justice and administered civil government over the whole colony, under the ancient "custom of Paris," and the laws, edicts, and ordinances of the kingdom of France. It early contained a germ of popular government in its power to make good the want of a quorum by calling in notable inhabitants of its own selection. By and by its judicial functions had become purely appellate, and it took on features suggestive, at least, of representative rule.

It was this Superior Council which, in 1722, with Bienville at its head, removed to the new settlement of New Orleans, and so made it the colony's capital. In 1723, it was exercising powers of police. It was by this body that, in 1724, was issued that dark enactment which, through the dominations of three successive national powers, remained on the statute-book,—the Black Code. One of its articles forbade the freeing of a slave without reason shown to the council, and by it esteemed good. In 1726, its too free spirit was already receiving the reprimand of the home government. Yet, in 1728, the king assigned to it the supervision of land titles and power to appoint and remove at will a lower court of its own members.

With each important development in the colony it had grown in numbers and powers, and, in 1748, especially, had been given discretionary authority over land titles, such as must have been a virtual control of the whole agricultural community's moral support. About 1752 it is seen resisting the encroachments of the Jesuits, though these were based on a commission from the Bishop of Quebec; and it was this body that, in 1763, boldly dispossessed this same order of its plantations, a year before the home government expelled it from France. In 1758, with Kerlerec at its head, this council had been too strong for Rochefort, the intendant-commissary, and too free,—jostled him rudely for three years, and then procured of the king his dismissal from office. And lastly, it was this body that d'Abbadie, in another part of the dispatch already quoted from, denounced as seditious in spirit, urging the displacement of its Creole members, and the filling of their seats with imported Frenchmen.

Ulloa, the Spanish governor, stepped ashore on the Place d'Armes in a cold rain, with that absence of pomp which character-

izes both the sailor and the recluse. The people received him in cold and haughty silence that soon turned to aggression. Foucault, the intendant-commissary, was the first to move. On the very day of the governor's arrival he called his attention to the French paper money left unprovided for in the province. There were seven million livres of it, worth only a fourth of its face value. "What was to be done about it?" The governor answered promptly and kindly: It should be the circulating medium at its market value, pending instructions from Spain. But the people instantly and clamorously took another stand: It must be redeemed at par.

A few days later he was waited on by the merchants. They presented a series of written questions touching their commercial interests. They awaited his answers, they said, in order to know *how to direct their future actions*. In a dispatch to his government, Ulloa termed the address "imperious, insolent, and menacing."

The first approach of the Superior Council was quite as offensive. At the head of this body sat Aubry. He was loyal to his king, brave, and determined to execute the orders he held to transfer the province. The troops were under his command. But, by the rules of the council it was the intendant, Foucault, the evil genius of the hour, who performed the functions of president. Foucault ruled the insurgent council and signed its pronouncements, while Aubry, the sternly protesting but helpless governor, filled the seat of honor. And here, too, sat Lafrénière, the attorney-general. It was he who had harangued the notables and the people on the Place d'Armes when they sent Milhet to France. The petition to the king was from his turgid pen. He was a Creole, the son of a poor Canadian, and a striking type of the people that now looked to him as their leader: of commanding mien, luxurious in his tastes, passionate, overbearing, ambitious, replete with wild energy, and equipped with the wordy eloquence that moves the ignorant or half-informed. The council requested Ulloa to exhibit his commission. He replied coldly that he would not take possession of the colony until the arrival of additional Spanish troops, which he was expecting; and that then his dealings would be with the French governor, Aubry, and not with a subordinate civil body.

Thus the populace, the merchants, and the civil government—which included the judiciary—ranged themselves at once in hostility to Spain. The military soon moved forward and took their stand on the same line, refusing point-blank to pass into the Spanish service.

Aubry alone recognized the cession and Ulloa's powers, and to him alone Ulloa showed his commission. Yet the Spanish governor virtually assumed control, set his few Spanish soldiers to building and garrisoning new forts at important points in various quarters, and, with Aubry, endeavored to maintain a conciliatory policy pending the arrival of troops. It was a policy wise only because momentarily imperative in dealing with such a people. They were but partly conscious of their rights, but they were smarting under a lively knowledge of their wrongs; and their impatient temper could brook any other treatment with better dignity and less resentment than that which trifled with their feelings.

Ill-will began, before long, to find open utterance. An arrangement by which the three or four companies of French soldiers remained in service under Spanish pay, but under French colors and Aubry's command, was fiercely denounced.

Ulloa was a man of great amiability and enlightenment, but nervous and sensitive. Not only was the defective civilization around him discordant to his gentle tastes, but the extreme contrast which his personal character offered was an intolerable offense to the people. Yet he easily recognized that behind and beneath all their frivolous criticisms and imperious demands, and the fierce determination of their Superior Council to resist all contractions of its powers, the true object of dread and aversion was the iron tyrannies and extortions of Spanish colonial revenue laws. This feeling it was that had produced the offensive memorial of the merchants; and yet he met it kindly, and, only two months after his arrival, began a series of concessions looking to the preservation of trade with France and the French West Indies, which the colonists had believed themselves doomed to lose. The people met these concessions with resentful remonstrance. One of the governor's proposals was to fix a schedule of reasonable prices on all imported goods, through the appraisal of a board of disinterested citizens. Certainly it was unjust and oppressive, as any Spanish commercial ordinance was likely to be; but it was intended to benefit the mass of consumers. But consumers and suppliers for once had struck hands, and the whole people raised a united voice of such grievous complaint that the ordinance was verbally revoked.

A further motive—the fear of displacement—moved the office-holders, and kept them maliciously diligent. Every harmless incident, every trivial mistake, was caught up vindictively. The governor's "manner of living, his tastes, his habits, his conversation, the most trivial occurrences of his household,"

were construed offensively. He grew incensed and began to threaten. In December, 1767, Jean Milhet returned from France. His final word of ill-success was only fuel to the fire. The year passed away, and nine months of 1768 followed.

Ulloa and Aubry kept well together, though Aubry thought ill of the Spaniard's administrative powers. In their own eyes they seemed to be having some success. They were, wrote Aubry, "gradually molding Frenchmen to Spanish domination." The Spanish flag floated over the new military posts, the French ensign over the old, and the colony seemed to be dwelling in peace under both standards.

But Ulloa and the Creoles were sadly apart. Repeated innovations in matters of commerce and police were only so many painful surprises to them. They were embarrassed. They were distressed. What was to become of their seven million livres of paper money no one yet could tell. Even the debts that the Spaniards had assumed were unpaid. Values had shrunk sixty-six per cent. There was a specie famine. Insolvency was showing itself on every hand; and the disasters that were to follow the complete establishment of Spanish power were not known but might be guessed. They returned the governor distrust for distrust, censure for censure, and scorn for scorn.

And now there came rumor of a royal decree suppressing the town's commerce with France and the West Indies. It was enough. The people of New Orleans and its adjacent river "coasts," resolved to expel the Spaniards.

III.

THE INSURRECTION.

NEW ORLEANS, in 1768, was still a town of some thirty-two hundred persons only, a third of whom were black slaves. It had lain for thirty-five years in the reeds and willows with scarcely a notable change to relieve the poverty of its aspect. During the Indian wars barracks had risen on either side the Place d'Armes. When, in 1758, the French evacuated Fort Duquesne, and floated down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, Kerlerec added other barracks, part of whose ruin still stands in the neighborhood of Barracks street. Salients had been made at the corners of its palisade wall; there was "a banquette within and a very trifling ditch without." Just beyond this wall, on a part of the land of the banished Jesuits, in a large, deeply shaded garden was a house that had become the rendezvous of a conspiracy.

Lafrénière sat at the head of its board. His majestic airs had got him the nickname of "Louis Quatorze." Foucault was conspicuous. His friendship with Madame Pradal, the lady of the house, was what is called notorious. Jean Milhet and a brother, Joseph Milhet, and other leading merchants, Caresse, Petit, and Poupet, were present; also Doucet, a prominent lawyer, and Marquis, a captain of Swiss troops; with Balthasar de Masan, Hardy de Boisblanc, and Joseph Villeré, planters and public men, the last, especially, a man of weight. And, as if the name of the city's founder must be linked with all patriotic disaster, among the number were two of Bienville's nephews, Noyan, a young ex-captain of cavalry, and Bienville, a naval lieutenant, Noyan's still younger brother.

On the 25th of October, 1768, the mine was sprung. From twenty to sixty miles above New Orleans on the banks of the Mississippi lies the Côte des Allemands, the German coast, originally colonized by John Law's Alsatians. Here the conspirators had spread the belief that the Spanish obligations due the farmers there would not be paid; and when, on the date mentioned, Ulloa sent an agent to pay them, he was arrested by a body of citizens under orders from Villeré, and deprived of the money.

Just beyond the German coast lay the coast of the "Acadians." From time to time, since 1755, bands of these exiles from distant Nova Scotia had found their way to Louisiana, and had settled on the shores of the Mississippi above and below the mouth of La Fourche and down the banks of that bayou. Hardships and afflictions had come to be the salt of their bread, and now a last hope of ending their days under the flag for which they had so pathetic an affection depended on the success of this uprising. They joined the insurgents.

On the 27th, Foucault called a meeting of the Superior Council for the 28th. In the night, the guns at Tchoupitoulas gate—at the upper river corner—were spiked. Farther away, along a narrow road, with the wide and silent Mississippi now hidden by intervening brakes of cotton-wood or willow and now broadening out to view, but always on the right, and the dark, wet, moss-draped forest always on the left, in rude garb and with rude weapons,—muskets, fowling-pieces, anything,—the Germans and Acadians were marching upon the town.

On the morning of the 28th, they entered Tchoupitoulas gate. At the head of the Acadians was Noyan. Villeré led the Germans. Other gates were forced, other companies entered, stores and dwellings were closed, and

the insurgents paraded the streets. "All," says Aubry, "was in a state of combustion." The people gathered on the square. "Louis Quatorze" harangued them. So did Doucet and the brothers Milhet. Six hundred persons signed a petition to the Superior Council, asking the official action which the members of that body, then sitting, were ready and waiting to give.

Aubry had a total force of one hundred and ten men. What he could do he did. He sent for Lafrénière, and afterward for Foucault, and protested bitterly, but in vain. Under his protection, Ulloa retired with his family on board the Spanish frigate, which had slipped her cables from the shore and anchored out in the river. The Spanish governor's staff remained in his house, which they had barricaded, surrounded by an angry mob that filled the air with huzzas for the King of France. The council met again on the 20th. A French flag had been hoisted in the Place d'Armes, and a thousand insurgents gathered around it demanding the action of the council. As that body was about to proceed to its final measure, Aubry appeared before it, warning and reproaching its members. Two or three alone wavered, but Lafrénière's counsel prevailed, and a report was adopted enjoining Ulloa to "leave the colony in the frigate in which he came, without delay."

Aubry was invited by the conspirators to resume the government. His response was to charge them with rebellion and predict their ruin. Ulloa, the kindest if not the wisest well-wisher of Louisiana that had held the gubernatorial commission since Bienville, sailed, not in the Spanish frigate, which remained "for repairs," but in a French vessel, enduring at the last moment the songs and jeers of a throng of night roysterers, and the menacing presence of sergeants and bailiffs of the council.

IV.

THE PRICE OF HALF-CONVICTIONS.

THE next move on the part of all concerned was to hurry forward messengers, with declarations, to the courts of France and Spain. The colonists sent theirs; Aubry and Ulloa, each his; and Foucault, his,—a paper characterized by a shameless double-dealing which leaves the intendant-commissary alone, of all the participants in these events, an infamous memory.

The memorial of the people was an absurd confusion of truth and misstatement. It made admissions fatal to its pleadings. It made arrogant announcements of unapplied prin-

ciples. It enumerated real wrongs, for which France and Spain, but not Ulloa, were to blame. And with these it mingled such charges against the banished governor as: That he had a chapel in his own house; that he absented himself from the French churches; that he inclosed a fourth of the public common to pasture his private horses; that he sent to Havana for a wet-nurse; that he ordered the abandonment of a brick-yard near the town, on account of its pools of putrid water; that he removed leprosy children from the town to the inhospitable settlements at the mouth of the river; that he forbade the public whipping of slaves in the town; that masters had to go six miles to get a negro flogged; that he had landed in New Orleans during a thunder-and-rain storm, and under other ill omens; that he claimed to be king of the colony; that he offended the people with evidences of sordid avarice; and that he added to these crimes—as the text has it—"many others, equally just [!] and terrible!"

Not less unhappy were the adulations offered the king who so justly deserved their detestation. The conspirators had at first entertained the bold idea of declaring the colony's independence and setting up a republic. To this end Noyan and Bienville, about three months before the outbreak, had gone secretly to Governor Elliott, at Pensacola, to treat for the aid of British troops. In this they failed; and, though their lofty resolution, which, by wiser leaders, among a people of higher discipline or under a greater faith in the strength of a just cause, might have been communicated to the popular will, was not abandoned, it was hidden, and finally suffocated under a pretense of the most ancient and servile loyalty: "Great king, the best of kings, [Louis XV.] father and protector of your subjects, deign, sire, to receive into your royal and fraternal bosom the children who have no other desire than to die your subjects," etc.

The bearers of this address were Le Sasser, St. Lette, and Milhet. They appeared before the Duc de Choiseul unsupported; for the aged Bienville was dead. St. Lette, chosen because he had once been an intimate of the duke, was cordially received. But the deputation as a body met only frowns and the intelligence that the King of Spain, earlier informed, was taking steps for a permanent occupation of the refractory province. St. Lette remained in the duke's bosom. Milhet and Le Sasser returned, carrying with them only the cold comfort of an order re-funding the colonial debt at three-fifths of its nominal value, in five per cent. bonds.

It was the fate of the Creoles—possibly a

climatic result—to be slack-handed and dilatory. Month after month followed the October uprising without one of those incidents that would have succeeded in the history of an earnest people. In March, 1769, Foucault covertly deserted his associates, and denounced them, by letter, to the French cabinet. In April the Spanish frigate sailed from New Orleans. Three intrepid men (Loyola, Gayarre, and Navarro), the governmental staff which Ulloa had left in the province, still remained, unmolested. Not a fort was taken, though it is probable not one could have withstood assault. Not a spade was struck into the ground, or an obstruction planted, at any strategic point.

At length the project of forming a republic was revived and was given definite shape and advocacy. But priceless time had been thrown away, the opportune moment had passed, an overwhelming Spanish army and fleet was approaching, and the spirit of the people was paralyzed. The revolt against the injustice and oppression of two royal powers at once, by "the first European colony that entertained the idea of proclaiming her independence," was virtually at an end.

It was the misfortune of the Creoles to be wanting in habits of mature thought and of self-control. They had not made that study of reciprocal justice and natural rights which becomes men who would resist tyranny. They lacked the steady purpose bred of daily toil. With these qualities, the insurrection of 1768 might have been a revolution for the overthrow of French and Spanish misrule and the establishment and maintenance of the right of self-government.

The Creoles were valorous but unreflecting. They had the spirit of freedom, but not the profound principles of right which it becomes the duty of revolutionists to assert and struggle for. They arose fiercely against a confusion of real and fancied grievances, sought to be ungoverned rather than self-governed, and, following distempered leaders, became a warning in their many-sided short-sightedness, and an example only in their audacious courage.

They had now only to pay the penalties; and it was by an entire inversion of all their first intentions that they at length took part in the struggle which brought to a vigorous birth that American nation of which they finally became a part.

V.

COUNT O'REILLY AND SPANISH LAWS.

ONE morning toward the end of July, 1769, the people of New Orleans were brought

suddenly to their feet by the news that the Spaniards were at the mouth of the river in overwhelming force. There was no longer any room to postpone choice of action.

Marquis, the Swiss captain, with a white cockade in his hat (he had been the leading advocate for a republic), and Petit, with a pistol in either hand, came out upon the ragged, sunburnt grass of the Place d'Armes and called upon the people to defend their liberties. About a hundred men joined them; but the town was struck motionless with dismay; the few who had gathered soon disappeared, and by the next day the resolution of the leaders was distinctly taken, to submit. But no one fled.

On the second morning Aubry called the people to the Place d'Armes, promised the clemency of the illustrious Irishman who commanded the approaching expedition, and sent them away, commanding them to keep within their homes.

Lafrénière, Marquis, and Milhet descended the river, appeared before the commander of the Spaniards, and by the mouth of Lafrénière in a submissive but brave and manly address presented the homage of the people. The captain-general in his reply let fall the word seditious. Marquis boldly but respectfully objected. He was answered with gracious dignity, and the assurance of ultimate justice, and the insurgent leaders returned to New Orleans and to their homes.

The Spanish fleet numbered twenty-four sail. For more than three weeks it slowly pushed its way around the bends of the Mississippi, and on the 18th of August it finally furlled its canvas before the town. Aubry drew up his French troops with the colonial militia at the bottom of Place d'Armes, a gun was fired from the flagship of the fleet, and Don Alexandro O'Reilly, accompanied by twenty-six hundred chosen Spanish troops, and with fifty pieces of artillery, landed in unprecedented pomp, and took formal possession of the province.

On the 21st, twelve of the principal insurrectionists were arrested. Two days later Foucault was also made a prisoner. One other, Brand, the printer of the seditious documents, was apprehended, and a proclamation announced that no other arrests would be made. Foucault, pleading his official capacity, was taken to France, tried by his government, and thrown into the Bastille. Brand pleaded his obligation as government printer to print all public documents, and was set at liberty. Villeré either "died raving mad on the day of his arrest," as stated in the Spanish official report, or met his end in the act of resisting the guard on board the frigate where

he had been placed in confinement. Lafrière, Noyan, Caresse, Marquis, and Joseph Milhet were condemned to be hanged. The supplications both of colonists and Spanish officials saved them only from the gallows, and they fell before the fire of a file of Spanish grenadiers.

Against young Bienville no action seems to have been taken beyond the confiscation of his property, and his name disappears from the record with his refusal to be the bearer of the petition to France in the preceding October. But Petit, Masan, Doucet, Boisblanc, Jean Milhet, and Poupet were consigned to the Morro Castle, Havana, where they remained a year, and were then set at liberty, but were forbidden to return to Louisiana and were deprived of their property. About the same time Foucault was released from the Bastille. The declaration of the Superior Council was burned on the Place d'Armes. Aubry refused a high commission in the Spanish army, departed for France, and had already entered the River Garonne, when he was shipwrecked and lost. "Cruel O'Reilly" — the captain-general was justly named.

There could, of course, be but one fate for the Superior Council as an official body, and the Count O'Reilly, armed with plenary powers, swept it out of existence. The *cabildo* took its place. This change from French rule to Spanish lay not principally in the laws, but in the redistribution of power. The crown, the sword, and the cross absorbed the lion's share, leaving but a morsel to be doled out, with much form and pomp, to the *cabildo*. Very quaint and redolent with Spanish romance was this body, which for the third part of a century ruled the pettier destinies of the Louisiana Creoles. Therein sat the six *regidores*, or rulers, whose seats, bought at first at auction, were sold from successor to successor, the crown always coming in for its share of the price. Five of them were loaded down with ponderous titles; the *alferes real* or royal standard bearer; the *alcalde-mayor-provincial*, who overtook and tried offenders escaped beyond town limits; the *alguazil-mayor*, with his eye on police and prisons; the *depositarario-general*, who kept and dispensed the public stores; and the *recibidor de penas de cámara*, the receiver of fines and penalties. Above these six sat four whom the six, annually passing out of office, elected to sit over their six successors. These four must be residents and householders of New Orleans. No officer or attaché of the financial department of the realm, nor any bondsman of such, nor any one aged under twenty-six, nor any new convert to the Catholic faith, could qualify. Two were *alcaldes ordinarios*, common judges.

In addition to other duties, they held petty courts at evening in their own dwellings, and gave unwritten decisions; but the soldier and the priest were beyond their jurisdiction. A third was *sindico-procurador-general*, and sued for town revenues; and the fourth was town treasurer, the *mayor-domo-de-propios*. At the bottom of the scale was the *escribano*, or secretary, and at the top, the governor.

It was like a crane,—all feathers. A sample of its powers was its right to sell and revoke at will the meat monopoly and the many other petty municipal privileges which characterized the Spanish rule and have been handed down to the present day in the city's offensive license system. The underlying design of the *cabildo*'s creation seems to have been not to confer, but to scatter and neutralize power in the hands of royal sub-officials and this body. Loaded with titles and fettered with minute ministerial duties, it was, so to speak, the Superior Council shorn of its locks; or if not, then, at least, a body whose members recognized their standing as *guardians* of the people and *servants* of the king.

O'Reilly had come to set up a government, but not to remain and govern. On organizing the *cabildo*, he announced the appointment of Don Louis de Unzaga, colonel of the regiment of Havana, as governor of the province, and yielded him the chair. But under his own higher commission of captain-general he continued for a time in control. He had established in force the laws of Castile and the Indies and the use of the Spanish tongue in the courts and public offices. Those who examine the dusty notarial records of that day find the baptismal names, of French and Anglo-Saxon origin, changed to a Spanish orthography, and the indices made upon these instead of upon the surnames.

So, if laws and government could have done it, Louisiana would have been made Spanish. But the change in the laws was not violent. There was a tone of severity and a feature of arbitrary surveillance in those of Spain; but the principles of the French and Spanish systems had a common origin. One remotely, the other almost directly, was from the Roman Code, and they were pointedly similar in the matters which seemed, to the Creole, of supreme importance,—the marital relation, and inheritance. But it was not long before he found that now under the Spaniard, as, earlier, under the French, the laws themselves, and their administration, pointed in very different directions. Spanish rule in Louisiana was better, at least, than French, which, it is true, scarcely deserved the name of government. As to the laws themselves, it is worthy of notice that Louisiana "is at this

VI.

SPANISH CONCILIATION.



ALEXANDRO O'REILLY. (FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF C. GAYARRÉ, ESQ.)

time the only State, of the vast territories acquired from France, Spain, and Mexico, in which the civil law has been retained, and forms a large portion of its jurisprudence."

On the 29th of October, 1770, O'Reilly sailed from New Orleans with most of his troops, leaving the Spanish power entirely and peacefully established. The force left by him in the colony amounted to one thousand two hundred men. He had dealt a sudden and terrible blow; but he had followed it only with velvet strokes. His suggestions to the home government of commercial measures advantageous to New Orleans and the colony, were many, and his departure was the signal for the commencement of active measures intended to induce, if possible, a change in the sentiments of the people,—one consonant with the political changes he had forced upon them. Such was the kindlier task of the wise and mild Unzaga.

CROZAT—Law—Louis XV.—Charles III.—whoever at one time or another was the transatlantic master of Louisiana managed its affairs on the same bad principle: To none of them had a colony any inherent rights. They entered into possession as cattle are let into a pasture or break into a field. It was simply a commercial venture projected in the interests of the sovereign's or monopolist's revenues, and restrictions were laid or indulgences bestowed upon it merely as those interests seemed to require. And so the Mississippi delta, until better ideas could prevail, could not show other than a gaunt, ill-nourished civilization. The weight of oppression, if the governors and other officers on the spot had not evaded the letter of the royal decrees and taught the Creoles to do the same, would actually have crushed the life out of the province.

The merchants of New Orleans, when Unzaga took the governor's chair, dared not import from France anything but what the customs authorities chose to consider articles of necessity. With St. Domingo and Martinique they could only exchange lumber and grain for breadstuffs and wine. Their ships must be passported; their bills of lading were offensively policed; and these "privileges" were only to last until Spain could supplant them by a commerce exclusively her own. They were completely shut out from every other market in the world except certain specified ports of Spain, where, they complained, they could not sell their produce to advantage nor buy what was wanted in the province. They could employ only Spanish bottoms commanded by subjects of Spain; these could not put into even a Spanish-American intermediate port except in distress, and then only under onerous restrictions.



RELICS OF THE SPANISH OCCUPATION.



A PAGE FROM THE ARCHIVES OF NEW ORLEANS, CONTAINING THE SIGNATURES OF FIVE SPANISH GOVERNORS.

They were virtually throttled merely by a rigid application of the theory which had always oppressed them, and only by the loose and flexible administration of which the colony and town had survived and grown, while Anthony Crozat had become bankrupt, Law's Compagnie d'Occident had been driven to other fields of enterprise, and Louis XV. had heaped up a loss of millions more than he could pay.

Ulloa's banishment left a gate wide open which a kind of cattle not of the Spanish brand lost no time in entering.

"I found the English," wrote O'Reilly, in October, 1769, "in complete possession of the commerce of the colony. They had in this town their merchants and traders, with open stores and shops, and I can safely assert that they pocketed nine-tenths of the money spent here. * * * I drove off all the English traders and the other individuals of that nation whom I found in this town, and I shall admit here none of their vessels." But he recommended what may have seemed to him a liberal measure,—an entirely free trade with Spain and Havana, and named the wants of the people: "flour, wine, oil, iron instruments, arms, ammunition, and every sort of manufactured goods for clothing and other domestic purposes," for which

they could pay in "timber, indigo, cotton, furs, and a small quantity of corn and rice."

Unzaga, a man of advanced years and a Spaniard of the indulgent type, when in 1770 he assumed control, saw the colony's extremity, and began at once the old policy of meeting desirable ends by lamentable expedients. His method was double-acting. He procured, on the one hand, repeated concessions and indulgences from the king, while on the other he overlooked the evasion by the people of such burdens as the government had not lifted. The Creoles on the plantations took advantage of this state of affairs. Under cover of trading with the British posts on the eastern bank of the Mississippi above Orleans Island, the English traders returned and began again to supply the Creole planters with goods and slaves. Business became brisk, for anything offered in exchange was acceptable, revenue laws were mentioned only in jest, profits were large, and credit was free and long. Against the river bank, where now stands the suburb of Gretna, lay moored (when they were not trading up and down the shores of the stream) two large floating warehouses, fitted up with counters and shelves and stocked with assorted merchandise. The merchants, shut out from these contraband benefits, complained

loudly to Unzaga. But they complained in vain. The trade went on, the planters prospered; the merchants gave them crop-advances, and they turned about and, ignoring their debt, broadened their lands and bought additional slaves from the British traders. Hereupon Unzaga moved, and drawing upon his large reserve of absolute power, gently but firmly checked and corrected this imposition.

The governor's quiet rule worked another benefit. While the town was languishing under the infliction of so-called concessions that were so narrowed by provisos as to be almost neutralized, a new oppression showed itself. The newly imported Spanish Capuchins opened such a crusade, not only against their French brethren, but also against certain customs which these had long allowed among the laity, that but for Unzaga's pacific intervention an exodus would have followed which he feared might even have destroyed the colony.

The province could not bear two, and there had already been one. Under O'Reilly so many merchants and mechanics had gone to St. Domingo that just before he left he had ceased to grant passports. Their places were not filled, and in 1773 Unzaga wrote to the Bishop of Cuba that, "There were not in New Orleans and its environs two thousand souls (possibly meaning whites) of all professions and conditions," and that most of these were extremely poor.

But conciliation soon began to take effect. Commissions were eagerly taken in the governor's "regiment of Louisiana," where the pay was large and the sword was the true emblem of power, and the offices of *regidor* and *alcalde* were by and by occupied by the bearers of such ancient Creole names as St. Denis, La Chaise, Fleurieu, Forstall, Duplessis, Bienvenue, Dufossat, and Livaudais.

In 1776, Unzaga was made captain-general of Carácas, and the following year, left in charge of Don Bernardo de Galvez, then about twenty-one years of age, a people still French in feeling, it is true, yet reconciled in a measure to Spanish rule.

VII.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION ON THE GULF SIDE.

Now, at length, the Creole and the Anglo-American were to come into active relation to each other,—a relation which, from that day to the present, has qualified every public question in Louisiana.

At a happy moment the governorship of

Unzaga, a man advanced in life, of impaired vision and failing health, who was begging to be put on the retired list, gave place to the virile administration of one of the most brilliant characters to be seen in the history of the South-western United States. Galvez was the son of the Viceroy of Mexico and nephew of the Spanish secretary of state, who was also president of the council of the Indies. He was barely grown to manhood, but he was ardent, engaging, brave, fond of achievement and display, and, withal, talented and sagacious.

A change now took place, following the drift of affairs in Europe. The French, instead of the English, merchants, commanded the trade of the Mississippi. The British traders found themselves suddenly treated with great rigor. Eleven of their ships, richly laden, were seized by the new governor, while he exceeded the letter of the Franco-Spanish treaty in bestowing privileges upon the French. New liberties gave fresh value to the trade with French and Spanish-American ports. Slaves were not allowed to be brought thence, owing to their insurrectionary spirit; but their importation direct from Guinea was now specially encouraged, and presently the prohibition against those of the West Indies was removed.

Galvez was, as yet, only governor *ad interim*; yet, by his own proclamation, he gave the colonists the right to trade with France, and, a few days later, included the ports of the thirteen British colonies then waging that war in which the future of the Creoles was so profoundly, though obscurely, involved. New liberties were also given to traders with Spain; the government became the buyer of the tobacco crop, and a French and French-West Indian immigration was encouraged.

But these privileges were darkly overshadowed by the clouds of war. The English issued letters of marque against Spanish commerce, and the French took open part in the American revolution. The young governor was looking to his defenses, building gun-boats, and awaiting from his king the word which would enable him to test his military talents.

Out of these very conditions, so disappointing in one direction, sprang a new trade, of the greatest possible significance in the history of the people. Some eight years before, at the moment when the arrival of two thousand six hundred Spanish troops and the non-appearance of their supply-ships had driven the price of provisions in New Orleans almost to famine rates, a brig entered port, from Baltimore, loaded with flour. The owner of the cargo was one Oliver Pollock. He offered to sell it to O'Reilly on the captain-general's

own terms, and finally disposed of it to him at fifteen dollars a barrel, two-thirds the current price. O'Reilly rewarded his liberality with a grant of free trade to Louisiana for his life-time. Such was the germ of the com-

the oath of allegiance to Spain. The commercial acquaintance made a few years before with the Atlantic ports was now extended to the growing West, and to be cut off from European sources of supply was no longer a



INTERIOR OF AN OLD SPANISH HOUSE.

merce of New Orleans with the great ports of the Atlantic. In 1776, Pollock, with a number of other merchants from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, who had established themselves in New Orleans, had begun, with the countenance of Galvez, to supply, by fleets of large canoes, arms and ammunition to the American agents at Fort Pitt (Pittsburg). This was repeated in 1777, and, in 1778, Pollock became the avowed agent of the American Government.

Here, then, was a great turning-point. Immigration became Anglo-Saxon, a valuable increase of population taking place by an inflow from the Floridas and the United States, that settled in the town itself and took

calamity, but a lesson of that frugality and self-help in the domestic life which are the secret of public wealth. Between St. Louis and New Orleans, Natchitoches and Natchez (Fort Panmure), there was sufficient diversity of products and industries to complete the circuit of an internal commerce; the Attakapas and Opelousas prairies had been settled by Acadian herdsmen; in 1778, immigrants from the Canary Islands had founded the settlement of Venezuela on La Fourche, Galvez-town on the Amite, and that of Terre aux Boeufs just below New Orleans. A paper currency supplied the sometimes urgent call for a circulating medium, and the colonial treasury warrants, or *liberanzas* were re-



OLD SPANISH HOUSE ON BOURBON STREET.

deemed by receipts of specie from Vera Cruz often enough to keep them afloat at a moderately fair market value.

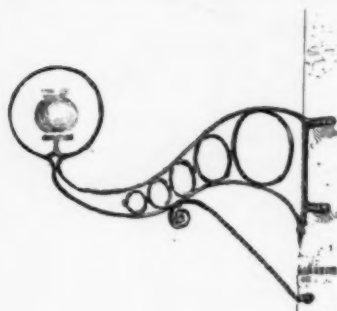
Were the Creoles satisfied? This question was now to be practically tested. For in the summer of 1779 Spain declared war against Great Britain. Galvez discovered that the British were planning the surprise of New Orleans. Under cover of preparations for defense he made haste to take the offensive. Only four days before the time when he had appointed to move, a hurricane struck the town, demolishing many houses, ruining crops and dwellings up and down the river "coast," and sinking his gun flotilla. Nothing dismayed, the young commander called the people to

their old rallying ground on the Place d'Armes, and with a newly received commission in one hand confirming him as governor, and his drawn sword in the other, demanded of them to answer his challenge: "Should he appear before the cabildo as that commission required, and take the oath of governor? Should he swear to defend Louisiana? Would they stand by him?" The response was enthusiastic. Repairing his disasters as best he could, and hastening his ostensibly defensive preparations, he marched, on the 22d of August, 1779, against the British forts on the Mississippi. His force, besides the four Spanish officers who ranked in turn below him, consisted of one hundred



LUGGERS IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

and seventy regulars, three hundred and thirty recruits, twenty carbineers, sixty militia men, eighty free men-of-color, six hundred men



AN OLD LAMP.

from the coast ("of every condition and color"), one hundred and sixty Indians, nine American volunteers, and Oliver Pollock. This little army of 1430 men was without tents or other military furniture, or a single engineer. The gun fleet followed in the river abreast of their line of march, carrying one twenty-four, five eighteen, and four four-pounders. On the 7th of September Fort Bute on Bayou Manchac, with its garrison of twenty men yielded easily to the first assault of the unsupported Creole militia. The fort of Baton Rouge was found to be very strong, armed with thirteen heavy guns, and garrisoned by five hundred men. The troops begged to be led to the assault; but Galvez landed his heavy artillery, erected batteries, and on the 21st of September, after an engagement of ten hours, reduced the fort. Its capitulation included the surrender of Fort Panmure, with its garrison of eighty grenadiers, a place that by its position would have been very difficult of assault. The Spanish gun-boats captured in the Mississippi and Manchac four schooners, a brig, and two cutters. On lake Pontchartrain an American schooner fitted out at New Orleans captured an English privateer. A party of fourteen Creoles surprised an English cutter in the narrow waters of Bayou Manchac, and rushing on board after their first fire, and fastening down the hatches, captured the vessel and her crew of seventy men. The Creole militia won the generous praise of their commander for discipline, fortitude, and ardor; the Acadians showed an impetuous fury; while the Indians presented the remarkable

spectacle of harming no fugitives, and of bearing in their arms to Galvez, uninjured, children who with their mothers had hid themselves in the woods.

In the following February, reënforced from Havana, and commanding the devotion of his Creole militia, Galvez set sail down the Mississippi, with two thousand men,—regulars, Creoles, and free blacks,—and issued from that mouth of the river known as the Balize or Pass à l'Outre, intending to attack Fort Charlotte, on the Mobile River. His fleet narrowly escaped total destruction and his landing on the eastern shore of Mobile River was attended with so much confusion and embarrassment that for a moment he contemplated precipitate retreat in the event of a British advance from Pensacola. But the British for some reason were not prompt, and Galvez pushed forward to Fort Charlotte, erected six batteries, and engaged the fort, which surrendered on the 14th of March, to avoid being stormed. A few days later, the English arrived from Pensacola in numbers sufficient to have raised the siege, but with no choice then but to return whence they had come. Galvez, at that time twenty-four years of age, was rewarded for this achievement with the rank of major-general.

He now conceived the project of taking Pensacola. But this was an enterprise of altogether another magnitude. Failing to secure reënforcements from Havana by writing for them, he sailed to that place in October, 1780, to make his application in person, intending, if successful, to move thence directly upon the enemy. Delays and disappointments could not baffle him, and early in March, 1781, he appeared before Pensacola with a ship of the line, two frigates, and transports containing fourteen hundred soldiers, well furnished with artillery and ammunition. On the 16th and 17th, such troops as could be spared from Mobile, and Don Estevan Miro from New Orleans, with the Louisiana forces, arrived at the western bank of the Perdido River; and on the afternoon of the 18th, though unsupported by the fleet until dishonor was staring its jealous commander in the face, Galvez moved under hot fire, through a passage of great peril, and took up a besieging position.

The investing lines of Galvez and Miro began at once to contract. Early in April, their batteries and those of the fleet opened fire from every side. But the return fire of the English, from a battery erected under their fort, beat off the fleet, and as week after week wore on it began to appear that the siege might be unsuccessful. However, in the early part of May, a shell from the Spaniards

having exploded a magazine in one of the English redoubts, the troops from Mobile pressed quickly forward and occupied the ruin, and Galvez was preparing to storm the main fort, when the English raised the white flag. Thus, on the 9th of May, 1781, Pensacola, with a garrison of eight hundred men, and the whole of West Florida, was surrendered to Galvez. Louisiana had heretofore been included under one domination with Cuba, but now one of the several rewards bestowed upon her governor was the captain-generalship of Louisiana and West Florida. He, however, sailed from St. Domingo to take part in an expedition against the Bahamas, leaving Colonel Miro to govern *ad interim*, and never resumed the governor's chair in Louisiana. In 1785, the captain-generalship of Cuba was given him in addition, and later in the same year, he laid down these offices to succeed his father, at his death, as Viceroy of Mexico. He ruled in this office with great

credit, as well as pomp, and died suddenly, in his thirty-eighth year, from the fatigues of a hunt.

Such is a brief summary—too brief for full justice—of the achievements of the Creoles under a gallant Spanish soldier in aid of the war for American independence. Undoubtedly the motive of Spain was more conspicuously and exclusively selfish than the aid furnished by the French; yet a greater credit is due than is popularly accorded to the help afforded in the brilliant exploits of Galvez, discouraged at first by a timid cabildo, but supported initially, finally, and in the beginning mainly, by the Creoles of the Mississippi Delta. The fact is equally true, though much overlooked even in New Orleans, that while Andrew Jackson was yet a child the city of the Creoles had a deliverer from British conquest in Bernardo de Galvez, by whom the way was kept open for the United States to stretch to the Gulf and to the Pacific.



DAKOTA.

AGAINST the cold, clear sky a smoke
 Curls like some column to its dome.
 An ax with far, faint, boyish stroke,
 Rings feebly from a snowy home.
 "Oh, father, come! The flame burns low.
 We freeze in this vast field of snow."

But far away, and long, and vain,
 Two horses plunge with snow to breast.
 The weary father drops the rein,—
 He rests in the eternal rest;
 And high against the blue profound
 A dark bird circles round and round.

Joaquin Miller.

SONGS.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

THE songs of Nature never cease,
Her players sue not for release.
In nearer fields, on hills afar,
Attendant her musicians are;
For aye, from brook or hedge or tree,
Is borne some gentle melody.
The dearer voices never die,—
A song to soothe is ever nigh:
The very air is music blent,
An universal instrument.
With myriad harmonies alive,
The loves of Nature aye survive;
Beneath the voice of brook or bird,
There is another nigh unheard.
Does sound a moment drop the strain,
Then silence takes it up again,
Still sweeter,—as a memory
Is sweeter than the things that be.
Pleased Nature's heart is always young,
Her golden harp is ever strung;
Singing and playing, day to day,
She passes happy on her way.

SONG OF THE SLEEPERS.

THE mold is our mother;
She trusteth no other.
Sweet life must lay down
Her robe and her crown;
There's naught that can keep
The fairest from sleep;
His labors shall close,
And the toiler repose.

The mold is our mother;
We have no other.
All lips shall be sealed,
And the old hurts healed;
On the mother's breast
Shall her children rest.

As the day is bright,
So dark is the night,—
A glowing, a gloom;
The cradle, the tomb;
'Tis to come and go
Like the summer, the snow;
Remembered, forgot,
We are—and are not.

The mold is our mother,
More kind than another:
With the gift of years
For smiling and tears,
Is a better, she saith,—
The blessing of death.

Set the font by the urn;
For the given return.
No joy or sorrow
Is sure of the morrow;
The fairest we know,
Hath her bed below,
And the daughter of care
Findeth quiet there.

We may laugh or may weep,
We have waked and must sleep;
The young and the old,
In the mother-mold,
The blamed and the blest
On the mother-breast.

RAIN-DROPS.

FIRST drops of rain
Against my window-pane,
I hasten, little hearts of air,
To meet you, beating, beating there.
Look not so timid through,—
The world's at home to you.
The leaves in languor close,
And waiting is the rose.
Rose and lily-cup,—
Fill each chalice up.
Soft the passions of the sky
In the breasts of blossoms lie.

"I NEED NOT HEAR."

I NEED not hear each night-wind loud
Go moaning down the wold,
I need not lift each bleachen shroud
From bodies white and cold.

Call not, O naked, wailing Fall,
O man's unhappy race!
One drifting leaflet tells me all,
'Tis all in one pale face.

John Vance Cheney.

THE SPECTRAL MORTGAGE.

TOWARD the close of a beautiful afternoon in early summer I stood on the piazza of the spacious country-house which was my home. I had just dined, and I gazed, with a peculiar comfort and delight, upon the wide-spreading lawn and the orchards and groves beyond; and then, walking to the other end of the piazza, I looked out toward the broad pastures, from which a fine drove of cattle were leisurely coming home to be milked, and toward the fields of grain, whose green was beginning already to be touched with yellow. Involuntarily (for, on principle, I was opposed to such feelings) a pleasant sense of possession came over me. It could not be long before all this would virtually be mine.

About two years before, I had married the niece of John Hinckman, the owner of this fine estate. He was very old, and could not be expected to survive much longer, and had willed the property, without reserve, to my wife. This, in brief, was the cause of my present sense of prospective possession, and although, as I said, I was principled against the voluntary encouragement of such a sentiment, I could not blame myself if the feeling occasionally arose within me. I had not married my wife for her uncle's money. Indeed, we had both expected that the marriage would result in her being entirely disinherited. His niece was John Hinckman's housekeeper and sole prop and comfort, and if she left him for me she expected no kindness at his hands. But she had not left him. To our surprise, her uncle invited us to live with him, and our relations with him became more and more amicable and pleasant, and Mr. Hinckman had, of late, frequently expressed to me his great satisfaction that I had proved to be a man after his own heart; that I took an interest in flocks and herds and crops; that I showed a talent for such pursuits, and that I would continue to give, when he was gone, the same care and attention to the place which it had been so long his greatest pleasure to bestow. He was old and ill now, and tired of it all, and the fact that I had not proved to be, as he had formerly supposed me, a mere city gentleman, was a great comfort to his declining days. We were deeply grieved to think that the old man must soon die. We would gladly have kept him with us for years; but, if he must go, it was pleasant to know that he and ourselves were so well

satisfied with the arrangements that had been made. Think me not cold and heartless, high-minded reader. For a few moments put yourself in my place.

But had you, at that time, put yourself in my place on that pleasant piazza, I do not believe you would have cared to stay there long; for, as I stood gazing over the fields, I felt a touch upon my shoulder. I cannot say that I was actually touched, but I experienced a feeling which indicated that the individual who had apparently touched me would have done so had he been able. I instantly turned, and saw, standing beside me, a tall figure in the uniform of a Russian officer. I started back but made no sound. I knew what the figure was. It was a specter—a veritable ghost.

Some years before this place had been haunted. I knew this well, for I had seen the ghost myself. But before my marriage the specter had disappeared, and had not been seen since; and I must admit that my satisfaction, when thinking of this estate, without mortgage or incumbrance, was much increased by the thought that even the ghost, who used to haunt the house, had now departed.

But here he was again. Although in different form and guise, I knew him. It was the same ghost.

"Do you remember me?" said the figure.

"Yes," I answered, "I remember you in the form in which you appeared to me some time ago. Although your aspect is entirely changed, I feel you to be the same ghost that I have met before."

"You are right," said the specter. "I am glad to see you looking so well, and apparently happy. But John Hinckman, I understand, is in a very low state of health."

"Yes," I said, "he is very old and ill. But I hope," I continued, as a cloud of anxiety began to rise within me, "that his expected decease has no connection with any prospects or plans of your own."

"No," said the ghost. "I am perfectly satisfied with my present position. I am off duty during the day, and the difference in time between this country and Russia gives me opportunities of being here in your early evening, and of visiting scenes and localities which are very familiar and agreeable to me."

"Which fact, perhaps, you had counted upon when you first put this uniform on," I remarked.

The ghost smiled.

"I must admit, however," he said, "that I am seeking this position for a friend of mine, and I have reason to believe that he will obtain it."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible that this house is to be haunted by a ghost as soon as the old gentleman expires? Why should this family be tormented in such a horrible way? Everybody who dies does not have a ghost walking about his house."

"Oh, no," said the specter. "There are thousands of positions of the kind which are never applied for; but the ghostship here is a very desirable one, and there are many applicants for it. I think you will like my friend, if he gets it."

"Like him!" I groaned.

The idea was horrible to me.

The ghost evidently perceived how deeply I was affected by what he had said, for there was a compassionate expression on his countenance. As I looked at him an idea struck me. If I were to have any ghost at all about the house, I would prefer this one. Could there be such things as duplex ghostships? Since it was day here when it was night in Russia, why could not this specter serve in both places? It was common enough for a person to fill two situations. The notion seemed feasible to me, and I broached it.

"Thank you," said the ghost. "But the matter cannot be arranged in that way. Night and day are not suitably divided between here and Russia; and, besides, it is necessary for the incumbent of this place to be on duty at all hours. You remember that I came to you by day as well as at night?"

Oh, yes; I remembered that. It was additionally unfortunate that the ghostship here should not be one of the limited kind.

"Why is it," I asked, "that a man's own spirit does not attend to these matters? I always thought that was the way the thing was managed."

The ghost shook his head.

"Consider for a moment," he replied, "what chance a man's own spirit, without experience and without influence, would have in a crowd of importunate applicants, versed in all the arts, and backed by the influence necessary in such a contest. Of course there are cases in which a person becomes his own ghost, but this is because the position is undesirable, and there is no competition."

"And this new-comer," I exclaimed, in much trouble, "will he take the form of Mr. Hinckman? If my wife should see such an apparition it would kill her."

"The ghost who will haunt this place," said my companion, "will not appear in the form of John Hinckman. I am glad that is so,

if it will please you; for you are the only man with whom I have ever held such unrestrained and pleasant intercourse. Good-bye."

And with these words no figure of a Russian officer stood before me.

For some minutes I remained motionless, with downcast eyes, a very different man from the one who had just gazed out with such delight over the beautiful landscape. A shadow, not that of night, had fallen over everything. This fine estate was not to come to us clear and unencumbered, as we thought. It was to be saddled with a horrible lien, a spectral mortgage.

Madeline had gone upstairs with Pegram. Pegram was our baby. I disliked his appellation with all my heart, but Pegram was a family name on Madeline's side of the house, and she insisted that our babe should bear it. Madeline was very much wrapped up in Pegram, often I thought too much so, for there were many times when I should have been very glad of my wife's society, but was obliged to do without it because she was entirely occupied with Pegram. To be sure, my wife's sister was with us, and there was a child's nurse; but, for all that, Madeline was so completely Pegramized, that a great many of the hours which I, in my anticipations of matrimonial felicity, had imagined would be passed in the company of my wife, were spent alone, or with the old gentleman, or Belle.

Belle was a fine girl; to me not so charming and attractive as her sister, but perhaps equally so to some other persons, certainly to one. This was Will Crenshaw, an old school-fellow of mine, then a civil engineer, in South America. Will was the declared suitor of Belle, although she had never formally accepted him, but Madeline and myself both strongly favored the match, and felt very anxious that she should do so, and indeed were quite certain that when Will should return everything would be made all right. The young engineer was a capital fellow, had excellent prospects, and was my best friend. It was our plan that after their marriage the youthful couple should live with us. This, of course, would be delightful to both Belle and her sister, and I could desire no better companion than Will. He was not to go to distant countries any more, and who could imagine a pleasanter home than ours would be.

And now here was this dreadful prospect of a household ghost!

A week or so passed by, and John Hinckman was no more. Everything was done for him that respect and affection could dictate, and no one mourned his death more heartily than I. If I could have had my way he would have lived as long as I, myself, remained upon this earth.

When everything about the house had settled down into its accustomed quiet, I began to look out for the coming of the expected ghost. I felt sure that I would be the one to whom he would make his appearance, and with my regret and annoyance at his expected coming was mingled a feeling of curiosity to know in what form he would appear. He was not to come as John Hinckman—that was the only bit of comfort in the whole affair.

But several weeks passed, and I saw no ghost, and I began to think that perhaps the aversion I had shown to having such an inmate of my household had had its effect, and I was to be spared the infliction. And now another subject occupied my thoughts. It was summer, the afternoons were pleasant, and on one of them I asked Belle to take a walk with me. I would have preferred Madeline, but she had excused herself as she was very busy making what I presumed to be an altar cloth for Pegram. It turned out to be an afghan for his baby carriage, but the effect was the same: she could not go. When I could not have Madeline I liked very well to walk with Belle. She was a pleasant girl, and in these walks I always talked to her of Crenshaw. My desire that she should marry my friend grew stronger daily. But this afternoon Belle hesitated, and looked a little confused.

"I am not sure that I shall walk to-day."

"But you have your hat on," I urged, "I supposed you had made ready for a walk."

"No," said she, "I thought I would go somewhere with my book."

"You haven't a book," I said, looking at her hands, one of which held a parasol.

"You are dreadfully exact," she replied, with a little laugh, "I am going into the library to get one." And away she ran.

There was something about this I did not like. I firmly believed she had come downstairs prepared to take a walk. But she did not want me; that was evident enough. I went off for a long walk, and when I returned supper was ready, but Belle had not appeared.

"She has gone off somewhere with a book," I said. "I'll go and look for her."

I walked down to the bosky grove at the foot of the lawn, and passed through it without seeing any signs of Belle. Soon, however, I caught sight of her light dress in an open space a little distance beyond me. Stepping forward a few paces I had a full view of her, and my astonishment can be imagined when I saw that she was standing in the shade of a tree talking to a young man. His back was turned toward me, but I could see from his figure and general air that he was young. His hat was a little on one side, in his hand he carried a short whip,

and he wore a pair of riding boots. He and Belle were engaged in very earnest conversation, and did not perceive me. I was not only surprised but shocked at the sight. I was quite certain Belle had come here to meet this young man, who, to me, was a total stranger. I did not wish Belle to know that I had seen her with him, and so I stepped back out of their sight, and began to call her. It was not long before I saw her coming toward me, and, as I expected, alone.

"Indeed," she cried, looking at her watch, "I did not know it was so late."

"Have you had a pleasant time with your book?" I asked, as we walked homeward.

"I wasn't reading all the time," she answered.

I asked her no more questions. It was not for me to begin an inquisition into this matter. But that night I told Madeline all about it. The news troubled her much, and like myself she was greatly grieved at Belle's evident desire to deceive us. When there was a necessity for it my wife could completely de-Pegramize herself, and enter with quick and judicious action into the affairs of others.

"I will go with her to-morrow," she said.

"If this person comes, I do not intend that she shall meet him alone."

The next afternoon Belle started out again with her book, but she had gone but a few steps when she was joined by Madeline, with hat and parasol, and together they walked into the bosky grove. They returned in very good time for supper, and as we went in to that meal, Madeline whispered to me:

"There was nobody there."

"And did she say nothing to you of the young man with whom she was talking yesterday?" I asked, when we were alone some hours later.

"Not a word," she said, "though I gave her every opportunity. I wonder if you could have been mistaken."

"I am sure I was not," I replied. "I saw the man as plainly as I see you."

"Then Belle is treating us very badly," she said. "If she desires the company of young men let her say so, and we will invite them to the house."

I did not altogether agree with this latter remark. I did not care to have Belle know young men. I wanted her to marry Will Crenshaw, and be done with it. But we both agreed not to speak to the young lady on the subject. It was not for us to pry into her secrets, and if anything was to be said she should say it.

Every afternoon Belle went away, as before, with her book, but we did not accompany her, nor allude to her newly acquired love for solitary walks and studies. One

afternoon we had callers, and she could not go. That night, after I had gone to sleep, Madeline awoke me with a little shake.

"Listen," she whispered. "Whom is Belle talking to?"

The night was warm, and all our doors and windows were open. Belle's chamber was not far from ours, and we could distinctly hear her speaking in a low tone. She was evidently holding a conversation with some one whose voice we could not hear.

"I'll go in," said Madeline, rising, "and see about this."

"No, no," I whispered. "She is talking to some one outside. Let me go down and speak to him."

I slipped on some clothes and stole quietly down the stairs. I unfastened the back door and went round to the side on which Belle's window opened. No sooner had I reached the corner than I saw, directly under the window, and looking upward, his hat cocked a good deal on one side, and his riding whip in his hand, the jaunty young fellow with whom I had seen Belle talking.

"Hello!" I cried, and rushed toward him. At the sound of my voice he turned to me, and I saw his face distinctly. He was young and handsome. There was a sort of half laugh on his countenance, as if he had just been saying something very witty. But he did not wait to finish his remark or to speak to me. There was a large evergreen near him, and, stepping quickly behind it, he was lost to my view. I ran around the bush, but could see nothing of him. There was a good deal of shrubbery hereabouts, and he was easily able to get away unobserved. I continued the search for about ten minutes, and then, quite sure that the fellow had got away, I returned to the house. Madeline had lighted a lamp, and was calling down-stairs to ask if I had found the man; some of the servants were up, and anxious to know what had happened; Pegram was crying; but in Belle's room all was quiet. Madeline looked in at the open door, and saw her lying quietly in her bed. No word was spoken, and my wife returned to our room, where we discussed the affair for a long time.

In the morning I determined to give Belle a chance to speak, and at the breakfast-table I said to her:

"I suppose you heard the disturbance last night?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "Did you catch the man?"

"No," I answered, with considerable irritation, "but I wish I had."

"What would you have done if you had caught him?" she asked, as with unusual

slowness and deliberation she poured some cream upon her oat-meal.

"Done!" I exclaimed, "I don't know what I would have done. But one thing is certain, I would have made him understand that I would have no strangers prowling around my house at night."

Belle colored a little at the last part of this remark, but she made no answer, and the subject was dropped.

This conversation greatly pained both Madeline and myself. It made it quite clear to us that Belle was aware that we knew of her acquaintance with this young man, and that she still determined to say nothing to us either in the way of confidence or excuse. She had treated us badly, and we could not help showing it. On her side Belle was very quiet, and entirely different from the gay girl she had been some time before.

I urged Madeline to go to Belle and speak to her as a sister, but she declined. "No," she said, "I know Belle's spirit, and there would be trouble. If there is to be a quarrel I shall not begin it."

I was determined to end this unpleasant feeling, which, to me, was almost as bad as a quarrel. If the thing were possible I would put an end to the young man's visits. I could never have the same opinion of Belle I had had before, but if this impudent fellow could be kept away, and Will Crenshaw should come back and attend to his business as an earnest suitor ought, all might yet be well.

And now, strange to say, I began to long for the ghost, whose coming had been promised. I had been considering what means I should take to keep Belle's clandestine visitor away, and had found the question rather a difficult one to settle. I could not shoot the man, and it would indeed be difficult to prevent the meeting of two young persons over whom I had no actual control. But I happened to think that if I could get the aid of the expected ghost the matter would be easy. If it should be as accommodating and obliging as the one who had haunted the house before, it would readily agree to forward the fortunes of the family by assisting in breaking up this unfortunate connection. If it would consent to be present at their interviews the affair was settled. I knew from personal experience that love-making in the presence of a ghost was extremely unpleasant, and in this case I believed it would be impossible.

Every night, after the rest of the household had gone to bed, I wandered about the grounds, examining the porches and the balconies, looking up to the chimneys and the ornaments on top of the house, hoping to see that phantom, whose coming I had, a short

time before, anticipated with such dissatisfaction and repugnance. If I could even again meet the one who was now serving in Russia, I thought it would answer my purpose as well.

On the third or fourth night after I had begun my nocturnal rounds, I encountered, on a path not very far from the house, the young fellow who had given us so much trouble. My indignation at his impudent reappearance knew no bounds. The moon was somewhat obscured by fleecy clouds, but I could see that he wore the same jaunty air, his hat was cocked a little more on one side, he stood with his feet quite wide apart, and in his hands, clasped behind him, he held his riding whip. I stepped quickly toward him.

"Well, sir!" I exclaimed.

He did not seem at all startled.

"How d'ye do?" he said, with a little nod.

"How dare you, sir," I cried, "intrude yourself on my premises? This is the second time I have found you here, and now I want you to understand that you are to get away from here just as fast as you can; and if you are ever caught again anywhere on this estate, I'll have you treated as a trespasser."

"Indeed," said he, "I would be sorry to put you to so much trouble. And now let me say that I have tried to keep out of your way, but since you have proved so determined to make my acquaintance I thought I might as well come forward and do the sociable."

"None of your impertinence," I cried. "What brings you here, anyway?"

"Well," said he, with a little laugh, "if you want to know I don't mind telling you I came to see Miss Belle."

"You confounded rascal!" I cried, raising my heavy stick. "Get out of my sight, or I will break your head!"

"All right," said he, "break away!"

And drawing himself up he gave his right boot a slap with his whip.

The whip went entirely through both legs! It was the ghost!

Utterly astounded I started back, and sat down upon a raised flower-bed, against which I had stumbled. I had no strength, nor power to speak. I had seen a ghost before, but I was entirely overcome by this amazing development.

"And now I suppose you know who I am," said the specter, approaching, and standing in front of me. "The one who was here before told me that your lady didn't fancy ghosts, and that I had better keep out of sight of both of you; but he didn't say anything about Miss Belle; and by George! sir, it wouldn't have mattered if he had; for if it hadn't been for that charming young lady I shouldn't have been here at all. I am the ghost of Buck Edwards, who was pretty well known

in the lower part of this county about seventy years ago. I always had a great eye for the ladies, sir, and when I got a chance to court one I didn't miss it. I did too much courting, however, for I roused up a jealous fellow, named Ruggles, and he shot me in a duel early one September morning. Since then I have haunted, from time to time, more than a dozen houses where there were pretty girls."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, now finding strength, "that a spirit would care to come back to this earth to court a girl?"

"Why, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed the phantom of Buck Edwards. "Do you suppose that only old misers and love-lorn maidens want to come back and have a good time? No, sir! Every one of us, who is worth anything, comes if he can get a chance. By George, sir! do you know I courted Miss Belle's grandmother? And a couple of gay young ones we were too! Nobody ever knew anything of it, and that made it all the livelier."

"Do you intend to stay here and pay attention to my sister-in-law?" I asked, anxiously.

"Certainly I do," was the reply. "Didn't I say that is what I came for?"

"Don't you see the mischief you will do?" I asked. "You will probably break off a match between her and a most excellent gentleman whom we all desire —"

"Break off a match!" exclaimed the ghost of Buck Edwards, with a satisfied grin. "How many matches I have broken off! The last thing I ever did, before I went away, was of that sort. She wouldn't marry the gentleman who shot me." There was evidently no conscience to this specter.

"And if you do not care for that," I said, in considerable anger, "I can tell you that you are causing ill-feeling between the young lady and the best friends she has in the world, which may end very disastrously."

"Now, look here, my man," said the ghost; "if you and your wife are really her friends you won't act like fools and make trouble."

I made no answer to this remark, but asserted, with much warmth, that I intended to tell Miss Belle exactly what he was, and so break off the engagement at once.

"If you tell her that she's been walking and talking with the ghost of the fellow who courted her grandmother,—I reckon she could find some of my letters now among the old lady's papers, if she looked for them,—you'd frighten the wits out of her. She'd go crazy. I know girls' natures, sir."

So do I, I groaned.

"Don't get excited," he said. "Let the girl alone, and everything will be comfortable and pleasant. Good-night."

I went to bed, but not to sleep. Here was

a terrible situation. A sister-in-law courted by a ghost! Was ever a man called upon to sustain such a trial! And I must sustain it alone. There was no one with whom I could share the secret.

Several times after this I saw this baleful specter of a young buck of the olden time. He would nod to me with a jocular air, but I did not care to speak to him. One afternoon I went into the house to look for my wife, and, very naturally, I entered the room where Pegram lay in his little bed. The child was asleep, and no one was with him. I stood and gazed contemplatively upon my son. He was a handsome child, and apparently full of noble instincts, and yet I could not help wishing that he were older, or that in some way his conditions were such that it should not be necessary, figuratively speaking, that his mother should continually hover about him. If she could be content with a little less of Pegram and a little more of me, my anticipations of a matrimonial career would be more fully realized.

As these thoughts were passing through my mind I raised my eyes, and on the other side of the little bedstead I saw the wretched ghost of Buck Edwards.

"Fine boy," he said.

My indignation at seeing this impudent existence within the most sacred precincts of my house was boundless.

"You vile interloper!" I cried.

At this moment Madeline entered the room. Pale and stern, she walked directly to the crib and took up the child. Then she turned to me and said:

"I was standing in the door-way, and saw you looking at my babe. I heard what you said to him. I have suspected it before." And then, with Pegram in her arms, she strode out of the room.

The ghost had vanished, as Madeline entered. Filled with rage and bitterness, for my wife had never spoken to me in these tones before, I ran down-stairs and rushed out of the house. I walked long and far, my mind filled with doleful thoughts. When I returned to the house, I found a note from my wife. It ran thus:

"I have gone to Aunt Hannah's with Pegram, and have taken Belle. I cannot live with one who considers my child a vile interloper."

As I sat down in my misery, there was one little spark of comfort amid the gloom. She had taken Belle. My first impulse was to follow into the city and explain everything, but I quickly reflected that if I did this I must tell her of the ghost, and I felt certain that she would never return with Pegram to a haunted house. Must I, in order to regain my wife, give

up this beautiful home? For two days I racked my brains and wandered gloomily about.

In one of my dreary rambles I encountered the ghost. "What are you doing here?" I cried. "Miss Belle has gone."

"I know that," the specter answered, his air expressing all his usual impertinence and swagger, "but she'll come back. When your wife returns, she's bound to bring young Miss."

At this, a thought flashed through my mind. If any good would come of it, Belle should never return. Whatever else happened, this insolent ghost of a gay young buck should have no excuse for haunting my house.

"She will never come back while you are here," I cried.

"I don't believe it," it coolly answered.

I made no further assertions on the subject. I had determined what to do, and it was of no use to be angry with a vamping creature like this. But I might as well get some information out of him.

"Tell me this," I asked; "if, for any reason, you should leave this place and throw up your situation, so to speak, would you have a successor?"

"You needn't think I am going," it said contemptuously. "None of your little tricks on me. But I'll just tell you, for your satisfaction, that if I should take it into my head to cut the place, there would be another ghost here in no time."

"What is it," I cried, stamping my foot, "that causes this house to be so haunted by ghosts, when there are hundreds and thousands of places where such apparitions are never seen?"

"Old fellow," said the specter folding its arms, and looking at me with half-shut eyes, "it isn't the house that draws the ghosts, it is somebody in it; and as long as you are here the place will be haunted. But you needn't mind that. Some houses have rats, some have fever-and-ague, and some have ghosts. *Au revoir.*" And I was alone.

So then the spectral mortgage could never be lifted. With heavy heart and feet I passed through the bosky grove to my once happy home.

I had not been there half an hour when Belle arrived. She had come by the morning train, and had nothing with her but a little hand-bag. I looked at her in astonishment.

"Infatuated girl," I cried, "could you not stay away from here three days?"

"I am glad you said that," she answered, taking a seat, "for now I think I am right in suspecting what was on your mind. I ran away from Madeline to see if I could find out what was at the bottom of this dreadful trouble between you. She told me what you

said, and I don't believe you ever used those words to Pegram. And now I want to ask you one question. Had I, in any way, anything to do with this?"

"No," said I, "not directly." And then emboldened by circumstances, I added: "But that secret visitor or friend of yours had much to do with it."

"I thought that might be so," she answered, "and now, George, I want to tell you something, I am afraid it will shock you very much."

"I have had so much to shock me lately that I can stand almost anything now."

"Well then, it is this," she said. "That person whom I saw sometimes, and whom you once found under my window, is a ghost."

"Did you know that?" I cried. "I knew it was a ghost, but did not imagine that you had any suspicion of it."

"Why, yes," she answered, "I saw through him almost from the very first. I was a good deal startled, and a little frightened when I found it out, but I soon felt that this ghost couldn't do me any harm, and you don't know how amusing it was. I always had a fancy for ghosts, but I never expected to meet with one like this."

"And so you knew all the time it wasn't a real man," I exclaimed, still filled with astonishment at what I had heard.

"A real man!" cried Belle, with considerable contempt in her tones. "Do you suppose I would become acquainted in that way with a real man, and let him come under my window and talk to me? I was determined not to tell any of you about it, for I knew you wouldn't approve of it, and would break up the fun some way. Now I wish most heartily that I had spoken of it."

"Yes," I answered, "it might have saved much trouble."

"But, oh! George," she continued, "you've no idea how funny it was! Such a ridiculous, self-conceited, old-fashioned ghost of a beau!"

"Yes," said I, "when it was alive it courted your grandmother."

"The impudence!" exclaimed Belle. "And to think that it supposed that I imagined it to be a real man! Why, one day, when it was talking to me it stepped back into a rose bush and it stood there ever so long, all mixed up with the roses and leaves."

"And you knew it all the time?"

These words were spoken in a hollow voice by some one near us. Turning quickly, we saw the ghost of Buck Edwards; but no longer the jaunty specter we had seen before. His hat was on the back of his head, his knees were turned inward, his shoulders

drooped, his head hung, and his arms dangled limp at his sides.

"Yes," said Belle, "I knew it all the time."

The ghost looked at her with a faded, misty eye; and then, instead of vanishing briskly as was his wont, he began slowly and irresolutely to disappear. First his body faded from view, then his head, leaving his hat and boots. These gradually vanished, and the last thing we saw of the once Buck Edwards was a dissolving view of the tip-end of a limp and drooping riding whip.

"He is gone," said Belle. "We'll never see him again."

"Yes," said I, "he is gone. I think your discovery of his real nature has completely broken up that proud spirit. And now, what is to be done about Madeline?"

"Wasn't it the ghost you called an interloper?" asked Belle.

"Certainly it was," I replied.

"Well, then, go and tell her so," said Belle.

"About the ghost and all!" I exclaimed.

"Certainly," said she.

And together we went to Madeline, and I told her all. I found her with her anger gone, and steeped in misery. When I had finished, all Pegramed as she was, she plunged into my arms. I pressed my wife and child closely to my bosom, and we wept with joy.

When Will Crenshaw came home and was told this story, he said it didn't trouble him a bit.

"I'm not afraid of a rival like that," he remarked. "Such a suitor wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance."

"But I can tell you," said Madeline, "that you had better be up and doing on your own account. A girl like Belle needn't be expected to depend on the chance of a ghost."

Crenshaw heeded her words, and the young couple were married in the fall. The wedding took place in the little church near our house. It was a quiet marriage, and was attended by a strictly family party. At the conclusion of the ceremonies I felt, or saw, for I am sure I did not hear—a little sigh quite near me.

I turned, and sitting on the chancel-steps I saw the specter of Buck Edwards. His head was bowed, and his hands, holding his hat and riding-whip, rested carelessly on his knees.

"Bedad, sir!" he exclaimed, "to think of it! If I hadn't cut up as I did I might have married, and have been that girl's grandfather!"

The idea made me smile.

"It can't be remedied now," I answered.

"Such a remark to make at a wedding!" said Madeline, giving me a punch with her reproachful elbow.

Frank R. Stockton.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. MERRIAM saw faint traces of tears in Mrs. Sylvestre's eyes when she returned from her call on the Bosworths, and speculated, with some wonder, as to what her exact mental condition was, but asked very few questions, feeling that, upon the whole, she would prefer to hear the version of the story given to Mr. Arbuthnot when he called. He did so the following evening, and, having seen the Bosworths in the interval, had comments of his own to make.

"It was very good in you to call so soon," he said to Agnes.

"I wished very much to call," she replied. "I could not have waited longer."

"You left a transcendent impression," said Arbuthnot. "Tom was very enthusiastic, and Kitty feels that all their troubles are things of the past."

"They talked to me a great deal of you," said Agnes. "I felt after hearing them that I had not known you very well—and wished that I had known you better."

She said it with a sweet gravity which he found strangely disturbing; but his reply did not commit him to any special feeling.

"They will prove fatal to me, I see," he said. "Don't allow them to prejudice you against me in that manner."

"I wish," she said, "that my friends might be prejudiced against me in the same way."

Then he revealed a touch of earnestness in spite of himself. They had both been standing upon the hearth, and he took a step toward her.

"For pity's sake," he said, "don't overrate me! Women are always too generous. Don't you see you will find me out, and then it will be worse for me than before."

She stood in one of her perfect, motionless attitudes, and looked down at the rug.

"I wish to find you out," she said, slowly. "I have done you injustice."

And then she turned away and walked across the room to a table where there were some books, and when she returned she brought one of them with her and began to speak of it. He always felt afterward that the memory

of this "injustice," as she called it, was constantly before her, and he would have been more than human if he had not frequently wondered what it was. He could not help feeling that it had taken a definite form, and that she had been betrayed into it on the evening he had first spoken to her of the Bosworths, and that somehow his story had saved him in her eyes. But he naturally forbore to ask questions or even touch upon the subject, and thanked the gods for the good which befell him as a result of the evil he had escaped. And yet, as the time passed by, and he went oftener to the house and found keener pleasure in each visit, he had his seasons of fearing that it was not all going to be gain for him; when he faced the truth, indeed, he knew that it was not all gain, and yet he was not stoic enough to turn his back and fly.

"It will cost!" he said to himself. "It will cost! But——"

And then he would set his lips together and be silent for an hour or so, and those of his acquaintance who demanded constant vivacity from him began to wonder among themselves if he was quite the fellow he had been. If the friendship was pleasant during the season, it was pleasanter when the gayeties ceased and the spring set in, with warmer air and sunshine, and leaves and blossoms in the parks. There was a softness in the atmosphere not conducive to sternness of purpose and self-denial. As he walked to and from his office, he found his thoughts wandering in paths he felt were dangerous, and once unexpectedly meeting Mrs. Sylvestre, when so indulging himself, he started and gained such sudden color that she flushed also, and, having stopped to speak to him, forgot what she had intended to say, and was a little angry, both with herself and him, when a confusing pause followed their greeting.

Their interest in the Bosworths was a tie between them which gave them much in common. Agnes went to see them often, and took charge of Kitty, watching over and caring for her in a tender, half-maternal fashion. Arbuthnot took private pleasure in contemplating. He liked to hear Kitty talk about

her, and, indeed, had on more than one occasion led her with some dexterity into doing so. It was through Kitty, at last, that his mystery was solved for him.

This happened in the spring. There had been several warm days, one so unusually warm, at last, that in the evening Mrs. Sylvestre accepted his invitation to spend an hour or so on the river with him. On their way there they stopped to leave a basket of fruit for Tom, whose condition was far from being what they had hoped for, and while making their call Kitty made a remark which caused Arbuthnot's pulse to accelerate its pace somewhat.

"When you saw me crying on the street that night ——" she began, addressing Agnes. Arbuthnot turned upon her quickly.

"What night?" he asked.

"The night you took me into Lafayette Square," said Kitty; "Mrs. Sylvestre saw me, though I did not know it until yesterday. She was going to call on Mrs. Amory, and ——"

Arbuthnot looked at Agnes; he could not have forbore, whatever the look had cost him. The color came into her cheek and died out.

"Did you?" he demanded.

"Yes," she answered, and rose and walked to the window, and stood there perfectly still.

Arbuthnot did not hear the remainder of Kitty's remarks. He replied to them blindly, and as soon as possible left his chair and went to the window himself.

"If you are ready, perhaps we had better go," he said.

They went out of the room and down the stairs in silence. He wanted to give himself time to collect his thoughts, and get the upper hand of a frantic feeling of passionate anger which had taken possession of him. If he had spoken he might have said something savage, which he would have repented afterward in sackcloth and ashes. His sense of the injustice he had suffered, however momentary, at the hands of this woman whose opinion he cared for, was natural, masculine, and fierce. He saw everything in a flash, and for a moment or so forgot all else in his bitterness of spirit. But his usual coolness came to the rescue when this moment was past, and he began to treat himself scornfully as was his custom. There was no reason why she should not think ill of him, circumstances evidently having been against him, he said to himself; she knew nothing specially good of him; she had all grounds for regarding him as a creature with neither soul nor purpose nor particularly fixed principles, and with no other object in life than the gratification of his

fancies; why should she believe in him against a rather black array in the form of facts. It was not agreeable, but why blame her? He would not blame her or indulge in any such personal folly. Then he glanced at her and saw that the color had not come back to her face. When he roused himself to utter a civil commonplace remark or so, there was the sound of fatigue in her voice when she answered him, and it was very low. She did not seem inclined to talk, and he had the consideration to leave her to herself as much as possible until they reached the boat-house. He arranged her cushions and wraps in the boat with care and dexterity, and, when he took the oars, felt that he had himself pretty well in hand. The river was very quiet, and the last glow of sunset red was slowly changing to twilight purple on the water; a sickle-shaped moon hung in the sky, and somewhere farther up the shore a night bird was uttering brief, plaintive cries. Agnes sat at the end of the boat, with her face a little turned away, as if she were listening to the sound. Arbuthnot wondered if she was, and thought again that she looked tired and a little pathetic. If he had known all her thoughts he would have felt the pathos in her eyes a thousand times more keenly.

She had a white hyacinth in her hand, whose odor seemed to reach him more powerfully at each stroke of the oars, and at last she turned and spoke, looking down at the flower.

"The saddest things that are left to one of a bitter experience," she said, in a low voice, "are the knowledge and distrust that come of it."

"They are very natural results," he replied, briefly.

"Oh, they are very hard!" she exclaimed. "They are very hard! They leave a stain on all one's life, and—and it can never be wiped away. Sometimes I think it is impossible to be generous—to be kind—to trust at all——"

Her voice broke; she put her hands up before her face, and he saw her tremble.

"One may have been innocent," she said, "and have believed—and thought no evil—but after one has been so stained——"

He stopped rowing.

"There is no stain," he said. "Don't call it one."

"It must be one," she said, "when one sees evil—and is suspicious and on the alert to discover wrong. But it brings suffering, as if it were a punishment. I have suffered."

He paused a second and answered, looking backward over his shoulder.

"So did I—for a moment," he said. "But it is over now. Don't think of me."

"I must think of you," she said. "How could I help it?"

She turned a little more toward him and leaned forward, the most exquisite appeal in her delicate face, the most exquisite pathos in her unsteady voice.

"If I ask you to forgive me," she said, "you will only say that I was forgiven before I asked. I know that. I wish I could say something else. I wish—I wish I knew what to do."

He looked up the river and down, and then suddenly at her. The set, miserable expression of his face startled her and caused her to make an involuntary movement.

"Don't do anything—don't say anything!" he said. "I can bear it better."

And he bent himself to his oars and rowed furiously.

She drew back and turned her face aside. Abrupt as the words were, there was no rebuff in them; but there was something else which silenced her effectually. She was glad of the faint light, and her heart quickened, which last demonstration did not please her. She had been calm too long to enjoy any new feeling of excitement; she had liked the calmness, and had desired beyond all things that it should remain undisturbed.

"There is one prayer I pray every morning," she had once said to Bertha, earnestly. "It is that the day may bring nothing to change the tone of my life."

She had felt a little ripple in the current ever since the eventful night, and had regretted it sorely, and now, just for the moment, it was something stronger. So she was very still as she sat with averted face, and the hour spent upon the water was a singularly silent one.

When they returned home they found Colonel Tredennis with Mrs. Merriam, but just on the point of leaving her.

"I am going to see Amory," he said. "I have heard some news he will consider bad. The Westoria affair has been laid aside, and will not be acted upon this session, if at all. It is said that Blundel heard something he did not like, and interfered."

"And you think Mr. Amory will be very much disappointed?" said Agnes.

"I am afraid so," answered Tredennis.

"And yet," said Agnes, "it isn't easy to see why it should be of so much importance to him."

"He has become interested in it," said Mrs. Merriam. "That is the expression, isn't it? It is my opinion that it would be better for him if he were less so. I have seen that kind of thing before. It is like being bitten by a tarantula."

She was not favorably inclined toward Richard. His sparkling moods did not exhilarate her, and she had her private theories concerning his character. Tredennis she was very fond of; few of his moods escaped her bright eyes; few of the changes in him were lost upon her. When he went away this evening, she spoke of him to Agnes and Arbuthnot—

"If that splendid fellow does not improve," she said, "he will begin to grow old in his prime. He is lean and gaunt; his eyes are dreary; he is beginning to have lines on his forehead and about his mouth. He is enduring something. I should be glad to be told what it is."

"Whatever he endured," said Agnes, "he would not tell people. But I think 'enduring' is a very good word."

"How long have you known him?" Mrs. Merriam asked of Arbuthnot.

"Since the evening after his arrival in Washington, on his return from the West," was the reply.

"Was he like this then?" rather sharply.

Arbuthnot reflected.

"I met him at a reception," he said, "and he was not Washingtonian in his manner. My impression was that he would not enjoy our society, and that he would finally despise us; but he looked less fagged then than he does now. Perhaps he begins to long for his daily Pi-ute. There *are* chasms which an effete civilization does not fill."

"You guess more than you choose to tell," was Mrs. Merriam's inward thought. Aloud, she said,—

"He is the finest human being it has been my pleasure to meet. He is the natural man. If I were a girl again, I think I should make a hero of him, and be unhappy for his sake."

"It would be easy to make a hero of him," said Agnes.

"Very!" responded Arbuthnot. "Unavoidable, in fact." And he laid upon the table the bit of hyacinth he had picked up in the boat, and brought home with him. "If I carry it away," was his private thought, "I shall fall into the habit of sitting, and weakening my mind over it. It is weak enough already." But he knew, at the same time, that Colonel Tredennis had done something toward assisting him to form the resolution. "A trivial masculine vanity," he thought, "not unfrequently strengthens one's position."

In the meantime, Tredennis went to Amory. He found him in the room, which was, in its every part, so strong a reminder of Bertha. It wore a desolate look, and Amory had evidently been walking up and down it, pushing chairs and footstools aside carelessly,

when he found them in his way. He had thrown himself, at last, into Bertha's own special easy chair, and leaned back in it, with his hands thrown out over its padded arms. He had plainly not slept well the night before, and his dress had a careless and disheveled look, very marked in its contrast with the customary artistic finish of his attire.

He sprang up when he saw Tredennis, and began to speak at once.

"I say!" he exclaimed, "this is terrible!"

"You have been disappointed," said Tredennis.

"I have been rui—" he checked himself, "disappointed isn't the word," he ended. "The whole thing has been laid aside—*laid aside*—think of it!—as if it were a mere nothing; an application for a two-penny half-penny pension! Great God! what do the fellows think they are dealing with!"

"Whom do you think is to blame?" said the Colonel stolidly.

"Blundel, by Jove, Blundel, that fool and clown!" and he flung himself about the room, mumbling his rage and irritation.

"It is not the first time such a thing has happened," said Tredennis, "and it won't be the last. If you continue to interest yourself in such matters, you will find that out as others have done before you. Take my advice, and give it up from this hour."

Amory wheeled round upon him.

"Give it up!" he cried, "I can't give it up, man! It is only laid aside for the time being. Heaven and earth shall be moved next year—heaven and earth! the thing won't fail—it *can't* fail—a thing like that; a thing I have risked my very soul on!"

He dashed his hand through his tumbled hair and threw himself into the chair again, quite out of breath.

"Ah, confound it!" he exclaimed, "I am too excitable! I am losing my hold on myself!"

Tredennis rose from his seat, feeling some movement necessary. He stood and looked down at the floor. As he gazed up at him, Amory entered a fretful mental protest against his size and his air of being able to control himself. He was plainly deep in thought even when he spoke, for his eyes did not leave the floor.

"I suppose," he said, "this is really no business of mine. I wish it was."

"What do you mean?" said Amory.

Tredennis looked up.

"If it were my business, I would know more about it," he said, "I would know what *you* mean, and how deep you have gone into this—this accursed scheme."

The last two words had a sudden ring of

intensity in their sound, which affected Amory tremendously. He sprang up again and began to pace the floor.

"Nothing ever promised so well," he said, "and it will turn out all right in the end—it must! It is the delay that drives one wild. It will be all right next season—when Bertha is here."

"What has she to do with it?" demanded Tredennis.

"Nothing very much," said Amory, restively, "but she is effective."

"Do you mean that you are going to set her to lobbying?"

"Why should you call it that? I am not going to set her at anything. She has a good effect, that is all. Plane-field swears that if she had stayed at home and taken Blundel in hand he would not have failed us."

Tredennis looked at him stupefied. He could get no grasp upon him. He wondered if a heavy mental blow would effect him. He tried it in despair.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "what people are beginning to say about Plane-field?"

"They are always saying something of Plane-field. He is the kind of man who is always spoken of."

"Then," said Tredennis, "there is all the more reason why his name should not be connected with that of an innocent woman."

"What woman has been mentioned in connection with him?"

"It has been said more than once, that he is in love with—your wife, and that his infatuation is used to advance your interests."

Richard stopped on his walk.

"Then it is a confoundedly stupid business," he said, angrily. "If she hears it she will never speak to him again. Perhaps she has heard it—perhaps that was why she insisted on going away. I thought there was something wrong at the time."

"May I ask," said Tredennis, "how it strikes *you*?"

"Me!" exclaimed Richard. "As the most awkward piece of business in the world, and as likely to do me more harm than anything else could."

He made a graceful, rapid gesture of impatience.

"Every thing goes against me!" he said. "She never liked him from the first, and if she has heard this she will never be civil to him again, or to any of the rest of them. And, of course, she is an influence, in a measure; what clever woman is not? And why should she not use her influence in one way as well as another. If she were a clergyman's wife she would work hard enough to gain favors. It

is only a trifle that she should make an effort to be agreeable to men who will be pleased by her civility. She would do it if there were nothing to be gained. Where are you going? What is the matter?" for Tredennis had walked to the table and taken his hat.

"I am going into the air," he answered; "I am afraid I cannot be of any use to you to-night. My mind is not very clear just now. I must have time to think."

"You look pale," said Amory, staring at him. "You look ghastly. You have not been up to the mark for months. I have seen that. Washington does not agree with you."

"That is it," was Tredennis's response. "Washington does not agree with me."

And he carried his hat and his pale and haggard countenance out into the night, and left Richard gazing after him, feverish, fretted, thwarted in his desire to pour forth his grievances and defend himself, and also filled with baffled amazement at his sudden departure.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. AMORY did not receive on New Year's day. The season had well set in before she arrived in Washington. One morning in January Mrs. Sylvestre, sitting alone, reading, caught sight of the little coupé as it drew up before the carriage step, and laying aside her book reached the parlor door in time to meet Bertha as she entered it. She took both her hands and drew her toward the fire, still holding them.

"Why did I not know you had returned?" she said. "When did you arrive?"

"Last night," Bertha answered. "You see I come to you early."

It was a cold day and she was muffled in velvet and furs. She sat down, loosened her wrap and let it slip backward, and as its sumptuous fullness left her figure it revealed it slender to fragility and showed that the outline of her cheek had lost all its roundness. She smiled faintly, meeting Agnes's anxious eyes.

"Don't look at me," she said. "I am not pretty. I have been ill. You heard I was not well in Newport? It was a sort of low fever and I am not entirely well yet. Malaria you know is always troublesome. But you are very well?"

"Yes, I am well," Agnes replied.

"And you begin to like Washington again?"

"I began last winter."

"How did you enjoy the spring? You were here until the end of June."

"It was lovely."

"And now you are here once more, and how pretty everything about you is!" Bertha said, glancing around the room. "And you are ready to be happy all winter until June again. Do you know, you look happy? Not excitably happy, but gently, calmly happy, as if the present were enough for you."

"It is," said Agnes. "I don't think I want any future."

"It would be as well to abolish it if one could," Bertha answered, "but it comes—it comes!"

She sat and looked at the fire a few seconds under the soft shadow of her lashes, and then spoke again.

"As for me," she said, "I am going to give dinner parties to Senator Planehead's friends."

"Bertha!" exclaimed Agnes.

"Yes," said Bertha, nodding gently. "It appears somehow that Richard belongs to Senator Planehead, and as I belong to Richard, why, you see —?"

She ended with a dramatic little gesture, and looked at Agnes once more.

"It took me some time to understand it," she said. "I am not quite sure that I understand it quite thoroughly even now. It is a little puzzling, or, perhaps, I am dull of comprehension. At all events, Richard has talked to me a great deal. It is plainly my duty to be agreeable and hospitable to the people he wishes to please and bring in contact with each other."

"And those people?" asked Agnes.

"They are political men, they are members of committees, members of the House, members of the Senate—and their only claim to existence in our eyes is that they are either in favor of or opposed to a certain bill not indirectly connected with the welfare of the owners of the Westoria lands."

"Bertha," said Agnes, quickly, "you are not yourself."

"Thank you," was the response, "that is always satisfactory, but the compliment would be more definite if you told me whom I happened to be. But I can tell you that I am that glittering being, the female lobbyist. I used to wonder last winter if I was not on the verge of it, but now I know. I wonder if they all begin as innocently as I did and find the descent—isn't it a descent?—as easy and natural. I feel queer, but not exactly disreputable. It is merely a matter of being a dutiful wife and smiling upon one set of men instead of another. Still, I am slightly uncertain as to just how disreputable I am. I was beginning to be quite reconciled to my atmosphere until I saw Colonel Tredennis, and I confess he unsettled my mind and embarrassed me a little in my decision."

"You have seen him already?"

"Accidentally, yes. He did not know I had returned, and came to see Richard. He is quite intimate with Richard now. He entered the parlor and found me there. I do not think he was glad to see me. I left him very soon."

She drew off her glove, and smoothed it out upon her knee, with a thin and fragile little hand, upon which the rings hung loosely. Agnes bent forward and involuntarily laid her own hand upon it.

"Dear," she said.

Bertha hurriedly lifted her eyes.

"What I wished to say," she said, "was that the week after next we give a little dinner to Senator Blundel, and I wanted to be sure I might count on you. If you are there—and Colonel Tredennis—you will give it an unprofessional aspect, which is what we want. But, perhaps, you will refuse to come?"

"Bertha," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "I will be with you at any time—at all times—you wish for or need me."

"Yes," said Bertha, reflecting upon her a moment, "I think you would."

She got up and kissed her lightly and without effusion, and then Agnes rose, too, and they stood together.

"You were always good," Bertha said. "I think life has made you better instead of worse. It is not so always. Things are so different—everything seems to depend upon circumstances. What is good in me would be far enough from your standards to be called wickedness."

She paused abruptly, and Agnes felt that she did so to place a check upon herself: she had seen her do it before. When she spoke again it was in an entirely different tone, and the remaining half-hour of her visit was spent in the discussion of every-day subjects. Agnes listened, and replied to her with a sense of actual anguish. She could have borne better to have seen her less self-controlled; or she fancied so, at least. The summer had made an alteration in her, which it was almost impossible to describe. Every moment revealed some new, sad change in her, and yet she sat and talked commonplaces, and was bright and witty and epigrammatic until the last.

"When we get our bill through," she said, with a little smile, just before her departure, "I am to go abroad for a year—for two, for three, if I wish. I think that is the bribe which has been offered me. One must always be bribed, you know."

As she stood at the window watching the carriage drive away, Agnes was conscious of a depression which was very hard to bear. The brightness of her own atmosphere seemed

to have become heavy,—the sun hid itself behind the drifting, wintry clouds,—she glanced around her room with a sense of dreariness. Something carried her back to the memories which were the one burden of her present life.

"Such grief cannot enter a room and not leave its shadow behind it," she said. And she put her hand against the window-side, and leaned her brow upon it sadly. It was curious, she thought, the moment after, that the mere sight of a familiar figure should bring such a sense of comfort with it as did the sight of the one she saw approaching. It was that of Laurence Arbuthnot, who came with a business communication for Mrs. Merriam, having been enabled, by chance, to leave his work for an hour. He held a roll of music in one hand and a bunch of violets in the other, and when he entered the room was accompanied by the fresh fragrance of the latter offering.

Agnes made a swift involuntary movement toward him.

"Ah!" she said, "I could scarcely believe that it was you."

He detected the emotion in her manner and tone at once.

"Something has disturbed you," he said. "What is it?"

"I have seen Bertha," she answered, and the words had a sound of appeal in them, which she herself no more realized or understood than she comprehended the impulse which impelled her to speak.

"She has been here! She looks so ill—so worn. Everything is so sad! I——"

She stopped and stood looking at him.

"Must I go away?" he said, quietly. "Perhaps you would prefer to be alone. I understand what you mean, I think."

"Oh, no!" she said, impulsively, putting out her hand. "Don't go. I am unhappy. It was—it was a relief to see you."

And when she sank on the sofa, he took a seat near her and laid the violets on her lap, and there was a faint flush on his face.

THE little dinner, which was the first occasion of Senator Blundel's introduction to the Amory establishment, was a decided success.

"We will make it a success," Bertha had said. "It *must* be one." And there was a ring in her voice which was a great relief to her husband.

"It will be one," he said. "There is no fear of *your* failing when you begin in this way." And his spirits rose to such an extent that he became genial and fascinating once more and almost forgot his late trials and uncertainties. He had always felt great confidence in Bertha.

On the afternoon of the eventful day Bertha did not go out. She spent the hours between luncheon and the time for dressing with her children. Once as he passed the open door of the nursery Richard saw her sitting upon the carpet, building a house of cards, while Jack and Janey and Meg sat about her enchanted. A braid of her hair had become loosened and hung over her shoulder; her cheeks were flushed by the fire; she looked almost like a child herself, with her air of serious absorbed interest in the frail structure growing beneath her hands.

"Wont that tire you?" Richard asked.

She glanced up with a smile.

"No," she said, "it will rest me."

He heard her singing to them afterward, and later, when she went to her dressing-room, he heard the pretty lullaby die away gradually as she moved through the corridor.

When she appeared again, she was dressed for dinner and came in buttoning her glove, and at the sight of her he uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"What a perfect dress!" he said. "What is the idea? There must be one."

She paused and turned slowly round so that he might obtain the full effect.

"You should detect it," she replied. "It is meant to convey one."

"It has a kind of dove-like look," he said.

She faced him again.

"That is it," she said serenely. "In the true artist spirit, I have attired myself with a view to expressing the perfect candor and simplicity of my nature. Should you find it possible to fear or suspect me of ulterior motives—if you were a Senator, for instance?"

"Ah, come now!" said Richard, not quite so easily, "that is nonsense! You have no ulterior motives."

She opened her plummy, dove-colored fan and came nearer him.

"There is nothing meretricious about me," she said. "I am softly clad in dove color; a few clusters of pansies adorn me; I am covered from throat to wrists; I have not a jewel about me. Could the effect be better?"

"No, it could not," he replied, but suddenly he felt a trifle uncomfortable again, and wondered what was hidden behind the inscrutable little gaze she afterward fixed upon the fire.

But when Blundel appeared, which he did rather early, he felt relieved again. Nothing could have been prettier than her greeting of him, or more perfect in its attainment of the object of setting him at his ease. It must be confessed that he was not entirely at his ease when he entered, his experience not having been of a nature to develop in him any

latent love for general society. He had fought too hard a fight to leave him much time to know women well, and his superficial knowledge of them made him a trifle awkward as it occasionally renders other men astonishingly bold. In a party of men, all his gifts displayed themselves; in the presence of women he was afraid that less substantial fellows had the advantage of him—men who could not tell half so good a story or make half so exhilarating a joke. As to this special dinner he had not been particularly anxious to count himself among the guests, and was not very certain as to how Planefteld had beguiled him into accepting the invitation.

But ten minutes after he had entered the room he began to feel mollified. Outside, the night was wet and unpleasant, and not calculated to improve a man's temper; the parlors glowing with fire-light and twinkling wax candles were a vivid and agreeable contrast to the sloppy rawness. The slender, dove-colored figure, with its soft, trailing draperies, assumed more definitely pleasant proportions, and in his vague, inexperienced, middle-aged fashion he felt the effect of it. She had a nice way, this little woman, he decided; no nonsense or airs and graces about her; an easy manner, a gay little laugh. He did not remember exactly afterward what it was she said which first awakened him up, but he found himself laughing and greatly amused, and when he made a witticism he felt he had reason to be proud of, the gay little peal of laughter which broke forth in response had the most amazingly exhilarating effect upon him, and set him upon his feet for the evening. Women seldom got all the flavor of his jokes. He had an idea that some of them were a little afraid of them and of him, too. The genuine mirth in Bertha's unstudied laughter was like wine to him, and was better than the guffaws of a dozen men, because it had a finer and a novel flavor. After the joke and the laugh the ice was melted, and he knew that he was in the humor to distinguish himself.

Planefteld discovered this the moment he saw him, and glanced at Richard, who was brilliant with good spirits.

"She's begun well," he said, when he had an opportunity to speak to him. "I never saw him in a better humor. She's pleased him somehow. Women don't touch him usually."

"She will end better," said Richard. "He pleases her."

He did not displease her, at all events. She saw the force and humor of his stalwart jokes and was impressed by the shrewd business-like good nature which betrayed nothing. When he began to enjoy himself she liked the

genuineness of his enjoyment all the more because it was a personal matter with him, and he seemed to revel in it.

"He enjoys *himself*," was her mental comment, "really *himself*, not exactly the rest of us, except as we stimulate him, and make him say good things."

Among the chief of her gifts had always been counted the power of stimulating people, and making them say their best things, and she made the most of this power now. She listened with her brightest look, she uttered her little exclamations of pleasure and interest at exactly the right moment, and the gay ring of her spontaneous sounding laugh was perfection. Miss Varien, who was one of her guests, sat and regarded her with untempered admiration.

"Your wife," she said to Amory, in an undertone, "is simply incomparable. It is not necessary to tell you that, of course, but it strikes me with fresh force this evening. She really seems to enjoy things. That air of gay, candid delight is irresistible. It makes her seem to that man like a charming little girl—a harmless, bright, sympathetic little girl. How he likes her!"

When she went in to dinner with him, and he sat by her side, he liked her still more. He had never been in better spirits in his life; he had never said so many things worth remembering; he had never heard such sparkling and vivacious talk as went on round this particular table. It never paused or lagged. There was Amory, all alight and stirred by every conversational ripple which passed him; there was Miss Varien, scintillating and casting off showers of sparks in the prettiest and most careless fashion; there was Laurence Arbuthnot, doing his share without any apparent effort, and appreciating his neighbors to the full; there was Mrs. Sylvestre, her beautiful eyes making speech almost superfluous, and Mrs. Merriam, occasionally casting into the pool some neatly weighted pebble, which sent its circles to the shore; and in the midst of the coruscations, Blundel found himself, somehow, doing quite his portion of the illumination. Really these people and their dinner-party pleased him wonderfully well, and he was far from sorry that he had come, and far from sure that he should not come again if he were asked. He was shrewd enough, too, to see how much the success of everything depended upon his own little companion at the head of the table, and, respecting success beyond all things after the manner of his kind, he liked her all the better for it. There was something about her which, as Miss Varien had said, made him feel that she was like a bright, sympathetic little girl,

and engendered a feeling of fatherly patronage which was entirely comfortable. But though she rather led others to talk than talked herself, he noticed that she said a sharp thing now and then, and he liked that, too, and was greatly amused by it. He liked women to be sharp, if they were not keen enough to interfere with masculine prerogatives. There was only one person in the company he did not find exhilarating, and that was a large, brown-faced fellow, who sat next to Mrs. Merriam, and said less than might have been expected of him, though when he spoke his remarks were well enough in their way. Blundel mentioned him afterward to Bertha when they returned to the parlor.

"That Colonel, who is he?" he asked her, "I didn't catch his name exactly. Handsome fellow, but he'd be handsomer if——"

"It is the part of wisdom to stop you," said Bertha, "and tell you that he is a sort of cousin of mine and his perfections are such as I regard with awe. His name is Colonel Tredennis and you have read of him in the newspapers."

"What!" he exclaimed, turning his sharp little eyes upon Tredennis, "the Indian man, I'm glad you told me that. I want to talk to him." And an opportunity being given him, he proceeded to do so with much animation, ruffling his stiff hair up at intervals in his interest, his little eyes twinkling like those of some alert animal.

He left the house late and in the best of humors. He had forgotten for the time being all questions of bills and subsidies. Nothing had occurred to remind him of such subjects. Their very existence seemed a trifle problematical, or, rather, perhaps, it seemed desirable that it should be so.

"I feel," he said to Planefteld, as he was shrugging himself into his overcoat, "as if I had rather missed it by not coming here before."

"You were asked," answered Planefteld.

"So I was," he replied, attacking the top button of the overcoat. "Well, the next time I am asked I suppose I shall come."

Then he gave his attention to the rest of the buttons.

"A man in public life ought to see all sides of his public," he said, having disposed of the last one. "Said some good things, didn't they? The little woman isn't without a mind of her own either. When is it she receives?"

"Thursdays," said Planefteld.

"Ah, Thursdays."

And then they went out in company.

Her guests having all departed, Bertha remained for a few minutes in the parlor.

Arbuthnot and Tredennis went out last, and as the door closed upon them she looked at Richard.

"Well?" she said.

"Well!" exclaimed Richard. "It could not have been better!"

"Couldn't it?" she said, looking down a little meditatively.

"No," he responded, with excellent good cheer, "and you see how simple it was, and— and how unnecessary it is to exaggerate it and call it by unpleasant names. What we want is merely to come in contact with these people, and show them how perfectly harmless we are, and that when the time comes they may favor us without injury to themselves or any one else. That's it in a nutshell."

"We always say 'us,' don't we?" said Bertha, "as if we were part-proprietors of the Westoria lands ourselves. It is a little confusing, don't you think so?"

She paused and looked up with one of her sudden smiles.

"Still I don't feel exactly sure that I have been—but no, I am not to call it lobbying, am I? What must I call it. It really ought to have a name."

"Don't call it anything," said Richard, faintly conscious of his dubiousness again.

"Why, what a good idea!" she answered.

"What a good way of getting round a difficulty—not to give it a name! It almost obliterates it, doesn't it? It is an actual inspiration. We won't call it anything. There is so much in a name—too much, on the whole, really. But—without giving it a name—I have behaved pretty well and advanced our—your—whose interests?"

"Everybody's," he replied, with an effort at lightness. "Mine particularly. I own that my view of the matter is a purely selfish one. There is a career before me, you know, if all goes well."

He detected at once the expression of gentleness which softened her eyes as she watched him.

"You always wanted a career, didn't you?" she said.

"It isn't pleasant," he said, "for a man to know that he is not a success."

"If I can give you your career," she said, "you shall have it, Richard. It is a simpler thing than I thought, after all." And she went upstairs to her room, stopping on the way to spend a few minutes in the nursery.

(To be continued.)

IN THE GARDEN.

I WALKED among the roses:

They were crimson and damask red.

"How perfect in bloom!" "how beautiful!"

Of this one and that I said.

Yet the rose that most my fancy

Delighted, least flaunting of all,

Least forward, hid in the hedges,

And was neither fair nor tall.

It bent its head so lowly

Through its blushing, I could see;

Then lifted it up so radiantly,

I was sure, in its love for me.

And leaning over to pluck it,

"Come hither," I cried, "sweet rose!

Thou surely of all in the garden art

The dearest to me that grows.

"Though others be tall and handsome,

And thou but a modest thing,

I'd choose thee for my diadem,

Though I were a crowned king."

So said I in my passion,

So in my eagerness said:—

The rose, in the hedges blushing,

Again bent down its head.

I leaned the more to pluck it,

Made glad by that dear sign;

But another behind me the rose had seen,

And its blushes were not mine.

James Herbert Morse.

ARTISTS' MODELS IN NEW YORK.



A MODEL CRITIC.

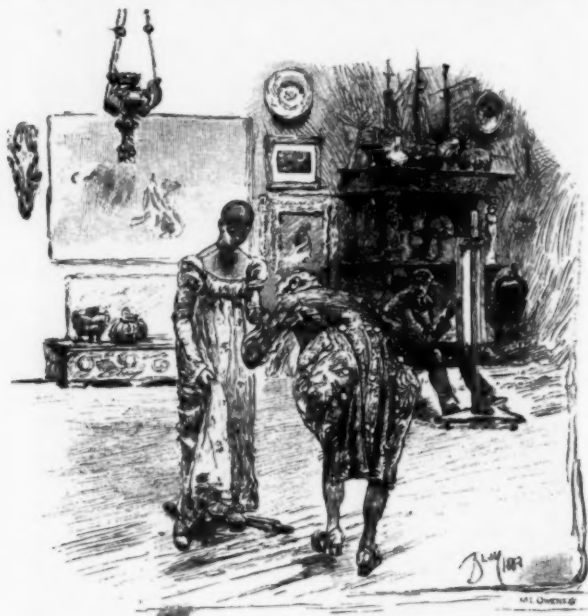
WITH the rapid growth of New York as an art-center, the demand for, and supply of, living models have increased proportionately. Time was, when the American artist, returning from the schools of Europe where there are trained and experienced models, found himself quite at a loss for the material embodiment of his ideas in the shape of a professional sitter. He was obliged to resort to that process, jocularly defined, in studio language, as evolving an object from the inner consciousness, or to speak plainly, painting from memory and imagination. This evolution from the inner consciousness undoubtedly had a paralyzing effect upon American art, since it is a process successfully employed only by great geniuses. Realism, to which American art inclines, demands careful study of the model. As the artistic colony in New York became a recognized factor of the population,

professional models followed as a natural consequence. It is little more than ten years since models were something of a rarity even at the Academy of Design. Some three or four were regularly engaged for the various classes and were paid at the rate of a dollar and a half an hour. With the appointment of the present director of the model department, a new order of things was instituted. By means of advertising and by exploring the by-ways of the great city, a number of models were brought together, untrained and inexperienced, but still suited to the purpose. The fee was temporarily reduced to seventy-five cents an hour, and competition rose high between the trained models and the inexperienced. Since that time, the supply of models has been constantly increasing, and to-day is fairly equal to the demand. They lack the experience and training of the for-

eign model, and it is rare to find one of either sex who has any of the grace or *chic* which makes of the Paris model a natural artist. They are also destitute of that dramatic instinct without which it is impossible to throw life or spirit into a pose. Few persons, outside of the charmed circle of art, realize the absolute power exercised by the conditions of the model over the brush of the artist. A stupid, awkward, or restless model will stultify

constantly increasing in numbers, it is fair to suppose that, with this nucleus, before many years have passed, trained and skilled models will be as easily procured in New York as in Paris.

The models of New York may properly be classed as a part of the floating population. Every few seasons, a new set of faces appears at the studio doors in search of employment. Most of these applicants are persons out of



A LAY FIGURE.

the execution of a clever or charming idea. When a New York artist stands in need of a model, he has only to send to the Academy of Design or the Art-Students' League, on the books of which professional models are registered. The Academy has a list of some thirty models who pose for the nude figure as well as in costume. There are others who pose only for the draped figure. The average fee is fifty cents an hour. This is increased or lessened according to circumstances, such as special contract with the artist or class, or the varying demand for the model. Among these professional models are a few who have been trained to their occupation from childhood. These are chiefly foreign or of foreign parentage. One family, in particular, of mixed German and Italian blood, furnishes models of various ages and both sexes. This family serves as a stand-by through all the vicissitudes of the model-market, and as models are

work, who take this means of bridging over a gulf of consequent impecuniosity. In New York many trades and professions have their dull seasons, and at such times, many able and willing men and women are left stranded on the shore of literal starvation. Instinct sends them to the studios. Most artists have known the discipline of poverty, and unless success has hopelessly imbedded them in selfishness, they keep a warm corner of their hearts for these waifs blown by adverse winds to their studio doors. It is difficult to believe, that the sturdy realism of New York life should offer such suggestions of romance as are presented by the procession of models which, in the course of a winter, passes in review before the eyes of the artists. Most of them, especially the female models, pose under fictitious names. They come no one knows whence and vanish when necessity no longer demands that they shall

eke out a livelihood in this precarious fashion. The tragedy which treads upon the heels of comedy in the great city's life, finds pitiful exemplification in the brief summing-up of the list of female models on the Academy's books, "Married women whose husbands cannot support them, or women unable to procure other employment." Many of them are educated and refined. One adds to the small income derived from copying law papers by the opportunities given her to pose in the Academy. Another case cited was that of a young lady, who, having married a foreigner of position, discovered that he had a wife in his own country. Left penniless by her husband and her friends, she supported herself by posing. A touching episode was offered by the case of an English actress who went out to Canada with her husband in search of professional employment. The husband fell ill and died, leaving the wife unprovided for and with a child to support. Unable to procure an engagement, at a time when the financial depression of the country affected theatrical matters, and having found her way to New York, she became a model attached to the Academy. It often happens that a pretty face looks down from the wall in a New York spring exhibition, of which only this is known—that its owner, passing under an assumed name, applied at the studios for employment, and, after earning the money she needed, carried her beauty and her reticence back into the obscurity they came from, leaving the artist who had perpetuated the one and respected the other to speculate upon her identity, and perhaps at some later day to meet her in an entirely different sphere of life. A rounded arm or throat, a tapering hand, a head of curling golden hair, have temporarily fed and clothed many a young woman. When the genius shall be born who will reconcile the opposing elements of New York life in fiction as Balzac did those of Paris, it would not be strange if he



AN AWKWARD MODEL.

should find some magnificent type of heroine in some anonymous beauty of the New York studios. Many of the professional female models have become such because they found they could earn a better living by posing than by working in shops, book-binderries, factories, in domestic service, or at the needle. I know of a French model who supports herself and a relative comfortably by posing. She formerly gave lessons in languages, and barely managed to exist. Another model, who is noted for her stately presence and superb physique, is greatly in demand, and commands three dollars a day. But the average fee of a model is fifty cents an hour when the engagement is made by the hour, or two dollars a day when the engagement is made for the day. For a morning or afternoon session, whether of two or three hours, the model receives only one dollar, unless there is a special agreement to pay more.

Foreign models occasionally come to New York on speculation, having exalted ideas on the subject of the gold to be picked up in the streets of the New World. There is a colony of Italian models in Crosby street, of the conventional type. They came from Paris to New York with magnificent ideas concerning the model-market. They began by asking a dollar and a half an hour, but finally condescended to accept twenty-five cents for the very few occasions upon which their services were required. American artists have rather outgrown the conventional Roman subject, so much in favor some years ago. With the increase of realistic tendencies and broad, rugged treatment, the Italian



EARNING HIS LIVING.



AN ITALIAN FAMILY.

model has been relegated to the region of artistic "prettiness," so heartily disliked by the younger school of American art. These Italian models haunt the studios in groups. When mysterious, thumping noises are heard on the silent stair-ways the artist is prepared for the loud, imperious rapping on his door which follows. Opening the door, he finds an entire family of Italian models grouped in the fashion of the Piazza di Spagna, smiling, bowing, and gesticulating in the conventional model manner. But, alas for them! Their day is over. Paris and Munich have driven out Rome. The neat old dame who sits in the portrait class of the League, with smooth white hair, good, patient face, and every-day dress of dark green and brown, is nearer the heart of the American art-student of the period than the insipid prettiness of the Roman *contadina*. Old women and old men are rather in demand as models in New York, now that strong and realistic types are preferred to ideal ones. Several of these models are known at the Academy as having posed for years. There is one old man, well known to the studios, whose head of snowy hair and long white beard cause him to be much sought after, particularly by artists recently from Europe. I saw him not long since, mounted on a posing platform in a studio, with his fine old head outlined against a tawny wall, bare-legged, the folds of his stockings simulating the leather folds of an antique boot. There was a staff in his hand, a gourd by his side, and about his body was draped a Spanish muleteer's cloak, orange, blue, and white. He was standing for a St. Joseph, in a water-color of the "Flight into Egypt." There was a reminiscence of Velasquez in the model and the picture.

Sometimes, an artist, upon answering the

knock at his studio door, sees before him a model whom he has known in Europe. He is obliged to be chary of demonstrations of sympathy, or the draught on his friendship will be heavy. An old model from Paris appeared not long since in New York,—a stout, military looking person, with a large mustache and pointed beard. A tradition hung over him to the effect that he had once been a sculptor. An artist of charitable and imaginative mind took him in and employed him as a water-color subject in a military costume, which gave him the look of a sturdy Fleming of the six-

teenth century. An artist of cynical soul dubbed him an old humbug, and refused to aid him on the basis of artistic brotherhood. One lent him a hat too old and shabby to be worn by a respectable artist in the streets of New York, too good to be the spoil of the studio. The understanding was, that when the hat was fairly worn out, it should be returned to the studio, and exchanged for another held in readiness. The pretext of showing the hat brought the old model to the studio door so often, that the artist, whose consideration for him had been based on a former acquaintance in Paris, greatly regretted having revived this friendship of the *atelier*. The vague romance associated with the models in Europe gives place in America to a practical estimate of their value as posing subjects. The New York



ONE OLD MAN.

model is not generally encouraged to tell his or her history. The opportunities of posing afforded to the official models in the classes of the Academy and the League, are so few in comparison with the number of models clamoring for employment that the artists in charge of the matter are obliged to use much kindly diplomacy in selecting the types required from the list of registered names. Sometimes models of absolutely unavailable

adorned, and resides in an inland city. Another temporary model was the son of a prominent artist in another city. Many studies of Arabs executed in New York during the past few years have had for their model a negro attached to the Academy, whose head and figure offered a perfect type of that race. A prosperous manufacturer of picture frames in an interior town, having failed in business, became a model in New



DO YOU WANT A MODEL, SIR?

personalities present themselves at the Academy, only to be disappointed at the refusal of their amateur services. Among the Academy models some time since, was the son of a banker in Wall street who had failed during a financial crisis. Later, the young model obtained a position in a down-town bank, but such was his pride in his physique and his interest in art that he continued to pose in the evening classes. Another model, valued for his fine muscular development, was a blacksmith by trade. Another was a house-painter, who, during the winter months, when all of his trade are thrown out of employment, supported himself in this fashion. Still another, also noted for his fine development, was a German athlete. One model, well-known in his day at the Academy, was a half-breed Indian employed as coachman in a wealthy family. In his leisure hours he posed at the Academy and became a popular model, but one day his employer discovered his artistic bias and forced him to desist. He has since returned to the equine sphere he

York. This might be regarded as an instance of retributive justice, since it is well-known that the mortal enemy of the impecunious artist is the prosperous, heartless, and dunning frame-maker. Imagine the grim delight with which a young knight of the brush, who had suffered the pangs of unpaid bills for frames, would avenge the wrongs of himself and his brethren on the person of a fallen frame-maker who sued for employment at fifty cents an hour.

A few artists in New York have their models acting also as domestics or studio-retainers. This is a foreign custom imported by artists who have received their schooling abroad. Under these circumstances, a sort of comradeship arises between the artist and his faithful model, which has its pathetic as well as its grotesque side, since the remuneration of the model is apt to depend upon the successes or failures of the artist. There is a colony of young artists in New York which possesses a retainer known to the world as "Sammy"—a youth of muscular type with

blonde mustache and hair and a fresh complexion. His face and figure fit him for all spheres of model life. One day, he poses as a stalwart fisherman, in a pea-jacket, a disreputable hat, and high sea-boots. Another week, in a dress-suit borrowed for the occasion, he figures as a ball-room gallant with one arm encircling the waist of a bald-pated lay-figure, arrayed in silken robes, likewise borrowed, into whose glass eyes he gazes with an expression of the deepest tenderness. He has even appeared as a bold horseman seated astride a wooden chair, which was placed on a table, tightly clutching two pieces of clothes-line for reins, with his body inclined at the angle necessary to imply a furious galloping on the part of his fiery steed, and his coat-tails spread out and fastened to the wall behind to illustrate the action of the wind. In addition to his accomplishments as a model, this young man does everything an artist's henchman can be expected to do, in the line of general usefulness. There is another model much in favor,



AN EQUESTRIAN MODEL.



FALLING FROM A HORSE.

particularly among illustrators, on account of his gentlemanly appearance. His well-shaped head, black mustache and clean shirt-front, can be adapted to almost any artistic exigency. When not engaged in posing, he finds employment as a porter, for his excellent education and musical accomplishments are of small service to him in the competitive bread-struggle of New York. Not long since, he entered the matrimonial state, espousing a widow with a pretty little daughter, seven or eight years old. The child entered the model field under the auspices of her step-father. Being a picturesque child, with long, chestnut hair, she soon became a favorite model for illustrations designed for juvenile magazines.

These child-models are much sought after by artists. Those on the lists of the schools do not always meet the wants of the painter. Advertisements for pretty little children to serve as models are often seen in the morning papers, and are doubtless viewed by the unenlightened and ignorant as the device of some hideous ogre, some Croquemitaine of the metropolis, seeking what he may devour in the shape of tender nurslings. The initiated person, familiar with the *coulisses* of New York art, sees at a glance that the advertisement is only the last resort of some unhappy artist. The introduction of Christmas cards has greatly increased the demand for child-models. Then the "high art" picture books for children, imitated or reproduced from

London publications, have set the fashion of mediæval or "Queen Anne" types in the illustration of native juvenile books and magazines. The good old picture-book of the past, with its broad classic illustrations by Gilbert and Cruikshank which laid no particular stress on individuality of face or dress, and was satisfied with simply pleasing, would hardly be tolerated to-day by these ambitious workers in the realm of æsthetic quaintness who

such matters to a degree that would astonish a Paris artist. Happy the artist whose women-friends or relatives are able to help him avoid the *baroque* developments of female attire which characterize so many of our native canvases, especially in genre subjects. I do not refer to the fashion of costuming known familiarly and satirically as "high art," for that, however abnormal, is the result of forethought and consistent



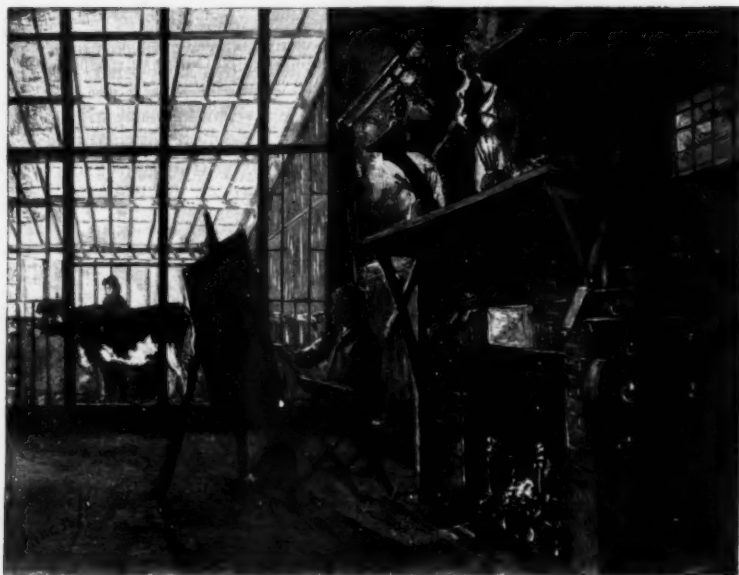
A MARINE MODEL.

make careful individual studies of child-faces and costumes from the living model. The magazines, also, aim at absolute fidelity and care in their illustrations of the letterpress in their pages. This realistic tendency in book-illustration is constantly increasing, and as a natural consequence the demand for individual types of models keeps pace with it.

Yet the fact remains that models are still an artistic luxury in New York. Few young artists can afford to employ models for any length of time for pictures that are painted on speculation and must take their chances in the crowded art-market of New York. Many a young painter is forced to content himself with the suggestions given him by a few sittings, and relies on his imagination and his inventive faculty to help him out. Then comes in the question of costume. A model may be everything, personally, that is desirable, and yet not possess the costume required by the artist. A female model with a tasteful wardrobe can find numerous engagements and command her own prices. Few artists in New York possess any costumes at all, and still fewer own modern female dresses, or have other than the usual masculine crudity of idea as to how they should be worn. Consequently they are entirely at the mercy of their models, and helpless in

reasoning,—a logical development of our century,—but simply to those fortuitous combinations of shape and color which spring from instinctive vulgarity of taste or ingenuous ignorance.

Sometimes an obliging female relative will lend an artist a handsome gown for his Exhibition picture, with many cautions as to paint from palette and brush. Sometimes, he repairs to the theatrical costumer and hires a vile concoction of gaudy colors and cheap material at a ruinous rate. Sometimes his model makes a gown to fit herself of some common, inexpensive fabric, say, for instance, blue silesia. By that mysterious and convenient agency known as *chic* it will appear on the walls of the Exhibition as the richest of blue satin. The artist buys half a yard of blue satin and studies the effects of the folds, then applies the same combinations of light and shade to the silesia gown on his model. The properties and methods of the studio are not unlike those of the stage: magnificent results are produced from humble materials. To use *chic*, in artistic parlance is to produce effects by means of the imagination and by means of analogy—as, for instance, to create from one model's face a dozen of different ages, or by a few skillful strokes to transform the cloth garment on the model into a fur one on the



STUDIO OF AN ANIMAL-PAINTER.

paper or canvas, or to make a straw hat over into a beaver. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely of this very handy development of artistic creativeness.

The artists of New York are unanimous in the opinion that an agency for the hire of costumes exclusively for studio use is one of the absolute necessities of the artistic growth of the metropolis. I have heard of a model who contemplates establishing such an agency, but she is hampered by want of capital. The initiative must come from the artists themselves. Certainly New York art, and consequently American art, would be greatly the gainer by this apparently trifling circumstance.

Many artists prefer picking up their models in a chance way, believing that the types so secured will be more original and realistic than those whose poses have been reduced to method by Academic practice. One artist whose name is associated with the reproduction on canvas of the small street Arab of New York, gathers up his models from their native element of mud, thereby preserving all their delightful *gamin* characteristics. When he first undertook his researches, it was with difficulty that he was able to make the audacious bootblack and the dauntless newsboy enter his studio. Fear and horror seized them upon the very stair, and they struggled for escape. But a few of the boldest of the tribe having undergone the operation of having their "picters took," the report of the

wonders and beauties, not to say the commercial advantages of the studio, spread abroad, and the market became overstocked with small boy models. It is said that upon one occasion, the artist, being unable to overcome their embarrassment in posing, bethought himself of the expedient of inciting them to a fight, in order to throw some spirit into their attitudes. An artist of my acquaintance was searching for a model in the streets of New York. Crossing Union Square, he saw the very type of face he required. The owner of the face was seated on one of the benches in an attitude of cheerful expectancy. The artist accosted the old man and asked if he would pose. He readily consented, went to the studio at the appointed time, was employed, gave satisfaction, and became a sort of retainer at the studio. His massive white head and large white beard met with favor in æsthetic circles. By degrees, items of his personal history came to light. He had been a gold-digger in California in the early days of the mining excitement. He claimed to have experienced fifteen shipwrecks in the capacity of a sea-captain. Left an orphan at an early age, he had been educated by a physician, and had acquired some knowledge of medicine. Fate threw him among the Indians of the far West, presumably on his way from the gold-diggings, and he became a medicine-man. He was learned in natural philosophy, and possessed a mineralogical cabinet

and also a singular collection of roots, each twisted by nature into the shape of one of the letters of the alphabet. He painted shells skillfully, and had an ambition to go round the world in a canoe. This remarkable person also wrote poetry and was a Yankee. It needed only a master-brush to make this same representative Yankee as classic as a Millet peasant. By far the best models, from the point of view of originality, are those captured by chance. A model—a tramp—picked up in the street not long ago, fainted after a few moments of posing. He had seemed overjoyed at the prospect of earning fifty cents. He revived, insisted upon completing his task, received something over the fee promised from a suspicion on the part of the artist that his feebleness was the result of hunger, and went his way. Such episodes as this often occur among the experiences of a searcher after models. When an athletic model is required, the painter sometimes applies to circus-performers, heavy-weight men, boxers, and pugilists. They frequently appear on canvas as gladiators, Greek wrestlers, and Roman senators.

The New York streets offer a variety of picturesque types, which for artistic value are not surpassed by those found in any European city. The deficiency in color and conventional picturesqueness is atoned for by the strong realism and robust distinctiveness of character to be found in the surging humanity of this many-sided American city. The artistic exponent of American life lies in the reproduction of the very types that pass under the studio windows, in their daily round of work or pleasure. The great masters of foreign art, whether ancient or modern, have always found their models close to their own door-stones and hearth-fires. The same must be true of American painters before we can claim for ourselves a nationality in art, remembering the while that the familiar is not necessarily the vulgar.

New York artists, in advertising for models, frequently find themselves the heroes of romantic or humorous adventures. Upon one occasion, an advertisement for a nude model inserted in a morning paper by two young artists, was answered by a palsied old woman, who, twenty-five years before, had once posed for some forgotten artist. Sometimes a young artist with a taste for intrigue amuses himself by answering the advertisement of his brother-painter. This results in much mystification and the enjoyment of a practical joke. Male

models have been procured upon occasion from the Young Men's Christian Association. The birds and animals in Central Park unconsciously do duty as models and are reproduced in illustrated books and magazines. Bird and animal fanciers frequently allow artists to make studies from their stock-in-trade.

Animal painters frequently have studios out of town, in which they can study from cows, sheep, and horses with a freedom and ease hardly afforded by a sixth-story New York atelier. Live stock of a minor kind for model purposes can, however, be comfortably quartered in some of the studios. A family of serious-minded kittens recently sojourned for months under the heraldic eaves of the old University Building and posed conscientiously for its board. Country dogs have been known to visit artistic New York and to pay their way by their services as models. Young alligators, turtles, macaws, parrots,—all these have I seen under conditions highly creditable to their appreciation of artistic and domestic exigencies.

The useful and protean lay-figure should not be forgotten,—that model who amid all the changes of artist-life remains ever true to its master. In one studio it lies upon a couch, clothed in spotless draperies of unbleached cotton, as an early Christian bearing the palm of martyrdom. In another, it appears as a young woman of fashion attired in a Parisian costume, seated at an imaginary piano with cotton gloves over its sawdust fingers, striking inaudible chords, and gazing into space with an inspired air. In another, it is seen as a bold *bravo* of mixed nationality, wrapped in a heavy cloak with a Turkish fez over one eye, and the rosy baldness of its head concealed by a flowing wig.

It does not come within the scope of this article to enter upon the question of study from the nude model which has given rise to so much argument during the last few years. In the life-classes of the New York art-schools the discipline is most rigid. The monitor of the class is the only person who holds communication with the model, and in the case of a female model a mask is sometimes worn over the face. New York possesses an abundance of crude material in the way of models, and it is fair to suppose that a few years more will see the establishment of a complete and perfected system of accomplished and trained models, of those realistic types most valued by American artists.

Charlotte Adams.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MR. CURTIS is known to the American public as author, journalist, and statesman,—for, although he has never held a political office, he has made a profound study of statesmanship, and possesses a knowledge of public affairs second to that of no other man in the country; but his greatest and best work has been achieved in the field of journalism. Starting out on his youthful career as the author of several charming books of travel, and afterward drifting into literary engagements with the New York "Tribune," "Harper's Weekly," and other journals, he was at an early age, and in common with thousands of earnest young men in the North, driven by conviction to take part in the great moral revolution which culminated in the war for the Union and the abolition of slavery in the United States; and throwing himself with fervor into this new field of activity, he abandoned a profession, in which he might have attained high honors, for the one in which he has achieved his great reputation as a leader and teacher of men. It will be interesting to trace the steps by which he came into his chosen career of work.

Mr. Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1824, but he was partly of Massachusetts descent, his father having been born in Worcester, in that State, of which an ancestor was the first settler. His mother was the daughter of James Burrill, Jr., at one time Chief Justice of Rhode Island, and afterward United States Senator. In 1830 he went to boarding-school at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, where he remained for four years. Pleasant reminiscences of his school-days there are found in the early chapters of his novel, "Trumps," narrated with a freshness and enthusiasm which remind the reader of "Tom Brown at Rugby." Meanwhile he lost his mother; and in 1839, his father, who had married again, removed with his family to New York, and, desirous that his son should pursue a mercantile career, placed him, after a year's study with a private tutor, as a clerk in a German importing house in Exchange Place.

But mercantile life was not agreeable to the youth. His tastes were decidedly literary, and in the course of his reading he became deeply interested in the transcendental movement, in which so many of the best and purest minds of New England were at that time engaged. Accordingly, after about a year of

uncongenial drudgery in the importing house, he went to Brook Farm, in company with his elder brother, who shared in his tastes and aspirations. It is unnecessary to repeat the story of failure and disappointment which led to the breaking down of that amiable experiment; but the incident of his taking part in the endeavor to create an ideal society, is interesting as showing the early tendency of Mr. Curtis's mind. He is still called an idealist by those who use the word as a term of reproach, as though it were folly in the youth to believe that society may, in time and by persistent effort, be organized on a higher and purer basis than at present, and still greater folly in the man to retain such optimistic views. The millennium may be far away; but its coming will not be hastened by deriding the principles whose application in social and political life may make it possible, at some distant period; and men who endeavor to bring society into harmony with those principles are prophets and apostles of the Utopia that is to come.

Mr. Curtis and his brother remained at Brook Farm until 1844, and they then passed two years in Concord, Massachusetts, studying and farming. Here Mr. Curtis became very intimate with Emerson, Hawthorne, and Henry Thoreau, forming warm friendships with them which were broken only by death. In his "Homes of American Authors" he has printed some interesting notes of his intercourse with the philosopher, the romancer, and the hermit.

In 1846, Mr. Curtis determined upon making an extended tour in the old world, which, at that time, was a more eventful and important undertaking than it is now, when the "Atlantic ferry" will take you across in a little more than a week. In August of that year he sailed from New York for Marseilles in a passenger packet. The voyage occupied nearly fifty days. From Marseilles he went by steamer to Leghorn, and from that city to Pisa, where he lingered awhile to admire the wonders of the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo. From Pisa he passed on through the luscious vintage to Florence. The winter was spent in Rome. In the spring of 1847 Mr. Curtis visited Naples and other portions of southern Italy, then made his way slowly northward, back to Florence, where he remained some time, finishing the summer by a long and delightful

sojourn in Venice, in the congenial society of Kensett, Hicks, and other American artists.

In the autumn Mr. Curtis traveled through Lombardy to Como, and over the Stelvio through the Tyrol and Salzkammergut to Vienna, reaching Berlin in the middle of November. The spring of 1848 found him in Dresden, Prague, and again in Vienna, whence he sailed down the Danube to Pesth, returning to Switzerland for the summer.

Mr. Curtis traveled through Switzerland with all the delight of leisure, and not with the modern American frenzy, which counts as lost time every hour consumed in passing from place to place. In the same manner he studied the cities, the people, and the art of Holland,—who, indeed, could hurry through Holland?—and, in the autumn, sailed from Malta to Alexandria.

Mr. Curtis was fortunate in visiting the land of the Pharaohs when the spirit of modern progress had scarcely begun its devastating work within the shadow of the Pyramids. The destruction of the picturesque is surely not an evil necessarily attendant upon social, political, and industrial progress; but progress is very apt, when suddenly aroused, to play sad havoc with things which might better be preserved than destroyed. Were there not quarries of stone in Egypt that temples old as human traditions must be despoiled to build new cities? Doubtless the railroad and the steam-boat are great conveniences for people who are in a hurry, but they have unmade the Egypt of history and the imagination. They had not done so when our Howadji looked upon the Pyramids and sailed slowly up the Nile to the second cataract. The sacred river still flowed

"through old hushed Egypt and its sands
Like some grave, mighty thought, threading a dream,"

and the effect of that hushed and dreamy life upon his imagination found delightful expression in his "Nile Notes," which are full of the flavor and perfume of the East. Ten years afterward they could not have been written. Stephens visited the Nile still earlier; but he was a man of merely dry observation. He had no enthusiasm, no imagination, and the record of his journeyings is as dull as a ledger in comparison with the Howadji's dreamy musings and charming descriptions.

A journey across the desert by way of Gaza to Jerusalem, of which he wrote an account in "The Howadji in Syria," ended Mr. Curtis's Eastern travels. He spent the early summer of 1850 in England, and returned home in August. His pen had not been idle during his wanderings. Besides his journals, he had written letters for the

"Courier and Inquirer," of which Mr. Henry J. Raymond was then managing editor, and for the New York "Tribune," where his friend, Mr. Charles A. Dana, held the same position. On his return, he entered upon an active literary life. He became musical critic and editorial writer on the "Tribune," and wrote out his "Nile Notes," which were published in 1851 by the Harpers. In the autumn of that year he wrote a series of picturesque traveling letters to the "Tribune," from the Catskills, Saratoga, Trenton, Niagara, Newport, and Nahant, which were published in 1852 as "Lotus-Eating," beautifully illustrated by his friend Kensett. In the same year, "The Howadji in Syria" was published, and Mr. Curtis wrote some sketches of social life for "Harper's Monthly."

The establishment of "Putnam's Monthly," in 1853, opened a new field to Mr. Curtis, who, in conjunction with Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Charles F. Briggs, assumed the editorial management of that periodical, which was destined to a brilliant though brief career. Within the first year of its existence he wrote the papers on Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Bancroft, in the series on "The Homes of American Authors." To this magazine Mr. Curtis contributed "The Potiphar Papers," a brilliant satire on certain phases of New York society, and "Prue and I," a series of delightful sketches, rather than a story, which was published in 1857. When the magazine passed into the hands of Messrs. Dix and Edwards, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted became connected with the firm, and were involved in its failure. Considering himself morally, if not legally, responsible for a portion of the indebtedness, Mr. Curtis refused to avail himself of the technicalities of the law, and set himself to the work of paying the creditors. He devoted himself diligently to literary work. The amount of labor he performed was literally enormous. Besides filling the "Easy Chair" of "Harper's Magazine," in which he had just taken his seat, and writing "The Lounger" in "Harper's Weekly," he delivered a long series of lectures, sometimes speaking a hundred nights in a season, and traveling, almost without rest, from place to place at the insatiable call of managers and committees. No man was ever more popular as a lecturer. The charm of his manner was irresistible; he had not only something to say which the people wanted to hear, but knew how to say it with the grace and ease which belong to the true orator. One of the most popular of his lectures was that upon the perfect soldier of chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney. Scarcely less popular were his Lowell lectures upon the

modern English novelists, which were repeated in New York, Brooklyn, and other places. The physical and mental strain involved in this labor was so excessive that many people wondered that he was willing to undergo it. A few only of his immediate friends knew that the proceeds of all his lectures during a period of almost ten years, and a part of his salary as editor, were devoted to the liquidation of the debt from which the law, but not his high sense of moral responsibility, would have absolved him.

During these years the slavery question had gradually absorbed public attention, and had become the paramount theme in the press, the pulpit, and the lyceum. In his Newport loungings Mr. Curtis had noted the effect produced upon Northern society by the slave power, and his attention had been called to the necessity of combating the evil influence by every popular means. Accordingly in all his lectures, like many of the lyceum speakers at that time, he discussed the subject with great freedom and force. The lecture lyceum, indeed, did much to arouse and enlighten public opinion on this vital question, and to prepare the way for the great revival of anti-slavery feeling in the North which followed the personal assault upon Charles Sumner in 1856. It is necessary to recall these times in order to form a just estimate of Mr. Curtis, and his career in public affairs. He was one of a large number of young men who felt, when that assault took place, that there were more imperative duties than the delights of dalliance in the primrose paths of literature. In the year just mentioned he delivered a college address at Middletown upon the "Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times," in which the situation and the impending crisis were discussed from an anti-slavery point of view. He went upon the stump for Fremont, in that year, speaking in New York, New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and entered actively into politics on Staten Island, where he lived, and where for many years he was Chairman of the Republican County Committee.

Mr. Curtis was a delegate to the second National Convention of the Republican party, which assembled at Chicago on the 16th of May, 1860. It will be remembered that the construction of a "platform" was a labor of considerable difficulty. There were still many Republicans who wished to conciliate the border states, and when Mr. Joshua R. Giddings moved in convention to add to the first resolution the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" clause from the Declaration of Independence, the opposition was loud and determined. The motion was lost

by a large vote, and Mr. Giddings, who had urged its adoption in the most eloquent and impressive manner, proposed to withdraw from the convention; but Mr. Curtis took an early opportunity to renew the motion in a slightly modified form. There were again loud cries of opposition. Mr. Curtis asked whether the party was prepared at its second National Convention to vote against the great charter of American liberty, and cautioned the delegates to beware how, there in the broad prairies of the West, they receded from the position which the party had occupied at Pittsburg, and refused to repeat the words of the Fathers of the Revolution. His eloquent periods acted like magic on the convention. The amendment was adopted unanimously amid wild excitement, the great multitude rising and giving round after round of applause. "Ten thousand voices," says a contemporary report, "swelled into a deafening roar, and for several minutes every attempt to restore order was hopelessly vain. The crowd of people outside took up and echoed the cheers, making a scene of excitement and enthusiasm unparalleled in any similar gathering." It was a great popular triumph, and was of vital service to the party, not only in retaining the influence of Mr. Giddings and his followers, but in swelling the enthusiasm which greeted the platform and the candidates.

It was a noteworthy event in the history of American journalism when, in December of 1863, Mr. Curtis became the political editor of "Harper's Weekly." He had been conducting a department called "The Lounger," begun in the autumn of 1857, which consisted at first of essays in the lighter vein on social and literary topics, very much in the manner of the "Easy Chair." After the beginning of the war Mr. Curtis frequently introduced subjects of a national and political character in this department; but his field was comparatively restricted. From the moment, however, that he took his seat in the editorial chair, his discussions assumed a wider scope, embracing all the great issues before the country. Thoroughly equipped for his new position by mental training and political experience, and in full sympathy with his audience, he made "Harper's Weekly" a power in the Republican party. He was hampered by no office restrictions. The publishers knew the secret of a real responsibility, and, giving him their confidence, gave it unreservedly. There was, of course, entire harmony of principle and purpose between Mr. Curtis and his publishers; and while there were also, of course, occasional differences of judgment as to men and measures, there was never any

interference with the course pursued by Mr. Curtis, nor any attempt to dictate the tone of the paper. This unrestricted independence gave Mr. Curtis a commanding influence in Republican councils and over his readers. He won, and has kept the enthusiastic personal support and admiration of his audience, as no other editor has succeeded in doing, with the single exception of Horace Greeley. The relations between Mr. Curtis and his readers are, in fact, almost personal in their nature, and he has never seriously entertained proposals, however brilliant and tempting, that would interrupt those relations. Thus, although he could serve as a Regent of the University, and as non-resident Professor at Cornell University for four years, he declined, in 1869, upon the death of Mr. Henry J. Raymond, who had previously asked him to become assistant editor, an invitation to the chief editorship of the New York "Times."

No other man has done more than Mr. Curtis to create and maintain a healthy popular sentiment on the subject of Civil Service Reform. In "Harper's Weekly," and in his public addresses, he has expounded and advocated this important measure with a persistency which has drawn upon him the wrath and ridicule of those who are pleased to style themselves "practical" politicians. "Sentimentalist" and "visionary" are among the mildest names applied to him by his political opponents; and he has been accused frequently of treachery to party allegiance because of the outspoken manner in which he has exposed and denounced obnoxious measures within the party. But Mr. Curtis acknowledges no party allegiance, in the sense that "machine" politicians understand the term; his only allegiance is to right, to high principle, to honor. He has the loftiest conceptions of the duty of the citizen. He holds that it should be the aim of every man, not only to keep himself pure, but to assist in the purification and elevation of politics; that it is the duty of every respectable citizen to take part in civil affairs, and to keep them out of the control of the baser elements of society. Between "sentimental" politics like this, and "practical" politics, which implies pandering to those baser elements, there can be no room for choice. As Charles Sumner once said, in his imperious way, to one who asked him to consider the other side of the slavery question: "Sir, in a matter of this sort there is no 'other' side!"

That the views which Mr. Curtis holds will win in the end admits of no doubt. Many a failure may yet be in store for their advocates, but, unless free institutions are destined to go

under, Civil Service Reform must ultimately triumph. Mr. Curtis was not discouraged by its failure under President Grant's administration. He accepted the Chairmanship of the Civil Service Commission, in 1871, with sanguine hopes of success. The President was sincere and earnest in his desire to thus signalize his administration; but, in 1873, becoming convinced that, yielding to the pressure of "practical" politicians, General Grant had changed his views, Mr. Curtis resigned, and the next year the President formally abandoned the project. It had been well for the President, and for the Republican party, had he listened to wiser counsels. Even those who have always sneered at "Sunday-school" politics begin now to discern the signs of the times; and the President's recent recommendations in his annual message, and the various bills hurriedly introduced in Congress, favoring reform in the Civil Service, show that the views which Mr. Curtis advocates have taken a stronger hold on the public than was dreamed of by his opponents.

Mr. Curtis has never accepted a political office, although often pressed to do so. By Mr. Seward he was offered the Consul-Generalship to Egypt; President Hayes urged him to accept the post of Minister to England, and afterward that of Minister to Germany; but he could not be tempted away from his editorial position. Once he accepted the nomination for Representative to Congress, knowing that his district was hopelessly Democratic, and that there was no prospect of his election. In 1867 he served in the State Constitutional Convention, in which he was chairman of the Committee on Education. He frequently took part in the debates, and made an elaborate speech in favor of the extension of the franchise to women,—a measure of which Mr. Curtis has been for years a consistent advocate.

Mr. Curtis was married in 1857 to a daughter of Mr. Robert G. Shaw, the eminent philanthropist, recently deceased. For many years he has resided in West New Brighton, Staten Island, except during the summer months, when he seeks rest and relaxation in a pleasant, old-fashioned country home in the village of Ashfield, Massachusetts.

His devotion to journalism and political affairs has prevented Mr. Curtis from pursuing authorship as a profession, if we are to regard authorship as the writing of books; but although he has put forth no volume since the publication of "Trumps," the readers of the "Easy Chair" in "Harper's Magazine," and of "Manners Upon the Road" in "Harper's Bazar," will recognize in him the most charming essayist of the day. The delicate,

graceful humor of these papers, the purity of style, the wide range of culture and observation which they indicate, but which is never obtrusive, give them a distinctive character of their own. The "Easy Chair" is the first part of the magazine to which the reader turns. The author of "Trumps," "The Potiphar Papers," and "Prue and I," could hardly have failed as a novelist, had he chosen to pursue that path of literature; but we will not regret his choice, for while we have many novelists, where shall we look for another name like his in the field of American journalism?

S. S. Conant.

THE LADY OF THE EAST.

(ON A DRAWING BY JOHN LAFARGE.)

WHO art thou, Lady of the East,
Whose day of eyes and night of hair
The daughter of a king, at least,
Proclaims, so brightly, darkly fair?
Thy life is a perpetual feast,
With but a single shadow there.

What is it, Lady? Some sweet thing
Which once was thine, but now is fled?
Thy lute hath lost its golden string?
Thy rose its freshest odor shed?
The bird thou lov'st has taken wing,
And to another sings instead?

What is it, Princess, that hath cast
This sudden sadness on thy brow?
The shadow of what loving Past?
The memory of what broken vow?
Girlhood hath gone from thee at last,
And thou art perfect woman now.

I see thee as thou standest there
With those mysterious eyes of thine,
And all that midnight length of hair,
Like Dis's pall on Proserpine:
I only know that thou art fair;
I only wish that thou wert mine!

What Earth's first women were, thou art,
Glorious and gracious to behold,
With greater steadfastness of heart,
Though cast in less heroic mold;
And yet with tears that sooner start,
And smiles that were not known of old.

Thou hast no need to wear a crown,
So royal in thyself art thou:
And whether Fortune smiles, or frowns,
Thou hast the same unruffled brow;
Content if only men bow down
And worship thee—as I do now.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

MY GARDEN.

Oh my garden full of roses,
Red as passion and as sweet,
Failing not when summer closes,
Lasting on through cold and heat:

Oh my garden full of lilies,
White as peace, and very tall,
In your midst my heart so still is
It could hear the least leaf fall:

Oh my garden full of singing,
From the birds that house therein —
Sweet notes down the sweet day ringing
Till the nightingales begin:

Oh my garden where such shade is,
Oh my garden, bright with sun,—
Oh my loveliest of ladies,
Of all gardens, sweetest one!

Philip Bourke Marston.

THE LED-HORSE CLAIM.*

A ROMANCE OF THE SILVER MINES.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "Friend Barton's Concern," "A Story of the Dry Season," etc.

XI.

THE HONORS OF THE CAMP.

A TELEGRAM to the home-office, conveying the news of the fight and its result, was immediately followed by Hilgard's formal resignation.

This step was not taken from any consciousness of mistaken or excessive zeal, but from the personal aspect of the situation. Hilgard was like one stretched on a bed of pain who fancies that if he could get up and move around, the pain would be more endurable. He longed for anything rather than continuance of the present. His letter of resignation was accompanied by a brief statement of the circumstances that had led to the fight, and which had made it, so far as the Led-Horse was concerned, inevitable. The answer to his telegram prepared him for the prompt acceptance of his resignation. It was carefully worded and evidently intended as an official comment on his action. It was as follows:

"Officers of company deplore unhappy tragedy of twenty-second. They repudiate measures requiring sacrifice of life for property. Less violent policy would better represent company."

The administration in the East, while conceding discretionary power to the executive in the West, was keenly sensitive to any responsibility which might attach to itself through the exercise of that power.

"They don't repudiate the mine," Hilgard said to himself, bitterly. "Their scruples won't prevent their pocketing the dividends after

they have washed their hands of the men who saved their property."

For himself he did not care; it seemed but a grimace of that fate which had first dealt him its cruellest blow; but it hurt him to think of West. The only elaborate part of his letter had referred to West's share in the discovery and the quenching of the plot. He had taken a chief's pride in the loyalty and courage of his adjutant, and he commended him earnestly to his successor. Perhaps some recognition of his service, the kind of service that has no price, would come later. In the meantime he suppressed the telegram. He was ashamed to read it to the man who had said, "I reckon I could hold the drift alone!"

"They think it's a kind of Border-ruffianism," Hilgard said to himself; "they don't consider it legitimate mining."

It could not add to his hopelessness, but it embittered it somewhat, to find himself credited with the principles and classed with the very men he had sacrificed his life's happiness to defeat.

That element of the camp of which the Shoshone policy was the exponent accepted Conrath as its martyr. Gashwiler would have been a far less interesting figure in death. He and Conrath were both jumpers; but Gashwiler was known to be a professional jumper, while Conrath could claim the distinction of an amateur. Gashwiler was not young and handsome, not supposed to come of a good eastern family. Gashwiler's family was a subject of general indifference. He was not particularly free with his money.

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There were no ladies of fashion in the camp who would be likely to exchange reminiscences of his attentions to themselves, or compare their respective degrees of intimacy with the hero of the hour. Even the sober, thoughtful citizens, who would have dismissed Gashwiler's removal with the unperplexed sentiment that he had got his deserts, found a certain pathos in the fate of his young chief, cut off by an act of wild justice, at the beginning of his career.

Few stopped to think what that career was likely to have been. The more picturesque portion of the population of the camp was ready to say, "Poor fellow," in the general consciousness that the compassionate epithet might eventually apply nearer home. Of such frail clay were they themselves fashioned.

A delay, inexplicable to Conrath's friends, in the reply to their telegram to his father, roused a good deal of feeling among them. It was hastily assumed that Conrath's family had "gone back" on him. The facts of the case were, that when the telegram reached New York, his father was on shipboard between that city and Havana, where his wife had been ordered by her physician to spend the winter. The silence was certainly far from paternal. The camp was sensitive on the point of its relations with the east, especially in the event of death. Whatever their indifference or faithlessness to their eastern ties during life, the men of Conrath's rank on the frontier confidently expected those ties to contract in the extreme moment, and restore them to their early associations.

Without waiting for the silence of Conrath's father to be explained, the Shoshone partisans rose in wrathful championship of their insulted comrade, and said:

"If *they* can't bury him decently, damn him, we'll bury him ourselves!" The case of the living sister could wait on that of the dead brother.

It was on this honorable errand Gashwiler had come, when he encountered Hilgard in the first strong agony of his bereavement.

Gashwiler did not see Miss Conrath, but he had a long and exciting argument with Molly, who protested that her mistress should not be disturbed on this or any other business. She had met Cecil in the passage, after her parting from Hilgard, and, with a sure instinct, the girl had known that the hour of her young mistress's extremity was come. She indignantly repudiated, in her mistress's name, the offered honors to the dead.

"Wouldn't ye leave her even the body? Sure, *she'll* never sit behind that hearse—trailin' through the streets along with the lot of you, an' your music, an' your mil't'ry! She's not proud of his dyin', that she'd want

the whole camp to be throopin' after 'im. The least ye can do is to leave him to her now!"

But Molly could not prevail alone against the resolute sympathy of Conrath's constituency. All she could do was to soften the proposition by a little merciful deception, and present it as a decent, kindly offer to give the chief of the Shoshone appropriate burial at the hands of his fellow-Masons and comrades of the militia regiment to which he had belonged. Cecil gave her helpless consent, with the condition that all the expenses should be referred to her father. She was too far prostrated in body, as well as in spirit, to know more of the last scene in the tragedy of her life, than such dreary echoes as penetrated the darkened seclusion of her chamber.

Conrath's body was borne out of the house and conveyed to the camp, where it lay in state in the unfinished hall of the new Masonic temple, to be gazed upon by the multitude. It was subsequently enshrined in a plumed hearse, drawn by eight horses, fed on hay at one hundred dollars a ton. It was preceded by the regiment of militia, keeping step through the miry snow of the street, with guns reversed, to the measures of the Dead March. The band which furnished the music was attached to one of the principal variety theaters, and, in the intervals of its regular performance, was often required to assist at funerals, where the camp publicly honored some favorite actor in its social dramas, on his exit from the stage. The Masonic society marched behind the hearse in full regalia, followed by the fire companies and the populace. The latter had turned out promiscuously, on foot, or mounted on "livery horses" of uncertain gait and temper, and might be relied on to appear at any point in the procession, according to its caprice, joining the ranks of the Masons, the militia, or the firemen, and keeping up a current flow of conversation on topics more or less relevant to the occasion. The cortège moved on slowly along the principal streets of the town, and out through its straggling suburbs to the cemetery.

The ladies who joined in this public tribute were easily accommodated in three or four carriages. In the first of these sat Mrs. Denny. A prevalent theory of Conrath's death was that there had been bad blood between the two young superintendents from other than business causes, and Mrs. Denny enjoyed a temporary supremacy among the ladies of Conrath's preference as the heroine of this rumor. Hilgard's fate relented toward him in this one instance, and spared him the knowledge of this romantic fiction of the camp, which joined his name with Mrs. Denny's.

The cemetery was a grim, untended spot, an acre of the primitive fir-forest, sloping westward toward the valley, and exposed to the winds that blew across from the snow-covered peaks. The fire and the ax had passed over the forest, and the nakedness of the land was left as the inheritance of that peaceful community which had pitched its low tents on the bleak slope. A few stumps and stark, blackened pine-trunks, a few young, slight trees, the sole mourners of the forest, supplemented the scant memorials raised to the human dead. Unpainted boards marked alike the graves of those who awaited at the hands of distant friends removal to a more permanent resting-place, the graves of the poor and the unknown, and the graves of those, whose place of rest was of less importance to the general public than its finality. The camp grave-yard, like the camp itself, was peripatetic. The city was at that time reserving the money it might have spent on its adornment, in contemplation of its removal to another spot.

The heavy, soft snow had sunk and melted under the high glare of the sun, and lay in patches, like linen spread to bleach; offering a grotesque, irreverent suggestion that the dwellers in those sunken mounds might have risen in the night and washed their earth-stained cerements in readiness for the pending order to "move camp." The funeral procession, invading this desolate inclosure, took nothing from its haggard loneliness. It was impossible to associate the place with human love and reverence, or even with humanity's last, enduring rest.

Conrath's body was lowered into the alien soil. His final allotment of it was small, and was grudging by none. Here no locator encroached upon his neighbor's claim, and the original boundary lines were kept inviolate. A brief stillness fell upon the multitude, diverse and disunited as the stones of a river bed, except in the wave of sentiment which had brought them there; and then the words were spoken, of a common humility and a common hope.

The militia company, drawn up by the side of the grave, fired a volley over it. The second volley scattered badly, and the crowd, recovering from its momentary reflectiveness, echoed the failure with jeers of derision. The mounted mourners had become exalted, during the ceremonies, to a pitch of solemn enthusiasm which could only vent itself in the racing of their horses back to the camp; and the militia company reported at its captain's head-quarters before nightfall, and drank to Conrath's repose, in a keg of whisky opened for the purpose.

Hilgard had considered the spectacle of his victim's last honors, from the sidewalk of the principal street. The moving crowd, keeping pace with the procession, shoved against him, and occasionally pointed at him as an object of interest only second to that concealed from public view in the flag-draped coffin.

That night was Hilgard's last in the camp. At two o'clock of the chill, wan morning, in company with Godfrey, he was on his way to the new railroad station, which had lately superseded the stage office. The empty streets were covered with a light, pure renewal of the previous snows.

"What a ghastly hour for a train to leave," the doctor said, as they walked shiveringly the length of the platform, printing their progress on the untrodden snow. "We're recording ourselves at a great rate on these sands of time. Time here is eternity in the rest of the world. The shipwrecked brother will have to hurry up if he wants to profit by our foot-prints."

A truck passed them, with Hilgard's trunk piled among the others, eastward bound.

"You'll take all that's left of my youth with you, my boy."

"No, doctor; you are younger than I am now."

Godfrey stopped and looked earnestly at Hilgard.

"You're morbid, George. You're taking a bigger load on your shoulders than belongs to you. Try to look at it simply, and remember that poor Con didn't know how to live, anyway. He carried too much wick for his candle; he never could have stood a draught. Fate has been kinder to him than to you."

"Doctor, I can't talk about it!"

"Well, you'd better. It's better to handle a trouble pretty freely, and secularize it, so to speak, before it masters your common sense. I suspect you're hiding a deeper hurt—I won't touch it, boy; only just let me say: Don't think that everything ends here. If you spoke to her now, you spoke too soon."

"She hasn't heard from her father yet," Hilgard said after a pause. "Is there no one to take care of her but that bedlam crew?"

"She *has* heard—she heard to-day. Her father's coming for her, and the minister's wife has found her out. She's a friendly little soul, with a lot of children." And then he added, "Remember, George, you can count on nature in the long run. I don't mean to flatter you, but did you ever ask anything of a woman and want it very much, and not get it?"

Hilgard flushed angrily.

"Do you call that flattering me? It is not a question of women, and it's not open to discussion."

"I'm done, boy—I'm done—only, just

remember this: The worst thing that can happen to a man is to get some things, the best things, too easily."

"You've been my friend in a place where I haven't many," Hilgard said, relenting.

"You've had plenty of my kind. I tried to be your friend once, in a way that would have made you furious if you had known, but I didn't succeed."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't suppose you do. It's a pity I didn't succeed. However,— Well, take care of yourself, boy! My feet are confoundedly damp."

Hilgard looked after the stout, stooping figure, shuffling away through the chilly streets, and the dull ache in his breast included older failures, and more hopeless ones, than his own. The world seemed full of them.

As he turned he saw West, who had ridden Peggy down from the mine, and stood near the post where she was hitched, waiting for Hilgard's recognition.

Peggy's toilet had been carefully attended to. The smoke from her silky sides rose in the cold air. It might have been the sickly gleam of the station lamps that gave West a pale, dragged look.

Hilgard slipped his hand under Peggy's mane and patted her warm neck.

"You'll see that they take good care of her, West."

"I will, sir. Peggy and me'll leave the camp together."

"I don't mean anything of that sort. We haven't, either of us, any money to invest in sentiment."

"I know it, sir," said West, turning red. "But a man can fool himself with his own money, if he wants to. Peggy's all the Led-Horse I want! I'll take her for my two months' pay, if they'll call it square!"

"You mustn't do it, West! She isn't worth half of it. I've used her hard, poor old girl! She was too light for my weight." He slid his hand down her fore leg, which she lifted obediently. "Her feet are all banged up. She needs a six weeks' run in the valley."

Peggy was smelling around Hilgard's pockets.

"Prospecting for sugar, Peggy? The sugar's in my other clothes. West, I wish you were going along."

"I wish so, too, sir."

"If I should find another job pretty soon, with decent pay, would you come with me? I don't want to interfere with your chances here."

"I aint takin' any chances here," said West, grimly. "They'll be havin' a new deal all round, when the next boss comes out. I'm going to quit before I'm kicked out."

"You're just as well out of it. It's an ugly camp. Gashwiler is not done with you."

"I expect not. Maybe I aint done with him."

"You'd better get out of it, West! You're too good a man to be fooling with that kind of thing."

"Yes," said West. "They've got a notion in this camp that *fight's* all there is of me; but you know better than that, sir!"

"I should think I did. Well, look out for yourself!"

They shook hands silently.

As the train moved out of the depot, West stood with his arm across his saddle, his head hanging down.

"There aint a man on top o' ground I'd put up more on than him; I wouldn't wonder if he'd know it some day," he muttered to himself, and, remounting Peggy, he rode away, through the snow-glimmer, under the dark, starlit sky.

Hilgard, looking from the car-window on the long grade descending toward the valley, saw the shrunken old moon crawl up above the notch of the Pass. A light glowed from the Led-Horse shaft-house, but the neighboring light across the gulch was out.

XII.

ON THE DOWN GRADE.

THE glittering snows of the Range melted into gray, soft showers as the eastward-bound train reached the valleys at its foot. The valleys opened and widened until, like rivers entering the sea, they were lost in the effacing levels of the plain.

At that season of dearth the brown plains of Colorado and Kansas were swept bare as threshing-floors, where the feet of wandering herds beat out the desert harvest, and the winds met at the winnowing, mocking the sterile crop and scattering it in wild eddies, mingled with the dust of the arid trails.

In a single night of travel the naked, titanic plains were changed for the rich savannahs of eastern Kansas, green with miles of sprouting wheat. For eyes tired with dust-laden winds and glare of lofty snow-fields, there was rest in this breadth of fertile country, dimly seen through the rain-mist which was gathering and trickling against the car-windows. To Hilgard's homesick gaze it looked like the "lap of earth."

The rains continued. The deep, narrow runs that go winding and looping through the woods of Missouri were filling their dry, summer channels from the low clouds. It was bright, windy weather crossing the rolling prairies of Iowa and the level prairies of Illinois. Chicago was gray and chill with

the lake fogs at evening; but morning in the valley of the Genessee was red,—red with autumn woods, and the broad, low light of the sun shining through haze.

The "limited express" hurled itself into the stillness of the landscape, giving it a dizzy, panoramic movement; the woods marched like processions with banners along the horizon; fields of standing corn, barns, fences, villages, reeled past; young girls in doorways, groups of school-children, or men at work in the fields, waved a greeting to the train, and were left behind; and, long after they had gone their way, the figures and gestures remained transfixed on the vision, like an instantaneous photograph.

On that last day of his homeward journey, Hilgard watched the yellow twilight reflected in the upper reaches of the Hudson. The trains dashed past the lights of riverside hamlets and ferries, past little fleets of sloops, creeping with the tide round a bend of the river, and lazy communities of canal-boats trailing behind the urgent propeller; past country-seats, looking out from wooded knolls and farm-houses sheltered in the hollows, it came clanging into the dingy depots of the river cities. The familiar life roused him, like the pang of returning consciousness, from the dream-like succession of days and nights, set to the monotonous, rhythmic jar of the car-wheels pounding on the rails.

He entered New York with the daily incoming throng of summer tourists, returning from the sea, from the Islands of the St. Lawrence, from the mountains and lakes,—from camping, yachting, hunting, and dancing. He registered his name at a hotel opposite one of those small, sunny parks where summer in the city lingers longest, and appeared duly before a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Led-Horse. The directors found the situation an unexpected one; it was curious, it was even picturesque, and it implied an unhopèd-for degree of prosperity in the future of the Led-Horse. Hilgard took his questioning very quietly. When the gentlemanly directors, finding, on reviewing the circumstances that, in point of sentiment, a small deficit remained on their part, proposed its settlement with a check, Hilgard replied:

"Gentlemen, you have paid me my salary as superintendent. I have simply been your superintendent, nothing more."

Hilgard had expected to lose no time on his return in looking up a new situation, and getting afield again; but he had not been prepared to find that the story of the fight in the drift had preceded him. The adventure met him everywhere among his acquaintances. It excited a certain enforce-

admiration, but it impressed the Eastern business mind as something excessive; as pitched not quite on the key of daily life.

Hilgard had known little of his native city, since at twenty he had gone to the western frontier under the auspices of a government topographical survey. There were links of old acquaintanceship and of family that still held, in spite of his absences and wanderings, but he hesitated, in his sick and sore self-consciousness, from meeting familiar faces and subjecting himself to friendly questioning.

He thought he would go down to that quiet midland village where his half-brothers were at school. He had seen very little of them since their infancy, but they were endeared to him, not only for the sake of his mother and theirs, but through grateful memories of their father, who had been his model of manhood. Captain Norton's heroic and untimely death at sea had been more of a conscious loss to his step-son than to his own baby-boys. The twice-widowed mother, whose beauty, if it had brought her more than the common share of love, had not saved her from more than an equivalent of sorrow, did not long survive this last blow.

The thought of these two lads, and of their claim on his future, was, perhaps, the only one at this time that Hilgard could dwell upon in security from pain; and yet day after day found him still in the city.

A deadly weariness, like nothing he had known, an apathy, as of premature age, had crept into the marrow of his bones, and taken from him his native instinct of resistance. He often found himself shivering in the soft, fall sunshine. His thoughts seemed to swoon in the vacuum of his mind. He wondered indifferently if he could be ill; he had never counted illness among the chances of his life, but he would have welcomed it, if he could have believed it would come quickly and end surely all future chances.

One evening, before the level sunset light had faded from the house-fronts, he was sitting on one of the benches in the little park, with his face turned away from the passers along the walks. He was meditating on that balance-sheet of sentiment between himself and the Led-Horse, and reviewing the events of the summer with a sickening doubt of his own action. People who paused to take a seat on the bench beside him, stared at him intently and passed on. Beautiful women and young girls, rustling by in rich fall costumes, looked back at him and whispered together. Little children, swinging from their nurse's hands, regarded him curiously; the gaunt shadows of the leafless trees that were short on the asphalt walks, wheeled and lengthened softly

over the turf. The sun dropped below the roofs; the shadows were diffused, and the after-glow mounted to the rows of upper-windows fronting the square. Gray twilight came down, and the myriad gas-jets started into life through all the purple vistas of streets, rising to meet the long, bright lanes of sky. A four year-old child, loitering behind a white-capped maid, paused beside Hilgard's bench and laid a hand on his knee.

"What is the matter? Why don't you go home?"

The childish treble pierced Hilgard's dull mood, but he had no answer for the question. The maid returned in angry haste and hurried the child away.

Hilgard got upon his feet, stung by this involuntary tribute to his condition. Had he then become an object of such public commiseration that even the babes pitied him, and counseled him out of their wisdom of the nursery.

Mounting to the floor of his room he noticed, with vague surprise, that the motion of the elevator made him giddy. He staggered as he stepped into the corridor and apologized mechanically to a lady whom he had jostled.

She appeared to be a newly arrived traveler, waiting for the call-boy with her hand-luggage to show her to her room. She had a sensitive face, of a type we instinctively refer to pictures of a by-gone generation of faces. She looked at Hilgard earnestly, as he lifted his hat and muttered his apology, and with a slight, nervous blush, appealed to him in her momentary annoyance.

"I think I have mistaken the floor my room is on. The boy was to meet me at the elevator with my things and show me to fifty-six."

"Fifty-six is on this floor, madam, — I am going that way."

The lady hesitated, as if she felt under some obligation to wait for the call-boy; and then followed Hilgard along the hall. He tried to keep the number in his mind; the succession of white doors, with gilded numerals on them, swam before his eyes; the hall seemed endless, and the floor to rise and sink under his feet like the deck of a ship. He stopped and steadied himself against the wall.

"Why, here it is! thank you very much!" the lady said, in a tone of relief. At that moment a door on the opposite side of the hall unclosed, and the shock of a sudden heart-breaking recognition roused Hilgard like a blow in the face. Cecil Conrath had opened the door of fifty-six, and stood the width of the corridor away from him looking into his face with the blank gaze of a stranger.

The little lady made an exclamatory rush forward and the door was shut. Hilgard stood a moment staring at the number outside it, and then went to his own room. He made an effort to light the gas, groped about helplessly and sank down in a chair, the blood heavily surging in his veins. It ebbed wave by wave, and his life seemed ebbing with it, in slower and slower pulsations.

The servant coming in a few minutes later with a pitcher of ice-water, found him, in the dim light that streamed into the room from the transom, lying back in his chair, white and senseless.

XIII.

NUMBER FIFTY-TWO.

THAT part of his journey to the mountain camp which had reference to his daughter, had not given Mr. Conrath much uneasiness beforehand. He thought of her as little more than a child, to be petted into forgetfulness of the shock she had suffered. He did not know how fully Cecil might be acquainted with the circumstances of her brother's death, and he avoided any allusion to the subject; at the same time he resented her unyouthful silence, and the absence of all appeal on her part to the paternal refuge.

Cecil was not aware of the reproachful power of her grief. The effort by which she had set every strained and quivering nerve to its silent endurance had left her no strength for self-analysis or for comprehension of another's phases of feeling. As for help in her trial, she would sooner have asked the prayers of the church for one whose burden was heavier than she could bear, than have appealed to that automatic relation which was all she had ever known of fatherhood.

When Mr. Conrath proposed to find a suitable escort for her on her homeward journey, and to remain himself a week longer in the camp, for the purpose of investigating an interest his son was said to have had in some presumably valuable, though undeveloped, mining properties, Cecil gave a listless assent. It was arranged that she should travel in company with a lady experienced in railway journeys, opportunely going east, as far as Chicago, and be met in New York by her mother's sister, Miss Esther Hartwell. At the hotel selected by Mr. Conrath they were to await his return and his subsequent plans for Cecil's future home.

Home! — the very word seemed to mock the fragmentary, wistful existence which had been her life since early childhood.

Mr. Conrath's enforced stay in the camp was prolonged from day to day, while Miss Esther silently repined at her life of idleness, with her fall sewing yet undone, in a city full of men and women, all overworking or overplaying—while Cecil listened to every footstep along the hall, and paled or flushed expectantly, growing daily more restless with the haunting thought of Hilgard near, yet never seen.

Ten days had passed, and Hilgard had been sinking deeper, day by day, in that rift of oblivion into which he had fallen. The tide of movement in the city set southward in the morning and northward at night, through the shrill, echoing channels of its streets. There were inquirers for him among Hilgard's acquaintances, but they answered each other that he had gone out of town, probably, on that visit to his brothers, which he had mentioned among his earliest intentions. He lay, drifting fast toward the crisis of his strength.

"Cecil, do you know we have a case of fever in our hall?"

Miss Esther had gathered the information from scraps of talk in the elevator during the day's ascendings and descendings, and confirmed it through the medium of one of the chamber-maids. "It is only two doors from us,—fifty-two. Nobody comes to see him, Ellen says, except the Doctor; and he has a hired nurse."

Miss Esther Hartwell was from the country, and classed hired nurses with baker's bread and shop-made underclothing, and other desolations which properly belonged with the homeless existence of people who lived in hotels and boarding-houses.

"It's been running more than a week, now," Miss Esther continued; "they say he has typhoid symptoms, if it isn't the real thing. It seems as if I couldn't sit here, day after day, with my hands folded!"

Miss Esther was not literally sitting with her hands folded; on the contrary, her active habits were asserting themselves on a circuit of the room, for the purpose of softly dispersing, with a hare's-foot brush, the faint gray dust-films which had settled on the ornaments and carvings. The puffs of hair laid against her temples looked as if a faint gray film had settled on them too, but it had come gradually, and would not be brushed away until the finger of time should obliterate the gentle picture, of which it was now an essential part. It would be as impossible to think of Miss Esther without her soft, prim side-puffs, as without her gold eyeglasses, with their slender, worn rims, or the delicate depressions around her mouth and nostrils.

Cecil was standing at the window, with her back to her aunt, her elbows resting on the low sash, her head bowed between her hands until her forehead touched the cool window-pane.

Miss Esther was accustomed to Cecil's long silences; she thought the girl brooded too much, but she remembered her own youth, and youth's passionate preoccupation with its own troubles. She had not expected from Cecil much demonstration of interest in that forlorn sick-room, which appealed so strongly to her own experienced sympathies.

"I've known cases," Miss Esther meditated, aloud, "where they slipped away just at the turn, for want of some one who wouldn't give up hope. There are always plenty who will say, 'Oh, let him rest—let him draw his last breath in peace!' but then is the time not to think of rest."

Miss Esther shut the brush away in the drawer of a side-table, and stood with her back against it, still wrestling with the helpful impulse, of which she was half-ashamed, as we are apt to be, of gratuitous impulses of that kind. Her eyeglass fell, and tinkled softly against the buttons of her dress.

"Have you thought of offering to help nurse him, Aunt Esther?" Cecil asked.

"Anywhere but here I shouldn't stop to think about it,—I should go right in!" Miss Esther replied with energy. "After all, suppose he *is* a stranger," she argued with her own doubts,—"*he's* our neighbor in one sense. I'm ashamed to pass that door, and never even ask if there is anything I can do."

Cecil came and stood beside Miss Esther, half-embracing her, and crushing her firm young cheek, in which a sympathetic glow had begun to brighten, against Miss Esther's side-combs.

"You are good enough to do things you feel like doing, without stopping to think. You would do it at Little Rest?"

"At Little Rest!" Miss Esther repeated, —this isn't much like Little Rest! Here, it is the first law for every one to mind his own business. I can't get it out of my mind, Cecil, that he is the same young man I met in the hall the night I came. He looked so strange! I said to myself then, either he's stricken with some sickness or —" Cecil looked at her aunt fixedly, while the arrested blush faded from her face. —"or else, he's been drinking!" Miss Esther concluded in an undertone, burdened by the gravity of this last hypothesis.

"He might have been sick or dying; but he was not *that*!" Cecil said. She stood before Miss Esther, and put out her hands with a piteous gesture.

"Will you go to him now! Don't stop to

think any longer. What does it matter where we are? Ah—*go!*” she entreated in her sudden unaccountable excitement.

“Why, Cecil, do you care so much?” Miss Esther was utterly bewildered by the girl’s mood, but she had ever a gentle construction for all moods but her own, and found in this only an occasion for self-reproach. She took the young girl into her arms and let the convulsed face hide itself against her shoulder.

“Your heart is sore, poor child; too sore to bear anybody’s pain. I haven’t understood you; I thought you were wrapped up in your own trouble!”

“This—this is my trouble!” Cecil confessed helplessly.

“Don’t make too much of it, dear. I’m sorry I told you. After all, he *is* a stranger!”

“I hope he is; but, you *must* find out his name!”

Miss Esther had left the room and arrived at the neighboring door of number fifty-two, scarcely conscious of the steps which had taken her there, but once inside that door, face to face with an extremity of need, which she recognized at a glance, her perturbation was stilled by that active sense of power the true nurse feels in the presence of such need.

On her return to her own room, an hour later, she found Cecil lying on the bed, her eyes shut, her clasped hands close huddled beneath her chin.

Miss Esther softly drew up the coverlid over the motionless figure.

“I’m not asleep,” Cecil said, opening her eyes. She kept them on Miss Esther’s face, intently searching its expression. “What is his name?” she asked.

An intuition had come to Miss Esther during her absence which made it hard for her to answer. She sat down by the bed and laid her head by Cecil’s on the pillow. The girl did not repeat her question, but her hand wandered with a beseeching touch toward the face beside her own. Miss Esther took the hand and held it fast while she said, in the same hushed voice she had used in the sick room:

“It is a strange thing. He is that—Hilgard!”

The imprisoned hand closed quickly within her own and then relaxed. Cecil turned her face away.

“Did you know him, Cecil?”

“Yes.”

“Child, what can there be between him and Harry Conrath’s sister?”

“Nothing; but I may wish him not to die.”

Cecil lay, dull-eyed and silent, while Miss Esther stroked her unresponsive hand. Sud-

denly she withdrew it, and, rising on her elbow in the bed, demanded:

“What have you heard about him?”

“I have heard only what your father wrote me.”

“My father will never know the whole story; he knows—only one cruel thing!”

Cecil sank back on her pillow again, pressing her hands hard over her eyes.

“It is no use! I could never make you understand—no one will ever understand! Oh, why are men put in such places?”

She tossed her arms wide apart upon the bed, turning a look of suffering past all concealment upon the woman who was nearest to her.

“I love him,” she whispered, in all that was left of her choked utterance. “I could not take happiness from him—but now—now I may go to him! Now I can be merciful.”

“Hush, my poor child! Mercy is not in your hands,” Miss Esther said. “He is very young—he is very sick,” she added, simply, as if in further extenuation.

“But he was *not* to blame!” Cecil started up again and slipped from the bed to the floor, beginning, with trembling hands, instinctively to coil up her loosened braids. “I am going to him. It cannot do any harm. He shall know—” She stopped, arrested by a new and sickening doubt. “Aunt Esther, have you told me all?”

“My dear, there is not much to tell. He is very low. You must not expect him to know you. It is the same to him who comes or goes.”

Cecil received this blow in silence. She wavered in restless circles, like a broken-winged bird, around the room, and settled despairingly at last at Miss Esther’s knee.

“You will help him just the same, now you know who he is?”

“Help him? Why, Cecil, what kind of a woman do you think I am?”

“Oh, I know! I am talking wild! It is only I who can do such things. I let him go away that night without a sign. You saw he needed help. It was cruel to shut the door in his face.”

“Why, if you mean that night in the hall, I shut the door, Cecil. I remember—”

“Wont you go back to him now?” Cecil interrupted. “You have been a long time away. It will do no good for me to go, but I must—I must see him!”

Miss Esther yielded reluctantly to Cecil’s desire. The relation between Hilgard and her niece seemed too unreal, and, under the late circumstances, too unnatural to be admitted. Miss Esther, as Cecil had guessed, only knew concerning Hilgard the one fact

of the fatal conjunction of his name with that of her nephew. Mr. Conrath had written only enough to forestall rumor. He had neither defended his son nor accused Hilgard, but the simple fact of his death left Conrath master of sympathies that were already his by the tie of kinship, and had never been alienated by intimate knowledge of his character.

But Cecil's grief was not to be gainsaid. It was the more impressive from the silence that had preceded this sudden outburst of its smothered pain.

The two women went together along the corridor to the door of the sick-room. Miss Esther met the nurse, who admitted them with a few words of explanation, while Cecil, heeding no one, stared with dread into the gloom of the cool, shaded room.

The tenant of fifty-two lay sunk on a white, thinly-clad bed, the lines of his long form showing beneath the folds of the coverlid, like a carved effigy on a tomb. One hand, stretched by his side, stirred slightly, but the profile outlined against the swell of the pillow was as immobile as a death-mask. Cecil went to this figure and cowered on the floor beside it, sparing her shrinking sight not one detail of the change. She crept close to the bed and laid her white cheek in the hollow of its dry, wasted hand. Her breath came in hard, tearless sobs. She gazed within the parted lids, where a dull, sightless glimmer remained. There was no recognition, no need for her to shrink where there was no importunity, to resist where argument and appeal had ceased. His estate was less than her own. The ruined tenement which had been his house of life was void and silent, welcoming no one, disputing no intrusion.

Though she had judged and sentenced him, she had held him blameless. She worshiped the steadfastness with which he had turned back to his barren post of duty in the face of a young man's last temptation. Who would ever understand, in the world of peace and order, that wild summons which had forced an instant's choice upon him! and where would peace and order be found, if there were no men to obey when such a summons came! And she had made him feel that they were forever aliens by this deed.

"My brother," she whispered, "my two brothers! God judge between you, and let me call you both mine!"

A small clock on the mantel ticked breathlessly, as if hurrying on the moments to the long silence on the threshold of which she knelt. In that sudden collapse of hope which youth can know, she felt that he was already gone. She could not conceive that a change so terrible might not be final.

Miss Esther went to her and with gentle insistence drew her away. At the door Cecil looked back as one who has laid the last flower on the bosom of the dead.

Miss Esther watched for the doctor's evening visit, and, when his examination of the patient was over, she proffered her help for the night-watch in a low-voiced conversation with him outside the sick-room door. Her quaint earnestness was mingled with a practical efficiency which the doctor recognized and readily availed himself of. At the close of their talk he alluded to the young lady visitor of whom the nurse had told him.

"A friend of the patient's?" he asked.

"She is my niece, doctor," Miss Esther replied. The doctor did not fail to note the evasion and her flush of embarrassment.

"The patient is a relative of yours, did I understand you to say, or of your niece?"

"He is not a relative, Doctor; I have no excuse for offering my help—"

"Except the best of excuses, madam,—that your help is needed. Mrs. Wren inferred that our patient and the young lady were not strangers to each other; does she propose to offer her assistance, too?"

"No, doctor—the patient is not a stranger to us, but my niece has no idea of helping to nurse him."

"Well, you know, it mightn't be altogether a bad idea. There might be circumstances that would make her presence, at least, a most fortunate thing for the case. I confess I counted on more resistance on the patient's part to the progress of the disease. There would be no need for volunteers by this time, if the case had developed as I expected. With his physique and at his age I didn't anticipate the least trouble. I'm inclined to think there has been some shock or strain that's telling against him now. The fact is, it struck me from the first that he wasn't particularly anxious to get well."

Miss Esther was silent a moment, and then, as the doctor appeared to wait for her to speak, she said:

"From what I know of him I shouldn't think he would be."

"But *why* shouldn't he? As far as one can judge by the outside of a man, he is well fitted to live."

"Oh, Doctor, there has been trouble!" Miss Esther admitted desperately.

"I supposed so. He appears to have something on his mind. It's often a very obstinate feature—the mind, you know. Mrs. Wren said the young lady appeared to be a good deal affected by the patient's condition. Was it with a particular interest in him

she came in to see him? It's—well—a little unusual, you know, unless there's some previous relation. This trouble you speak of—is it a common trouble—I mean a mutual trouble?"

"Yes, Doctor," Miss Esther replied, blushing with a sense of the responsibility imposed upon her. "It is partly mutual—that is—I'm not really in her confidence, but he is a great deal to her. I am sure of that. It's a terrible shock to her to see him like this. I don't know what influence she has over him."

The doctor smiled, as if to lighten Miss Esther's sense of the awfulness of her disclosure.

"Those things are often reciprocal, you know, madam. Is your niece's name Cecil, by the way?"

Miss Esther assented in surprise.

"The patient has mentioned that name. He wanders a little at times—can't get the number fifty-six out of his mind." The doctor glanced casually up at the door opposite.

"That is the number of our room," Miss Esther explained.

"Well, madam, if there is no serious objection—I wish the patient could see your niece, quietly you know, when he seems to be conscious. It may be another chance in his favor."

"I don't see what my niece can do for him, doctor—except deceive him," said Miss Esther, with shrinking conscientiousness.

"Our business, madam, is to get him well. He must take care of himself afterward."

About nine o'clock Miss Esther began her night toilet in preparation for watching instead of sleeping. She took out her tortoise-shell side-combs and rolled up her puffs into little flat rings against her temples and fastened each with a hair-pin. She substituted a warm wrapper for her rustling dress, and drew on a pair of noiseless knitted shoes. She wound her watch, and gave it a little shake before trusting to its good faith; then, in the silence of her own room, she murmured to herself the first verses of the psalm beginning: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." And, in the familiar words, she commended her labors of the night to the source of all her modest courage.

There was one more duty to perform. She went to the bed where Cecil lay in a stupor of hopeless grief.

"Cecil, my dear, the doctor thinks we may need your help. Not to-night, perhaps, but you must be ready. You must not go to bed without food, if it's only a glass of milk. And you need not waste your strength

mourning for that young man while he is living. Better save it to help him keep alive!"

Miss Esther had seldom spoken to better purpose, but she did not wait to see the effect of her words.

Morning, when it came, found the watchers hopeful.

Limp as sea-weed forsaken by the tide, Hilgard lay waiting for the returning wave of life to uplift and outspread the dragged elements of his consciousness. The tide was creeping back; at dawn it floated him off into a sleep like that of a new-born babe, from which he woke scarcely less weak than one, to rest his eyes on the face of Cecil Conrath.

During his waking hours, all that first day of hope, his large-eyed gaze followed her with a mute surmise. She was always silent, but there was a mysterious joy in her face which puzzled him; he could not connect it with himself. The appeal in his eyes grew sharper with his strengthening pulse, until, wearied with this fair, unanswering apparition of a forbidden hope, he turned away from it, and tears of baffled weakness stole from under his closed lids. Cecil laid her cool touch upon his wrist, and held it there until he turned his head toward her again, and lifting his eyes, faintly formed the words:

"Why did you wish me to live?"

She withdrew her hand, but steadily meeting his eyes, with that primal question in them, answered,—

"Because I could not die, too."

He continued to gaze at her, as if pondering her words, and trying if their meaning would stretch to the limit of his reviving longing. Cecil bent her head low, to hide the wild-rose color that bloomed suddenly in her cheeks.

"You are going to get well, for my sake," she said.

This was Cecil's deception.

No renunciation could have been quieter or more absolute in intention than hers, when she resolved that the way should not be left open for Hilgard's love to follow her when she left him again.

Her father returned, and robbed her meek sacrifice of its dignity by making it no longer voluntary.

Mr. Conrath felt no sympathy for any form of practical Christianity which took the women of his family into the sick-rooms of pilgrims and strangers. He found an absolute incompatibility between Miss Esther's spirit of promiscuous helpfulness and her chaperonage of his daughter. But, when the name of the patient transpired, Mr. Conrath permitted himself a vigorous use of language in characterizing this feminine crusade. He was under



"SHE DOUBTED LONG ON THE EVE OF HER DEPARTURE."

no illusions as to the part his son had taken in the collision between the Led-Horse and the Shoshone: the facts made it undeniably hard for Conrath's father to be magnanimous, since he was scarcely in a position to forgive Hilgard for defending the trust in his keeping from his son's rapacity.

Cecil was at once called upon to decide between two alternatives, either of which would remove her at once from her undesirable proximity. The choice lay between Havana and her stepmother's company and her grandmother Hartwell's house at Little Rest. Without hesitation, Cecil chose to go down into the country with Miss Esther to Little Rest.

She doubted long on the eve of her departure,—watching the night through, in weary tossings,—whether to go away without a sign, or trust herself to one last expression of her love to soften the fact of her desertion.

When Hilgard arose the next day from one of his long, restoring sleeps, a familiar perfume stole luxuriously upon his languid senses. The nurse brought to his bedside a bunch of long-stemmed, heavy-headed roses, and a note which had lain neighbor to them long enough to borrow a hint of their fragrance. But it

carried its own sting, keener than the sharpest of their healthy thorns. It was hastily written in pencil, in the hand Hilgard had seen once before when Cecil had bidden him to that forlorn tryst in the gulch.

The words of the note had been the result of Cecil's native necessity to be honest. "If it does harm," she had said to herself, worn out with self-conflict, "I cannot help it. I will give up everything, but he shall know that I love him." She wrote:

"My father has returned, and we leave town to-day. You must get well. I shall know, though I never see you, that your life will justify my love and faith. You need not try to find me. We are not for each other in this world."

Cecil's love had not enlightened her very deeply concerning the character of her lover, if she could imagine him restored to what he had been when she had first seen him, and yet passive under the gentle proscription. It served, however, as the tonic which his will required. It stung him into a passionate resolve to get control once more of that good servant, his body, with which he had so lately been willing to part company.

(To be continued.)

FREDERICK LOCKER.



FREDERICK LOCKER. [FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.]

"PATRICIAN rhymes" is the apt phrase Mr. Stedman coined to characterize that kind of *vers de société*, nameless in English, which is more than mere society verse. It describes Mr. Locker's poetry more accurately than Mr. Austin Dobson's, for example, or Mr. Calverley's, since, as a rule, he confines himself more strictly within the circle of "good society," of Mayfair, and of fashion. Mr. Locker is the du Maurier of song, and his "London Lyrics" are as entertaining and as instructive to the student of Victorian manners as Mr. du Maurier's "Pictures of English Society." Mr. Locker has succeeded Præd as the laureate of the world, and he ignores the

flesh, and is ignorant of the devil, just as Præd did, and just as society itself endeavors to do. But Mr. Locker's range is wider than Præd's, whose success lay almost altogether in his songs of society; Præd was out of place when he ventured outside of Mayfair and beyond the sound of St. George's in Hanover Square; while Mr. Locker's Pegasus pauses at the mouth of Cité Fadette as gracefully as it treads the gravel of Rotten Row. The later poet has wider sympathies than the elder, who, indeed, may be said to have had but one note. The "Vicar" is a beautiful bit of verse, but its touch of tenderness sets it apart from all Præd's other work,



MR. LOCKER. [FROM AN ETCHING BY JOHN E. MILLAIS, B. A., PUBLISHED BY E. MOKON & CO.]

which is brilliant with a hard and metallic brilliancy. Praed dazzles almost to weariness; his lines stand out sharply like fireworks at midnight. More brilliant than Praed no poet well could be. More pleasing Mr. Locker is, and gives a higher pleasure. He has wit like Praed, but far more humor; and the soft radiance of humor never tires the eye like the quick flashes of wit. With broader humor, he has a broader humanity, and a finer individuality. In short, the difference between the two may be summed up in favor of the younger man, by saying that Mr. Locker can write Praed-esque poems,—compare “The Belle of the Ball-room,” for instance, and “A Nice Correspondent,”—while it may well be doubted whether Praed could have emulated Mr. Locker’s “To My Mistress” and “At Her Window.”

Of course, it is easy to say that Mr. Locker continues the tradition of Prior and Praed; it is easy also to see that, in two respects, at least, the progression shows the progress of the age. One improvement is in the form used by the poet; the other in the feeling, the temper of the poet himself. Praed contented himself with putting his best work into the eight-line stanza, now a little worn from overwork:

“Our love was like most other loves;
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And ‘Fly not yet’—upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one’s hair,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.”

In this meter, Mr. Locker and Mr. Austin Dobson, in England, and Mr. Saxe, in America, have written verses that Praed might not

disown; but though the metal was theirs, the mold was Praed’s. Mr. Locker’s best work has not gone into any one form; he has wisely varied his meter; he has invented of his own, and he has borrowed from his neighbor. “A Nice Correspondent” is Swinburnian in its rhythm, and “To My Grandmother” repeats the measures of Holmes’s “Last Leaf,” a delightful meter, lending itself easily to intricate harmonies, and not to be attempted now by meaner hands:

“This Relative of mine,
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen,
As a Bride.

“Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm:
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! . . . what a waist
For an arm!”

Is not this the perfection of daintiness and delicacy? Is it not delightful—this mingling of sly fun and playful banter? And this brings us to the second quality, in which Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson are plainly superior to Prior and Praed—in their treatment of woman. Prior thought of women with little feeling, and he wrote of them with little respect; however much he might pretend to worship a dame or a damsel, he kept a keen and unkind eye on her failings. At all times his tone toward women is one of good-natured contempt, often ill-concealed. With Praed, a complete change had come in the attitude; he is avowedly a friendly critic, and yet his verse catches no tinge of warmth from his friendliness. Though he may have felt deeply, he lets his skepticism



TAIL-PIECE TO THE PRIVATELY PRINTED EDITION OF “LONDON LYRICS.” [DRAWN BY KATE GREENAWAY.]



MR. THACKERAY READING "THE ROSE AND THE RING" TO MISS STORY. [DRAWN ON WOOD BY RICHARD DOYLE.]

and his wit hide his feeling until we are well-nigh forced to doubt whether he had any feeling to hide. The lively beauties who figure in Praed's glittering verse are far more true to life than the French fictions of Prior, but the ladies of Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson are quite as charming and indubitably more natural. They are true women, too, not mere figments of the fancy; they are the result of later and deeper observation; and they have far more variety from the given prototype. Prior wrote of women at large, and Praed rang the changes on the "Belle of the Ball-room." Now, Mr. Locker has a gallery of girls, all fresh and ingenuous young maidens. Prior did not respect women; Praed admired them coldly; Mr. Locker has a warm regard for them, and a manly respect, and, also a demure humor which sees into their wiles and their weaknesses quite as sharply as did Prior or Praed.

Having set forth thus some of the things which Mr. Locker, the poet, is and is not, it may be well to give a few facts about Mr. Locker, the man. He was born in 1821. His father, Edward Hawke Locker, was in the public service, and took a warm interest in literature and art. His grandfather, Captain W. Locker, R. N., was an old friend of Lord Nelson's; and both Collingwood and Nelson served under him. Mr. Locker composed little until late in life, or at least, until he was thirty; and he found great difficulty, so he wrote to a friend, "in persuading editors to have anything to say to my verses; but Thackeray believed in me, and used to say: 'Never mind, Locker, our verse may be small beer, but at any rate it is the right tap.'" Thus encouraged, Mr. Locker wrote

on, and in time editors began to relent. In 1857, he gathered his scattered poems and put them forth in a single volume as "London Lyrics." As edition followed edition, he has added the few poems he has written of late years, and has dropped those of his earlier poems that he thought unworthy. The latest published edition—the eighth, I think it is—is scarcely any heavier than the first. Later than this, however, is a little book, beautifully printed and beautifully bound, which Mr. Locker has recently given to his friends, and which contains a special selection of his very best work, made by Mr. Austin Dobson, who has prefixed this friendly little sextain:

"Apollo made, one April day,
A new thing in the rhyming way;
Its turn was neat, its wit was clear,
It wavered 'twixt a smile and tear;
Then Momus gave a touch satiric,
And it became a 'London Lyric.'"

Besides putting his own *vers de société* into a book, Mr. Locker made a collection, under the title of "Lyra Elegantiarum," of the best specimens in English of the *vers de société* and *vers d'occasion* of poets no longer living. Of this a new and revised edition was published in 1867; it is a model of what such a selection should be; and it was ushered in by an essay of the editor's—all too brief—on the art of writing *vers de société*. In 1879, Mr. Locker published a most amusing little volume of "Patchwork," containing bits of rhyme and bits of talk, with here a jest and there a joke, excerpts from his commonplace book, and enlivened with a few of the anecdotes he is wont to tell so effectively. For the lyrist of London is no recluse; he is a man of the world, even more than he is a

man of letters. His little breakfasts recall those of Rogers, whose kindness to young authors Mr. Locker also shows. He is connected by marriage with the Poet Laureate, and with the late Dean of Westminster; and he knows most of the celebrities of to-day as he knew those of yesterday. It is a pleasure to hear him tell of Rogers, of Luttrell, and of Thackeray. In life as in literature he has both humor and good humor. Although satiric by nature, he is thoroughly sympathetic and generous. Well-to-do in the world, he has been able to indulge his liking for the little things in art which make life worth living. His collections of china, of drawings, of engravings, are all excellent; and his literary curiosities, first editions of great books and precious autographs of great men, make a poor American wickedly envious. He is a connoisseur of the best type, never buying trash or bargain-hunting, knowing what he wants, and why he wants it, and what it is worth; and his treasures are freely opened to any literary brother who is seeking after truth.

In studying Mr. Locker's pictures of English society, we cannot but feel that the poet has drawn his lines with the living model before him. It is in the distinctively London-town lyrics—in "The Pilgrims of Pall Mall," in "Rotten Row," in "At Hurlingham," in "St. James' Street," and in "Piccadilly,"

"Piccadilly! Shops, palaces, bustle and breeze,
The whirring of wheels and the murmur of trees,
By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,
Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly."

—it is in these that Mr. Locker most shows the influence of Præd, which is decidedly less apparent in the less local poems,—in "A Garden Lyric," in "On an Old Muff," in "Geraldine," and in the sportive and bright-some lines on "A Human Skull."

"A human Skull, I bought it passing cheap;
No doubt 'twas dearer to its first employer!
I thought mortality did well to keep
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer."

"Time was, some may have prized its blooming skin;
Here lips were woo'd, perhaps, in transport tender;
Some may have chuck'd what was a dimpled chin,
And never had my doubt about its gender."

"It may have held (to shoot some random shots)
Thy brains, Eliza Fry! or Baron Byron's;
The wits of Nelly Gwynne, or Doctor Watts—
Two quoted bards. Two philanthropic sirens."

"But this, I trust, is clearly understood,
If man or woman, if adored or hated—
Whoever own'd this Skull was not so good,
Nor quite so bad as many may have stated."

Besides the playful humor of these poems, two things especially are to be noted in them—individuality and directness of expression.

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Whatever influence you may think you see here of some other poet, Horace, or Béranger, or Gautier, or Thackeray—and the very variety of these names shows the poet's versatility—you cannot doubt that these poems are of a truth Mr. Locker's own, stamped with his seal, marked with his image and superscription. Here plainly is a man with a character of his own, looking at life through his own eyes, now laughing with hearty gaiety, again smiling a sad smile.

"'I still can laugh' is still my boast,
But mirth has sounded gayer;
And which provokes my laughter most,
The preacher or the player?
Alack, I cannot laugh at what
Once made us laugh so freely;
For Nestroy and Grassot are not,
And where is Mr. Keely?"

Quite as noteworthy as the individuality of the poet is his studied clearness. There is never an inversion or an involution; the verse is as straightforward as prose, and as easy to be "understood of the people." The rhythm flows freely; the rhymes are neat and novel, and never forced; and the manner never intrudes itself to the injury of the matter. But Mr. Locker is not like Théophile Gautier, that Benvenuto Cellini of verse, nor like the cunning artificers of Gautier's school,—poets who polish a poor little idea until they can see themselves in it. That he is ever going over his work with the file, any one can see who will compare the first stanzas of "Geraldine and I" and of "A Garden Lyric," but he never overweights his verse with a gorgeous setting, from selfish delight in the skill of his workmanship. Indeed, Mr. Locker sometimes has carried his search for simplicity of statement almost too far. But so many poets nowadays are as hard to understand as a Greek chorus, that we ought to be thankful to one who takes pains to be clear, and direct, and unaffected.

Affectation, indeed, is always a stumbling block in the path of the maker of *vers de société*; but in "London Lyrics" there are no traces of any slip. The poems are as simple and honest as the verse is direct and clear. Nowhere is affectation more easy than in addressing childhood; and, with the exception of Victor Hugo and Longfellow, perhaps, no poet of our day has written of children as often as Mr. Locker. He has made a "Rhyme of One," and "Little Dinky," a rhyme of less than one (she is twelve weeks old). He has written "To Lina Oswald" (aged five years), and to "Geraldine" (who is fifteen); and "Gertrude's Necklace" belonged to a maiden not much older. And all these poems to the young reveal the subdued humor and



MR. LOCKER'S BOOK-PLATE, DESIGNED BY H. STACY MARKS, A. R. A.

the worldly wit we have seen in the others written for their elders and betters, their pastors and masters, and they have even more of delicate tenderness and of true sentiment tainted by no trace of sentimentality. Thackeray, too, was fond of the young, and when he was in Rome, in 1854, he used to read the newly written chapters of "The Rose and the Ring" to an invalid daughter of Mr. W. W. Story. When the book was published he sent a copy to this young lady with an odd little sketch. This is the incident Mr. Locker versified and Mr. Doyle illustrated:

"And when it was printed, and gaining
Renown with all lovers of glee,
He sent her this copy containing
His comical little *croquis*;
A sketch of a rather droll couple,
She's pretty, he's quite t'other thing!
He begs (with a spine vastly supple)
She will study *The Rose and the Ring*."

One of Mr. Locker's songs has a lyric grace and an evanescent sweetness, recalling Herrick or Suckling:

AT HER WINDOW.

Beating 'Heart! we come again
Where my Love reposes;
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily-clad from throat to heel,
She, my Virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At the flowery grating;

If she hear me, will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting.

Mabel will be deck'd anon,
Zoned in bride's apparel;
Happy zone! oh, hark to yon
Passion-shaken carol.

Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest;
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
Dearest Mabel!—dearest.

Is not this a marvel of refinement and restraint? It is as purely a lyric as the song of the thrush itself. Especially in poems like this is it that Mr. Locker is wholly other than Praed, with whom people persist in linking him. He has at once a finer vein of poetry and a broader vein of humor. Perhaps, after all, humor is Mr. Locker's chief characteristic,—a gentle humor always under control, and never boisterous or burly, yet frank and free and full of mischief,—the humor of a keen observer, who is at once a gentleman and a poet. What, for example, can be more comic in conception, or more clear-cut in execution than this?—

A TERRIBLE INFANT.

I recollect a nurse call'd Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I—"Aha!"
When I can talk I'll tell mamma!"
And that 's my earliest recollection.

It is in this quality of humor mainly, and in the fact that his verse is more individual than impersonal, that Mr. Locker's gifts differ from those of Mr. Austin Dobson, who is like Dr. Holmes in many things, and especially in that he dares not "write as funny as he can." At least he so impresses me. A comparison of Mr. Locker's work with Mr. Dobson's would, however, lead me too far afield, and, at best, comparisons are futile. Criticism is nowadays the tenth muse, and I am sure that Mrs. Malaprop would say that comparisons do not become that young woman. Suffice it to state that Mr. Frederick Locker and Mr. Austin Dobson stand each on his own ground, at the head of the poets who sing of English society as it is. Mr. Locker is the elder, and it was to him that Mr. Dobson dedicated his "Proverbs in Porcelain," in these lines:

Is it to kindest friend I send
This nosegay gathered new?
Or is it more to critic sure,
To singer clear and true?
I know not which, indeed, nor need:
All three I found—in you.

J. Brander Matthews.

EVILS OF OUR PUBLIC LAND POLICY.

THE cry of agricultural distress which has been heard for the last seven or eight years in the British islands, is finding an echo, faint, perhaps, but audible, in some of the older portions of the United States. The latest illustration of this fact is seen in connection with the fall in the price of fat cattle in the East, consequent on the successful shipment of dressed beef from the Western plains; and Western competition, in one form or another, is the thing most commonly complained of as a cause of diminished prosperity. An intelligent Maryland farmer recently said to me that this competition is felt by the farmers of his vicinity in everything they produce except the most perishable products, but chiefly in grain and hay. A resident of Loudon county, Virginia, informs me that grain culture has ceased to be profitable there. Beyond the Alleghanies, at least as far west as Ohio, complaint is heard of the diminished profits attending the fattening of stock.

It is needless, however, to multiply illustrations, since the existence of an agricultural depression more or less serious in the Eastern part of the country, appears to be pretty widely recognized. As one indication of this I may cite a writer in the agricultural columns of the New York "Weekly Tribune," who says it must be acknowledged "that Eastern farms are degenerating; that there is not apparent the thrift and energy of earlier days; that farm buildings, through lack of painting, indicate reduced incomes," and "that farm mortgages have increased in size and number." This writer appears to have a theory of his own as to the cause of this lack of prosperity, for he says that "Eastern farmers are slow in adopting needed reforms in methods," and that "many do not realize the rapid changes of the times, the results of the development of vast fertile territories," and of "the shifting of controlling centers of production,"—in other words, of Western competition.

It seems entirely probable that Eastern farmers, like most of their fellow men, are not so quick as even they themselves might wish in perceiving what is for their own advantage, and in learning how to adapt themselves to changing circumstances. Hence the advice tendered them by experienced agriculturists, as to the adoption of improved methods of farming, may be both acceptable and useful.

There is, however, a matter of a different kind which appears to me to be worthy of their attention. The exceptionally rapid

development of Western agriculture has not been a purely spontaneous phenomenon; nor has it been due so largely, as is supposed by certain writers, to the cheapening of transportation. That, of course, has been a circumstance favorable to agricultural development in the West, but the cheapening of transportation has itself been the consequence mainly of an agricultural development due to other causes. In the report on the internal commerce of the United States for 1880, by Joseph Nimmo, Jr., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, it is shown (pp. 6 and 7) that while the charges per ton of freight on three of the leading trunk lines were reduced sixty per cent. between 1868 and 1880, the increase during the same interval in the quantity of freight transported was more than two hundred per cent.

The fact that other causes than cheapened transportation have been actively at work in promoting the development of Western agriculture is sufficiently patent; and what more especially concerns the farmer is that one of these causes is the course pursued by the Government with respect to the public domain. So far as the farmer's interests suffer from the action of the Government, they suffer from a cause subject in part to his own control; and he may fairly raise the question whether that action is, on the whole, so wise and beneficent that, notwithstanding the harm it does him, he ought to acquiesce in its continuance.

Within the last twenty-one years grants of land, almost equal in aggregate area to the thirteen original states of the American Union, have been made to States and corporations—in the main directly to the latter—for the purpose of hastening the construction of railroads in the public-land States and territories. These extraordinary premiums to railroad builders for making the public domain accessible in all its parts,—together with the premiums for settlement upon it offered by our practice of parting with valuable land gratuitously, or at a merely nominal price, or permitting its gratuitous use without title, in unlimited quantities as grazing grounds,—have operated as immense subsidies devoted to the rapid extension of agricultural and pastoral industry over new ground;* the Western

* This, too, while our protective tariff was largely based on the assumption that the tendency of our people to agricultural pursuits was already too great and needed counteracting by special inducements to engage in the manufacturing industries.

farmer or stock-raiser, in practically receiving his land for nothing, being placed at a great advantage over his Eastern competitor, whose land usually represents a large investment of capital.

It is possible, however, to conceive of a public-land policy thoroughly liberal to the actual settler, of which the Eastern farmer would have no occasion to complain. Under such a policy the public lands would have been scrupulously reserved for those whose labor was to make them fruitful, and not given away in large quantities even for so desirable an object as the construction of the transcontinental railroads; though at the time when the Pacific Railroad acts were passed it might have been well enough to provide for some assistance to such enterprises out of revenues to be derived from the public domain. It would have been the aim of the Government to allow to each settler a sufficient amount of land for his personal needs, limiting the quantity as near as practicable by his power to cultivate it without hired labor, and granting no more than this unless at its full commercial value.*

A homestead law rests upon a sound and beneficent principle, if it merely relieves the settler from paying tribute for the privilege of applying his own labor and that of his family to the utilization of the gratuitous bounties of nature. Whatever goes beyond this in giving public land, or the free use thereof, to individuals, involves the principle of pauperism; which can never be more odious or less excusable than when the recipient of public charity is far above the need of it, as, for example, are the great stock-raisers of the Western territories, whose capital returns them from thirty to fifty per cent. per annum, or even more, in consequence of the advantage they have in being allowed to use Government pasturage without compensation.

Under such a policy as has been roughly outlined—supposing it to have been practicable in the past, as it certainly will be in the future—the course of settlement in the West would have been quite different from what it has been. Few persons would have cared to advance far into the wilderness and live for years in comparative isolation, for I am supposing the existence of a system which would not have offered them any inducement to do so,—a system under which no present

sacrifice of the advantages of society and the conveniences of civilized life would have enabled them to reap future profit on monopolized land at the expense of later comers. There would always have been free land to be had, in proper quantities, just across the line of previous settlement, within reach of roads and bridges, school-houses, churches, stores, and market towns. These advantages, as a rule, would have very much more than counterbalanced any superiority of soil to be found at a distance in an isolated situation, and settlement would consequently have progressed with something of the regularity of spreading waters, flowing round some of the least desirable lands as these flow round the higher ones, but compactly covering all that were adapted to advantageous use.

Favored by the comparative density of population, the mechanical and manufacturing industries would promptly have taken root in the new soil, keeping nearly abreast with the development of agriculture, and furnishing so large a local demand for its products that there would have been comparatively little left for shipment to the Eastern markets. In short, under such a policy there would have been a symmetrical development of the industries of the newly settled districts, and but little, if any, derangement in those of the older communities. Population in the West might have increased in numbers even more rapidly than it has done, but being less preponderantly agricultural or pastoral, it would have interfered far less with the interests of agriculture in the older States. That some such policy should be promptly adopted is a matter of great interest, not only to the Eastern farmer, but to the nation as a whole.

The policy actually pursued has for its worst effect the concentration of the richest lands and mines, the best town sites, and the most valuable water privileges in the hands of a comparatively small number of the early occupants of the country, leaving these to drive as hard a bargain as they please with those who may arrive on the ground somewhat later. A region comprising hundreds of millions of acres, still belonging to the Government, has been brought largely into use for pasturage purposes, in which no communities can be said to have been formed, the population—such as there is—consisting almost exclusively of men without families employed in herding. In the great wheat country of Dakota there is a somewhat similar state of things, the large farms, thousands or even tens of thousands of acres in extent, being worked by hired men, varying in numbers according to the season, and having no per-

* In view of the fact that no price could at present be obtained bearing any just relation to the future appreciation of the lands disposed of, and for other important reasons which need not here be discussed, this value should, in my opinion, be paid in the form of an annual rent, the Government retaining its title to the lands, but giving to the settler a sufficient security of tenure to justify him in making permanent improvements.

manent footing upon the land. The more extensively the Western country is converted into such farms, the more seriously will its settlement interfere with the interests of Eastern agriculture. In this connection it is worthy of note that while the number of farms of more than 1,000 acres fell between 1860 and 1870 from 5,364 to 3,720, it rose between 1870 and 1880 from 3,720 to 28,578. During that decade the total number of farms in the country increased by fifty-one per cent., while the number of farms comprising more than 1,000 acres increased in the same period by six hundred and sixty-eight per cent. A portion of the increase in the number of these large farms was probably due to the division of farms of several thousand acres into two or more of more than one thousand acres each, but in the main it undoubtedly represents a tendency to a rapid growth of the system of large farming. In the West, I think, this is especially the case, and it is in that section that the percentage of increase in the number of large farms has been greatest. While it seems to be the fact that the system of large farming is attended by important and desirable economies in the processes of agriculture, the modicum of advantage derived from these economies by the public will be purchased far too dearly, if it is only to be had by permitting gigantic monopolies of the soil, under which the lion's share of all the benefits derivable from the system in question must fall into the hands of a few persons.

It is to be hoped that, under favorable provisions of law, agricultural coöperation may afford a wholesome substitute for monopoly as a means of securing the advantages connected with farming on a large scale. The prominent part played by railroad grants in promoting the formation of the great farms of the North-west indicates that the interests of Eastern agriculture would be subserved by an enforcement of the forfeitures incurred by various railroads—forfeitures under which grants having an aggregate area considerably exceeding that of the German Empire are now subject to the will of Congress, and might be restored to the public domain, if there were a public sentiment on the subject sufficiently strong, and if it were manifested with sufficient clearness, to stir that body to action.

Another consideration which has favored large acquisitions of land is the commutation feature of the homestead law. This allows a money payment of two hundred dollars to be substituted for four and one-half years of the prescribed five years' residence, and renders it easy for a capitalist to acquire

numerous homestead tracts at the nominal price of \$1.25 an acre, by hiring men to make a pretense of settling on them, who, at the end of six months, can take out patents and transfer the titles to their employer. The pre-emption, timber-culture, and other settlement laws are successfully abused for a like purpose, and there is, in fact, a general laxity—partly in the laws themselves and partly in their administration—which makes our public land the easy prey of the monopolist.

In large portions of the pasturage region the laws appear to be openly defied, many of the "cattle kings" proceeding in the most high-handed manner to fence in vast tracts of Government land, barring up public roads which run across their illegally appropriated ranches, and, at the point of the rifle or revolver, forbidding intending settlers to exercise their rights under the laws of the country.

But, apart from abuses and violations of law, our public-land laws are themselves far too liberal to the settler; that is, they are liberal to the settler of the present, at the expense of the settler of the future. In an official document submitted to Congress, in February, 1880, it was pointed out that, under existing laws, 1120 acres of public land may be taken by one person; and although this may not often be practicable, it is practicable in many cases to take up 480 acres: 160 as a homestead, 160 under the pre-emption law, at \$1.25 an acre, and 160 under the timber-culture act, for the trifling labor of planting and caring for ten acres of timber—a labor which might well be exacted of every homestead settler in the regions wherein timber-culture is desirable, and one which the settler might profitably perform on his own account, even though it were not required.

Not only in the interest of the farmers of the older States, but on broad national grounds, we need a public-land policy radically different from our present one. What its general character should be, I have already endeavored to indicate, and, in the brief space now remaining to me, I can only add that it should be based on an intelligent recognition of the evils which land monopoly has entailed upon more densely peopled countries in both modern and ancient times; that it should take account of the fact that our own country must soon be as densely peopled as any of these; and, finally, that its guiding principle should be, "The land for its inhabitants, now and always." On our present public-land policy we might fitly affix as a motto the reckless and ill-omened sentiment: "After us the deluge."

Edward T. Peters.

THE JEWISH PROBLEM.*

THE Jewish problem is as old as history, and assumes in each age a new form. The life or death of millions of human beings hangs upon its solution; its agitation revives the fiercest passions for good and for evil that inflame the human breast. From the era when the monotheistic, Semitic slaves of the Pharaohs made themselves hated and feared by their polytheistic masters, till to-day when the monstrous giants Labor and Capital are arming for a supreme conflict, the Jewish question has been inextricably bound up with the deepest and gravest questions that convulse society. Religious intolerance and race-antipathy are giving place to an equally bitter and dangerous social enmity. This scattered band of Israelites, always in the minority, always in the attitude of *protestants* against the dominant creed, against society as it is, seem fated to excite the antagonism of their fellow-countrymen. Intellectually endowed, as M. de Lavelaye has remarked, with "a high idealism and a keen sense of reality" they may be said broadly to represent Liberalism and Revolution in Germany and Russia, Conservatism and Capital in England and America. Liberty they must and will have, but when this is once obtained, their energy is transferred to the aim of fortifying and preserving it.

Before attempting to reach a conclusive estimate of their actual character and situation, it is necessary to review briefly their history since the Scriptural age, where ordinary readers are content to close it. It is a mistake to suppose that the first dispersion of the Jews dates from the destruction of Jerusalem. Several centuries before the birth of Jesus, finding their little Fatherland too narrow for them, they planted colonies abroad, which spread the fame of Jewish culture and energy over all the civilized world of the day. These Jews were no usurers and chaffers. Every conceivable trade and occupation flourished among them. Of these, the lowest and most despised were those of the camel and ass-drivers, the scavenger, the sailor, the shepherd, and the petty shop-keeper. Usury and the taking of interest were strictly prohibited. Agriculture, cattle-raising, and commerce formed their chief occupations in the valley

of the Euphrates. Nearda and Nisibis, which were natural strongholds, were the principal seats of the eastern settlement. On the opposite side of the river, Palmyra, on the caravan road, had a large Jewish population. The name of the Jewish Queen Zenobia is familiar to all. With the extension of the Parthian Empire, the Jews spread their colonies as far as India. Alexander the Great, in his Asiatic campaigns, became acquainted with them and was favorably disposed toward them. Many of them served in his armies and shared the dangers, fatigues, and glories of his mighty wars. In all the States founded by him he granted them, equally with the Greeks and Macedonians, the rights of citizenship, religious freedom, and exemption from taxes during the Sabbatical year. Under the later Macedonian kings they enjoyed the same privileges, and Egypt became a second Judea. They inhabited two out of the five quarters of Alexandria, and outside of Egypt they dwelt in the Libyan Valley as far as the boundaries of Ethiopia. The Macedonian princes regarded them as the most trustworthy and honorable subjects, whose intelligence and industry made them indispensable to the welfare of the State, and whose courage and endurance rendered them highly desirable as soldiers. In Antioch, the third city of the Roman Empire, they possessed a magnificent synagogue, and received a State pension for the maintenance of their worship. Ptolemy I. (Soter) intrusted them with the most important fortification on the Nile delta; Ptolemy II. (Philadelphus) had the Penta-teuch translated into Greek; Ptolemy VI. (Philometer) confided the administration of his kingdom and the command of his armies to two Jews; Ptolemy Lagi sent a number of them to Cyrene to consolidate his forces among the Cyrenaic towns. Thus they played an important rôle in the history of the Ptolemies, partly as soldiers, partly as statesmen, partly, also, as the most efficient general agency in maintaining civil order and the strength of the nation. It is unnecessary to follow them over Asia Minor, into all the cities of European Greece, and of the Roman Empire, where they had communities and synagogues. We see them as agriculturists,

* For my brief review of the history of the Jews from the third century before the Christian Era to their emancipation during the French Revolution, I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to a pamphlet written by a German Christian, entitled "A Vindication of the Jews" by Dr. C. L. Beck, published in Leipzig, 1881, from which I have freely quoted. E. L.

merchants, and soldiers, showing no trace of the tendency to sordid occupations which is said to be innate in their character and essential to their social institutions.

In the year 70, Jerusalem, the soul of their national life, was destroyed by Pompey. From this period dates the singular, the unique phenomenon of a landless, denationalized people, dispersed over every country of the globe, and yet bound together by a purely spiritual tie—an idea—in the most enduring, subtly woven, and indissoluble union that the world has ever seen. Thenceforth their patriotism, as well as their religion, consisted in guarding intact against the corruptions of the outside world the sublime idea of the unity of God, and the just and lofty ordinances of the Mosaic code. "Our Messiah," says Johann Jacoby, "is Truth, which is undermining, with ever-increasing force, ancient prejudices and mediæval statutes, and which sooner or later will emancipate us."

The last efforts of the Jews to regain their national seat was made between the years 132-135, when Bar-Kocheba preached a war against the Romans, and the people rose in insurrection, only to be vanquished and to lose forever their independence. Jerusalem was a ruin, Palestine a waste, and the fate of the Jews was sealed. But they did not go forth at first among strange nations, who merely tolerated them, and from whom they had to beg or else resort to the meanest employment for subsistence. They were received as brothers by the communities of their co-religionists, honorably established in all civilized lands. The Romans gave them the rights of citizenship, admitted them to the army, permitted them to intermarry with Roman families, and appointed them to any high official position requiring shrewd insight, a clear mind, and a strong will.*

During the first century of Christianity the Jews lived on the friendliest terms with the Christians, their religious systems having sprung from a common root, while the only difference of opinion between them concerned the question of the Messiahship. It was left for a later age, when the facts of the case were less clear in the world's memory, to hold the Jews guilty of the crucifixion. The Romans designated them as the "better sort of Christians." Modern historians (Christian no less than Jewish) agree that the wide diffusion of Judaism was one of the chief elements in the rapid propagation of Christianity. The

Christians of the first century after Jesus were already divided into two sects, viz: Jewish Christians, and Pagan or Hellenistic Christians. The former were scarcely to be distinguished from the Jews proper. They regarded Jesus as a great and holy man, descended in a perfectly natural manner from King David; and they strictly observed the Jewish law, on the authority of Jesus himself, who said, "I am not come to destroy (the law) but to fulfill." Their motto was the verse, "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" hence they derived the name of Ebionites (poor). They were to be found in Jerusalem, Galilee, Capernaum, and other parts of Syria, especially in Antioch, where the name of Christian was first adopted. They founded colonies, the greatest of which was that of Rome.

The Pagan Christians were the followers of Paul and his disciples, Timothy and Titus, and they dwelt chiefly in the seven cities of Asia Minor: Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea, as well as in Greece, Macedonia and Thessaly. They regarded Jesus as the veritable Son of God, and worshiped him accordingly, they rejected the Jewish law, the observance of the Sabbath, and holy days, etc. The gradual crystallization of the huge organism of the church, and the curious blending of Judaism and Paganism in its rites and ceremonies, originated among the Hellenistic Christians. Thus, the Jewish ceremonies of baptism and the evening-meal or communion supper were retained, and to these was attached a mystic significance thoroughly in accord with the Greek temper of mind. Between the Jews and the Ebionites subsisted perfect cordiality and free intercourse; between the Jews and the Pauline Christians, on the other hand, existed from the beginning mutual repulsion and contempt. In proportion as the Ebionite Christians inclined more and more decidedly to the tenets of the Hellenistic Christians, they naturally widened the distance between themselves and the Jews, until all semblance of unity was lost.*

In the year 339 A. C., the Emperor Constantius passed a law prohibiting the possession by Jews of Christian slaves, emancipating any slave who had embraced Judaism, and confiscating the entire property of the Jew who had had his slaves circumcised. As society was then constituted, the flourishing communities

* Strabo, the historian, says: "The Jews have penetrated into all the towns, and it is not easy to find a spot on the earth which has not received this race, and is not under its domination."

* For a succinct account of the schism in the Jewish Church, which resulted in the establishment of Christianity, see Graetz's "History of the Jews," vol. iv., chap. 5. He calls the Epistle to the Hebrews the "farewell" letter of Jewish Christianity to the Mother Community.

of the Jews could only be maintained with the help of slave labor, and thus their material interests were radically injured. The second blow was aimed at their dignity, their manly pride. In many a war they had fought for Rome; now, however, the army was no longer Roman but Christian. In the year 418 they were excluded from military service. Moreover, the Christian state shut them out from official posts, which they had honorably filled in Pagan Rome. These few measures summarily reduced their position from one of equality to one of marked inferiority. From this time dates a certain coolness in the mutual relations between Jews and Christians, to be followed by a breach which the growing power of the priests did its utmost to widen, and then, by the frightful tragedy of centuries, of which the main cause was the fanaticism of ignorant and brutal men, elevated to the rank of princes of the church. The unscrupulous priests represented Christ, the Son of God and man, as the victim of Jewish crime, and inflamed the hearts of believers with burning hatred. The storm began in Byzantium, under the Emperors Zeno Isauricus, Justinian I., Heraclius and Leo Isauricus. The Jews were slaughtered and burned, and the mob rapaciously plundered them. Fearful restrictions and persecutions ensued under the immediately succeeding emperors, and no law, no imperial promise held good in favor of the Jews. The church wanted money, money, money; more than all taxes, tithes, and begging could supply. But she was obliged to spare her own devotees, and so the infidel Jew became a convenient and helpless victim of pillage. "That this," says Schleiden, "was the only motive and aim of Jewish persecution is proved by council decrees, statutes, and events themselves." "The breath of the clergy was never wanting," says Dean Milman, "to fan the embers of persecution." "The Jews are the slaves of the Church," was the axiom formulated by Thomas Aquinas. Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Clugny, in a letter to the King of France, denouncing the Jews, begged to condemn them mercifully not to a general massacre, but in pure charity only to general pillage.

In vain did a few right-thinking princes, a few reasonable Popes come forward to protect the unhappy race; the priesthood proved stronger than prince or pontiff. Not only were the Jews held accountable for the crucifixion, but the priests goaded on the people with the wildest fables. They affirmed that the Jews bought or stole Christian children in order to kill them for Passover. Frederick II. tried to shield them against this monstrous charge; the Republic of Venice, in a

State document, represented it as a baseless lie, and several Popes did the same. Nevertheless in many places the horrible superstition exists to-day.

They were forbidden to own real estate; their marriages were illegal without the blessing of a Christian priest; in certain countries they were not permitted to have more than one child; no Christian could be indicted for a crime against a Jew; the right of emigration was denied them; they were literally chained to the soil, and became thralls of the proprietors. Add to all this, periodic riots, massacres, and expulsions. They were, moreover treated as property, bought and sold like objects of merchandise by subjects and sovereigns.*

"The Jew was only treated as a source of revenue; and, till almost his life-blood was drawn, it would be difficult to satisfy the inevitable demands of a needy and rapacious master. He was granted away, he was named in a marriage settlement, he was bequeathed; in fact, he was pawned, he was sold, he was stolen." ("Milman," Vol. III., p. 172.)

The Jew was usually forced to wear a badge or a peculiar costume, and, in some places, branded on the chin in order to make him a more conspicuous mark for Christian contempt and hatred. He was imprisoned in Ghettos, where he forgot the use of his mother-tongue and exchanged it for a Hebrew jargon which serves as a theme of amusement to the Jew-haters of to-day and as a convincing proof that German Jews are no Germans. After being robbed of his lands, he was excluded from all trades and all manual occupation. One alone remained open to him—and this one was *forced upon him by law*—usury. The first Jew who lived by lending money on interest was the learned Rabbi Jacob Tam, of France, whom crusading hordes had plundered in 1146. He complained bitterly of the necessity that forced upon him such an occupation: "We have been left no other branch of industry to support life and to pay the onerous taxes imposed upon us by our landed seigneurs." Bernard de Clairvaux admonished his followers, during the second crusade, against persecuting the Jews, because, if the Jews

* A recent writer, Mr. W. Cunningham, in his "Growth of English Industry and Commerce" remarks that, in the Middle Ages in England, "the Jews had no rights or status of their own; they were the mere chattels of the king, all that they had was his. . . . Their transactions were all registered in the Exchequer; debts due to them were really due to the king, and they might not accept composition for payment, or grant a secret release. As a matter of fact, therefore, the king had indirectly a monopoly of the money-lending of the country, so that the expulsion of the Jews by Edward I. was a permanent loss of revenue to the crown."

were not there, he said, "Christian usurers would deal more hardly by the people than the Jews did." In 1430 the Florentines be took themselves to the Jews of their city, who accepted lower rates of interest, in order to escape the extortions of Christian usurers. Centuries before the reproach of usury was raised against the Jews, organized bands of Christian usurers, under the name of Lombards, Etruscans, Florentines, Cahorsins, Ultramontanes, marched through Europe under the protection and commendation of the Roman Curia, in order to enrich it by means of fraudulent loans and usury.

Of course only the wealthier Jews could lend money; the mass of the people were sunk in the deepest misery and condemned to labors which the Christians shrank from with loathing, to labors that degrade men and stamp upon them the mark of the Helot, the slave. "As if all powers of earth had sworn," says Dr. Graetz,—"and indeed they had so sworn,—to exterminate the Jewish race from the circle of humanity, or to change it into a brutalized horde, even so did they attack it."

If it be supposed that I am drawing too dark a picture of Christian atrocities, and too partial a presentment of the innocence of the victims, I can only say that I have spared my readers the bloodiest and most revolting scenes in this hideous tragedy, and refer them for these to the pages of the Rev. Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's. According to him, every great mediæval institution, was, in turn, a cause of anguish to the Jew. The Crusades were the signal for relentless carnage, pillage, and violation. We read of eight hundred Jews in one place, thirteen hundred in another, at the same time ruthlessly massacred, and of Jewish parents everywhere slaying their children and themselves to escape the tortures of the fanatics. Shortly after the accession of Philip Augustus, a golden crucifix and other ecclesiastical treasures having been found in possession of a Jew, the following Sabbath, when the Jews were peacefully assembled at worship, their synagogues were surrounded by royal troops and they were all dragged to prison. The upshot was the entire confiscation of their property, and the publication of a royal edict commanding them instantly to leave France. Twenty years later they were readmitted to the kingdom, and, as Milman says, "forgetting all past injuries, *in the steady pursuit of gain*," they returned under infamous restrictions only to be again plundered and expelled.

This "love of gain" is the single indictment urged occasionally against the Jews by Dean Milman, whom an unflinching study

of history evidently smote with the horror which all humane hearts must experience in reading the unvarnished record of Jewish persecutions. And even this accusation is unsupported by facts. The Jews did not select the vocation of usury; it was enforced upon them by law, and whenever they were left to a free development they chose other occupations in preference. Then again the love of money which Dean Milman confesses was the Christians' main motive in murdering, torturing, and robbing, was only natural in a race to whom wealth was the sole possible barrier—and that an inadequate one—against the brutality of despots and mobs. The devoted nation literally had no resting-place for the sole of their feet; if exiled from France, it was only to be slaughtered in England or Germany, in Spain or Italy. Therefore, when they received permission to reënter their former home, it is scarcely charitable to suppose that the "love of gain" prompted their return among the people who, however cruel, spoke their own language, and whom despite every injustice, they still recognized as fellow-countrymen.

After the Crusades, came the insurrection of the peasants, the "Pastoureaux," armed bands of shepherds marching through France, "driven by the sternest fanaticism," says Milman, "to relentless barbarities against the Jews." The latter appealed to King and Pope in vain. Five hundred of them being besieged in Verdun, where they had taken refuge, the shepherds set fire to the gates; "the desperate Jews threw their children down to the besiegers in hopes of mercy, and slew each other to a man." When this sort of horror was quelled then followed the plague, for which the Jews were held responsible, and, as the chronicle says, "they were burned without distinction."

But the heart sickens at these endless narratives of blood and fire. Let us turn to the other side and see what excuse is offered for the crime. The charges against the Jews are summed up in the story of Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons under Charlemagne. "Jealous of the enviable opulence of this alien people" (I quote Milman's words) he endeavored to prevent all communication between them and his flock, and issued several obnoxious Episcopal edicts. The Jews, who enjoyed a high degree of toleration at that time, appealed to the Emperor for redress. Agobard was summoned to state his grievances, and thereupon drew up a petition in which he accused the Jews of "cursing daily Christianity and Christ in their synagogues, and of insufferable pride in vaunting the royal favor; he complained that they went

freely in and out of the royal palaces, that the highest persons solicited their prayers and blessings, and that they boasted of gifts of splendid dresses to their wives and matrons from royal and princely donors." He complained also that "Jewish preachers had more hearers than Christian preachers, and were held by the uninstructed to be the better of the two." The only two charges of any weight made by him were that the *Jews sold to the Christians meat unclean to themselves*, and that they stole Christian children to sell them as slaves. He wound up with a long theological argument proving the wisdom and justice of persecuting the Jews. The ignominious contempt with which the Bishop and his petition were received proved the grave charges which are maintained by ignorant bigotry to this day to have been even then without foundation. Throughout the whole of Milman's volumes, so black with the perfidy and cruelty of his own sect, this petition of Agobard's is the one formal arraignment made against the Jewish people, and the Rev. Dean evidently considers it as ridiculous as did the Emperor Charlemagne.

It has been remarked with bitter truth that "if the Jews under the fearful tortures they have endured, had become a nation of idiots, they would only have formed a fitting monument to the brutality with which through the ages they have been wantonly persecuted."* Let us leave, however, these revolting pages for a brighter side of their history; and before narrating their tardy emancipation, within the present century, and its brilliant results, let us glance at the one sunny spot which shines forth amid the mediæval darkness. While the rest of Europe was buried in superstition and barbarism, the dominion of the Moors exempted a large part of Spain from the influences of the Church. Here the intellectual and moral development of the Jews had free scope, and we find them consequently engaged in all branches of productive industry,—silk-merchants, dyers of purple, glass-manufacturers, as well as superintendents of the noble colleges founded by the Saracens, scholars, doctors, poets, statesmen, and philosophers. They were, according to Draper, the "leading intellects of the world." Their beneficent influence reached upward to the South of France. Fauriel, in his history of Provençal poetry, says:

"History has never sufficiently acknowledged the influence of the Jews in the Middle Ages, upon the culture of Europe in general, and especially upon that of Southern France. Their medical schools, as well as their schools for the promotion of a knowledge of oriental languages, were of the highest importance."

* "Nineteenth Century." February, 1881.

Milman tells us:

"Their commerce was unrestrained, except by a limitation enforced upon Charlemagne rather by the irreverent covetousness of the clergy, than by the misconduct of the Jews. * * * From the ports of Marseilles and Narbonne their vessels kept up a constant communication with the East. In Narbonne they were so flourishing, that of the two prefects or mayors of the city, one was always a Jew. The most regular and stately part of the city of Lyons was the Jewish quarter. The superior intelligence and education of the Jews in a period when nobles and kings, and even the clergy could not write their own names, pointed them out for offices of trust. They were the physicians, the ministers of finance to nobles and monarchs." (Vol. III, pp. 142, 143). "They rose even to higher dignities." (pp. 144, 145).

Space forbids more than a passing mention of the illustrious Jews who, under a benign rule of tolerant enlightenment, adorned the annals of their race in Spain: Samuel ha-Nagid, the "Prince" (died 1055), nominally prime-minister, but virtually little less than Regent of Granada, under two successive kings, for thirty years; Moses ben-Ezra and Jehuda ha-Levi, poets of the first rank, from whom Heine drew a large part of his inspiration; Ibn-Gabirol, better known by his Spanish name of Avicbron, poet and philosopher, in whose works may be found the germ of Spinoza's system, and whose sublime poems have been incorporated in all Jewish rituals, side by side with the hymns of the Psalmist and the prophecies of Isaiah; last and greatest of all, Maimonides, the physician of Saladin, "the glory of the West, the light of the East, the Eagle of the Synagogue, the Second Moses,"—such men as these shed luster upon humanity.* And these are only the most eminent from a long and splendid list, for which I refer my readers to Graetz's "History of the Jews."

To a later period, that of Ferdinand and Isabella, belonged another great Jew, Don Isaac Abarbanel, scholar, philosopher, and minister of finance. On account of his indispensable services, his unblemished character, and his profound learning, he was made the single exception in the decree expelling the whole Jewish nation from Spain. He threw himself at the sovereigns' feet, and offered the fortune of a prince to redeem his unhappy nation; but when this was refused, he himself declined to profit by the royal favor, and voluntarily went forth to misery and exile with his co-religionists.

The details of this expulsion of the Jews from Spain, at the instigation of the priests of the Inquisition, are harrowing beyond

* Maimonides may be held as the founder of Rationalism, the first who endeavored on broad principles to establish the harmony of reason and religion." Milman, p. 160.

description. "They had no alternative," says Milman, "but baptism or exile. For three centuries their fathers had dwelt in this delightful country, which they had fertilized with their industry, enriched with their commerce, adorned with their learning. Yet there were few examples of apostasy or weakness; the whole race (variously estimated at from 300,000 to 800,000) in a lofty spirit of self-devotion determined to abandon all rather than desert the religion of their fathers. They left the homes of their youth, the scenes of their early associations, the sacred graves of their ancestors. * * * They were allowed four months to prepare for this everlasting exile. * * * Their property they might sell, but the market was soon glutted, and the cold-hearted purchasers waited till the last instant to wring from their distress the hardest terms. * * * Incidents which make the blood run cold are related of the miseries which they suffered." Dying with cold, hunger, squalor, and thirst, they yet were refused admission to the inhospitable towns where they attempted to land—Genoa, Rome, Fez, etc. Some were disembarked, naked and destitute on the coasts of Africa, and were devoured by wild beasts; some plunged into the sea and "sunk like lead"; thousands were sold into slavery. The King of Portugal, Joam II., son-in-law of Ferdinand and Isabella, appointed a day for them to quit his kingdom, and in the meantime issued a secret order to seize all Jewish children under fourteen years of age, and disperse them to be baptized. "Great God of Mercy!" exclaims Dean Milman; "this was in the name of Christianity! Frantic mothers threw their children into wells and rivers—they destroyed them with their own hands."

For fully three centuries there remained in Europe no spot of refuge for the luckless race, until the French Revolution, breaking a million chains, brought with it also their emancipation. Wherever the French rule was established, the Jews were accorded full rights of citizenship, but almost a century was needed to complete their enfranchisement throughout the rest of Europe—nor is it to-day completed.

And in what condition emerged from the darkness this people who, as we have seen, might reasonably be expected to come forth "a nation of idiots"? "A few decades of freedom," says Johann Jacoby, "were sufficient to efface the inherited traces of an oppression lasting two thousand years." Only thirty years after their emancipation in Holland, Ritter J. D. Mayer, Judge of Instruction in Amsterdam, bore public witness to their unimpeachable conduct under the new administration, and concluded: "Facts prove

that even where nothing has been done, either by the government or in any other way, for the moral elevation of the Jews, mere social equality has ennobled them and will ennoble them gradually more and more."

In England they were emancipated in 1829, gained admission to the Bar in 1833, and to Parliament in 1858. Sixteen years later, a man of Jewish birth and characteristics, if not of Jewish creed, became for the second time, Prime Minister of England, and during six years was leader of the proudest aristocracy of Europe. To-day, fifty years after the Jews' admission to the English bar, the Master of the Rolls is Sir George Jessel, a Jew both by race and creed, reputed the greatest equity lawyer in England.

"The German Jews," says a recent writer in the "*Revue des deux Mondes*," "so long oppressed and repressed, held in tutelage and bondage, treated like pariahs or like cattle, now obtained complete civil and political emancipation, and, as soon as emancipated, they became a power, to the huge displeasure of a great many persons who had conscientious or interested motives for disliking them. * * * They form an insignificant minority in Germany, and yet they already preponderate in the municipal councils of the largest cities of Prussia. They have taken possession of journalism. * * * The place they occupy in the universities, at the bar, in all the liberal professions is entirely disproportioned to their numbers. As soon as the doors of Parliament were opened to them they distinguished themselves in it."

"In the Italian Parliament," says M. de Lavelaye, "there are three or four more Jewish deputies than there ought to be in proportion to their numbers; a certain proof that they succeed by reason of their talent, since they reach the highest positions in despite of prejudice."

Let us examine how far facts go toward proving the oft-repeated assertion that no Jew can be a patriot. As we have seen, the French Revolution bestowed upon him liberty,—but when the French troops invaded Germany all the Jewish communities sprang to arms and emulated the Christians in their zeal for the fatherland. Whole Jewish regiments were formed, a great many Jews were promoted to the rank of officers and gained high distinction in the field. Yet a few years later when the conservative reaction set in, the Jewish veterans were excluded from the reward and honors offered to their Christian brethren in arms.

* G. Valbert, better known in America by his real name Victor Cherbuliez, March, 1882.

When the Hungarian War of Independence broke out, Jews fought side by side with Christians, and "the precious vessels of the synagogues, the silver caskets that contained the *Thora*, were sacrificed with the same cheerful devotion upon the altar of patriotism as that wherewith the Catholics offered their holy reliquaries and the chimes of their cathedrals."* "By what means," asks the Talmud, "should a man be revenged upon his enemy? By conferring on him many benefits." But after every benefit conferred by the Jew upon his persecutors, the reaction against him (what Milman calls "the singular dread of his dangerous superiority") revives with fresh violence. Thus six years after the conspicuous Jewish efforts for German freedom in 1812, the position of the Jews was legally restricted in 1818, and rendered worse than it had been before the emancipation. In the Roumanian War of Independence the first gun captured from the Turks was taken by a Jew who was decorated on the field for his services, and yet immediately after the war the Roumanian persecution began. Theories are stronger than facts. Whenever the Jews in any nation have sealed their patriotism with their blood and their gold, as on either side in the Franco-Prussian war, in our own civil war, and in the Russo-Turkish war, the wave of prejudice has swept back, and the old accusations of alienism, narrowness, and sectarianism are reiterated.

Even in America, presumably the refuge of the oppressed, public opinion has not yet reached that point where it absolves the race from the sin of the individual. Every Jew, however honorable or enlightened, has the humiliating knowledge that his security and reputation are, in a certain sense, bound up with those of the meanest rascal who belongs to his tribe, and who has it in his power to jeopardize the social status of his whole nation. It has been well said that the Jew must be of gold in order to pass for silver. Since the establishment of the American Union, Jews have here enjoyed absolute civil and political freedom and equality, and until the past few years, a large and in some places almost entire immunity from social prejudice. Their toleration, it is now asserted, has failed to produce beneficial results; on the contrary they have degenerated, rather than improved, under these favorable conditions. While I admit the fact that America has no such brilliant list of Semitic names as the Europe of to-day can show, I find nothing to support the theory of the

degeneracy of the race. Being subjected to the same influences as are the Christians who surround them, they simply evince the same proclivities. In this commercial country and commercial age they have been known chiefly as thriving merchants, tradesmen, and bankers who have enjoyed, as a rule, a high degree of credit and respect. If they have not surpassed, neither have they fallen behind, their competitors of other sects. They have been good citizens, furnishing, as statistics prove, proportionately fewer inmates to the prisons and fewer numbers to the proletariat than their neighbors of other descent. They have shared all national burdens and sorrows, fighting the battles of the Revolution and of the Union, grudging neither life nor money to the fortunes of the Republic. They are the prominent patrons of all musical enterprise—the only general division of art which has attained nearly as advanced a state of cultivation here as in Europe. The leader of free religious thought, and an indefatigable promoter of the better education of the poor in New York is a Jew—Felix Adler. The race is represented in every liberal profession, in the army, the navy, and the house of Congress.

And yet here, too, the everlasting prejudice is cropping out in various shapes. Within recent years, Jews have been "boycotted" at not a few places of public resort; in our schools and colleges, even in our scientific universities, Jewish scholars are frequently subjected to annoyance on account of their race. The word "Jew" is in constant use, even among so-called refined Christians, as a term of opprobrium, and is employed as a verb, to denote the meanest tricks. In other words, all the magnanimity, patience, charity, and humanity, which the Jews have manifested in return for centuries of persecution, have been thus far inadequate to eradicate the profound antipathy engendered by fanaticism and ready to break out in one or another shape at any moment of popular excitement.

II.

EVEN so cursory a review of historic facts as I have condensed into the foregoing pages suffices, I think, to establish the chief points I desire to maintain, viz: that the Jews are naturally a race of high moral and intellectual endowments, and that such superficial peculiarities as may not infrequently be found among them to-day which excite the aversion of Christians, are the lingering traces of unparalleled sufferings. The mere survival of the Jew, despite every provision made for his extermination, evinces the vitality of a singularly well-equipped organization, while the

* Dr. A. Schütte's "History of the Hungarian War of Independence."

elasticity with which he rebounds as soon as the strain of adverse conditions is removed, is without parallel. "Naturalists will tell you," says Emile de Lavelaye, "if, in the struggle for life, one race surpasses others, it is because it is endowed with some superiority. This is evidently the case with the Jews. A philosopher would discover still another cause. 'Like creed, like people,' says Quinet. Now, detach from the Mosaic creed the customs enforced by the necessities of climate, and there remains a splendid Deism, without superstition, without anthropomorphism, and in the Prophets are sentiments of equality, charity, and fraternity which Christianity tried to realize, and which answer so perfectly to the needs of humanity, especially in our own epoch. Pascal saw in the continuance of the Jewish people in the midst of persecution, a miracle and a proof of the Divine curse. When we consider the influence they actually exert at the present moment, and the power which the future seems to reserve for them, we can more readily believe in the fulfillment of the Messianic doctrine held by the chosen people themselves, who hope some day to reign over all the kingdoms of earth. Darwin would grant them the palm."

The insatiable thirst of the Jews is not for money, as calumniously asserted, but for knowledge. In those districts of Poland and Russia where they are refused admittance to the schools, they have had books of natural science and Darwinian treatises translated into Hebrew in order to follow the intellectual movement of the age. In the Russian universities, where they have been granted admission under onerous restrictions, they already largely outnumber the proportion of Christian students. The first use they make of their freedom invariably is to embrace all methods of higher instruction, and to strive toward a more complete intellectual development. It is assumed by Christian historians that the Jews, with their inflexible adherence to the Mosaic Code, are, as a people, a curious relic of remote antiquity, a social anachronism, so to speak, petrified in the midst of advancing civilization. This assumption is without foundation; the Jews are, on the contrary, most frequently the pioneers of progress. The simplicity of their creed enables them more readily and naturally to throw off the shackles of superstition and to enlarge the boundaries of free speculation than any other sect. Considering their religion from the highest standpoint, their creed to-day is at one with the latest doctrines of science, proclaiming the unity of the Creative force. No angels, saints, or mediators have any place in this sublime conception,

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arrived at intuitively in a pre-historic age by the genius of the race, and confirmed by that modern scientific research which has revolutionized the thought of the world. The modern theory of socialism and humanitarianism erroneously traced to the New Testament, has its root in the Mosaic Code. The Christian doctrine is the doctrine of consolation; the kingdom of heaven is held out as a glittering dream to suffering humanity. Poverty exalted into a mission, the vocation of the mystic, the spiritualist, the idealist, enjoined equally upon all, a vision and an ecstasy offered to the hungry and the needy; what provision is here made for the world as it is? On the other hand, the very latest reforms urged by political economists, in view of the misery of the lower classes, are established by the Mosaic Code, which formulated the principle of the rights of labor, denying the right of private property in land, asserting that the corners of the field, the gleanings of the harvest belonged in *justice*, not in *charity*, to the poor and the stranger; and that man owed a duty, not only to all humanity, but even to the beast of the field, and "the ox that treads the corn." In accordance with these principles we find the fathers of modern socialism to be three Jews—Ferdinand Lassalle, Karl Marx, and Johann Jacoby.

As an example of the difficulties that impede the progress of religious reform among the Jews, it may be stated that when a large number of Prussian Israelites first founded a German "Temple" in Berlin, in order to put an end to obsolete rites and sighing after Jerusalem, and to introduce German hymns, a German ritual, and an organ accompaniment, the government interfered, and prohibited such services as "Deistical sectarianism." Preaching in the German tongue was especially forbidden, in the avowed fear that the Jews might thereby succeed in converting Christians.

The melancholy and disgraceful fact being established that, in these closing decades of the nineteenth century, the long-suffering Jew is still universally exposed to injustice, proportioned to the barbarity of the nation that surrounds him, from the indescribable atrocities of Russian mobs, through every degree of refined insult to petty mortification, the inevitable result has been to arouse most thinking Jews to the necessity of a vigorous and concerted action of defense. They have long enough practiced to no purpose the doctrine which Christendom has been content to preach, and which was inculcated by one of their own race,—when the right cheek was smitten to turn also the left. They have proved themselves willing and able to assimilate

late with whatever people and to endure every climatic influence. But blind intolerance and ignorance are now forcibly driving them into that position which they have so long hesitated to assume. *They must establish an independent nationality.*

Neither we nor our immediate descendants can hope to see humanity at that point of perfection where the helpless and submissive victim will, as such, be respected. Existence continues to be a struggle in which the fittest can survive only through the energetic assertion and constant proof of superiority. The idea formulated by George Eliot has already sunk into the minds of many Jewish enthusiasts, and it germinates with miraculous rapidity. "The idea that I am possessed with," says Deronda, "is that of restoring a political existence to my people; making them a nation again, giving them a national center, such as the English have, though they, too, are scattered over the face of the globe. That is a task which presents itself to me as a duty; * * * I am resolved to devote my life to it.

At the least, I may awaken a movement in other minds such as has been awakened in my own." "Revive the organic center," says Mordecai with still more eloquence. "Let the unity of Israel which has marked the growth and force of its religion be an outward reality. * * * When our race shall have an organic center, a heart and brain to watch and guide and execute, the outraged Jew shall have a defense in the court of nations, as the outraged Englishman or American. And the world will gain as Israel gains. For there will be a community in the van of the East which carries the culture and the sympathies of every great nation in its bosom; there will be a land set for a halting-place of enmities, a neutral ground for the East as Belgium is for the West. Difficulties? I know there are difficulties. But let the spirit of sublime achievement move in the great among our people, and the work will begin."

I am fully persuaded that all suggested solutions other than this of the Jewish problem are but temporary palliatives. Could the noble prophetess who wrote the above words have lived but till to-day to see the ever-increasing necessity of adopting her inspired counsel, though her own heart would have been lacerated by "the hideous obloquy of Christian strife," yet she would have been herself astonished at the flame enkindled by her seed of fire, and the practical shape which the movement projected by her in poetic vision is beginning to assume. Highly significant in this connection are the labors of the "Alliance Universelle Israélite" and the recent Jewish conference held in Berlin

on April 23, 1882, where the chief cities of Germany, England, France, and the United States were represented, where such men as Lasker, Professor Derembourg, Sir J. Goldsmid, professors, privy-councillors, and members of the Imperial Diet took prominent part, and where a vast Jewish system of mutual coöperation and aid was organized. "The result of the present Russian persecution," says the "American Hebrew," "has been to knit Jew to Jew as never we have been knitted since the dispersion." From the princes of European finance to the most wretched despoiled refugee who steps from the steerage of the emigrant steamer upon our soil, every true Jewish heart to-day burns with the same sentiment of patriotism and of sympathy. Mr. Laurence Oliphant's scheme for the colonization of Palestine has been too thoroughly and clearly defined in his own interesting volume, the "Land of Gilead," and has attracted too much attention from the press of Europe and America to need more than brief mention here. Strongly impressed with the advisability on political, commercial, and philanthropic grounds, of establishing a Jewish colony in Palestine, Mr. Oliphant started three years ago on an exploring expedition through the land east of the Jordan. The result of his travels was to intensify into an ardent faith his conviction of the practicability and desirability of the plan. In commenting upon it in the "Nineteenth Century" of August, 1882, he writes:

"The idea of a return to the East has seized upon the imagination of the masses and produced a wave of enthusiasm in favor of emigration to Palestine, the force and extent of which only those who have come in direct contact with it, as I have done, can appreciate."

How politic and rational, as well as humane, is his suggestion, is proved by the fact that it met with cordial encouragement from princes and statesmen, among others the Prince of Wales, the Prince and Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, the Prime-Minister of England, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Grand Vizier of Turkey, Khairreddin Pasha. Committees were organized, and Palestine Colonization Societies were formed. All over Russia, Roumania, Poland, Galicia, and Bulgaria, thousands of Jewish families registered themselves as ready to start, a fund of over £2,000,000 was raised, and official agents were appointed all over Turkey, when suddenly the whole movement was paralyzed by the Sultan's ordinance prohibiting Jews from settling in Palestine.

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Eternally grateful as all Jews must be to such Christians as George Eliot and Laurence Oliphant, they neither should nor need seek outside of their own ranks their guide or their spokesman. They who in our own generation have led the Conservatives of England, the Liberals of Germany, the Republicans of France, can surely furnish a new Ezra for their own people.

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process. Where so many minds are considering how best to overcome the obstacles, the problem must sooner or later be solved, and when the hour strikes, the man will not be missing. The question is not one of narrow sectarianism; indeed it is scarcely any longer a religious one. Jews who are fully emancipated from the yoke of dogmas have this national sentiment not less, but rather more, fully than do the bigots and zealots who are necessarily men of inferior intellect.

A young Russian Jew of the former stamp expressed to me, in a recent conversation, views of such significance on this subject that with them I may fitly close my paper, for they sum up the desires and ambitions of the nation.

"The mission of the Jews throughout history has been to protest against corruption and despotism in religion and morals. The religious mission of the Jew belongs to the past: it is no longer necessary to preach the unity of God. But the moral mission remains unchanged: he has still to protest against narrowness, corruption, and materialism. As for his mixing with Christians, I have no fear nor objection in regard to it; he can but mix in blood; the genius of the Semitic race cannot be adulterated, but flows through history pure and distinct as the waters of the Rhone through the Rhine. * * * The racial tie binds Jews together even though they discard all religion. What they need is to be once more consolidated as a nation. They are essentially an original people, borrowing neither thoughts, emotions, nor manners of the nations around them. (From this statement I exclude American Jews, who have lost color and individuality, and are neither Jew nor Gentile.) Let them organize with sufficient strength under a competent leader, and establish their central government,—whether in Palestine or South America, East or West, is a matter of indifference. Thus only can they command respect from other nations. But I would not have all Jews congregate in a single community: their fate and their purpose is to be separated. They are to serve as the connecting link between hostile peoples, and to advance the glorious cause of our common humanity. In their midst is to be found every type of mind which a perfect community needs. They are the greatest hero-worshippers in the world; except in matters of religion, they can be more easily swayed and kindled to enthusiasm by an appeal to their imagination than any other people. Let the hero arise to lead. Such things have been seen before and shall be seen again. I am no dreamer; I speak of facts. In their present wretched condition the Jews have grown old, they have lived too long. But a new life will be instilled into them by such an achievement; and once more incorporated as a fresh and active nation, they will regain youthful vigor and power."

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Emma Lazarus.

late with whatever people and to endure every climatic influence. But blind intolerance and ignorance are now forcibly driving them into that position which they have so long hesitated to assume. *They must establish an independent nationality.*

Neither we nor our immediate descendants can hope to see humanity at that point of perfection where the helpless and submissive victim will, as such, be respected. Existence continues to be a struggle in which the fittest can survive only through the energetic assertion and constant proof of superiority. The idea formulated by George Eliot has already sunk into the minds of many Jewish enthusiasts, and it germinates with miraculous rapidity. "The idea that I am possessed with," says Deronda, "is that of restoring a political existence to my people; making them a nation again, giving them a national center, such as the English have, though they, too, are scattered over the face of the globe. That is a task which presents itself to me as a duty; * * * I am resolved to devote my life to it."

At the least, I may awaken a movement in other minds such as has been awakened in my own. "Revive the organic center," says Mordecai with still more eloquence. "Let the unity of Israel which has marked the growth and force of its religion be an outward reality. * * * When our race shall have an organic center, a heart and brain to watch and guide and execute, the outraged Jew shall have a defense in the court of nations, as the outraged Englishman or American. And the world will gain as Israel gains. For there will be a community in the van of the East which carries the culture and the sympathies of every great nation in its bosom; there will be a land set for a halting-place of enmities, a neutral ground for the East as Belgium is for the West. Difficulties? I know there are difficulties. But let the spirit of sublime achievement move in the great among our people, and the work will begin."

I am fully persuaded that all suggested solutions other than this of the Jewish problem are but temporary palliatives. Could the noble prophetess who wrote the above words have lived but till to-day to see the ever-increasing necessity of adopting her inspired counsel, though her own heart would have been lacerated by "the hideous obloquy of Christian strife," yet she would have been herself astonished at the flame enkindled by her seed of fire, and the practical shape which the movement projected by her in poetic vision is beginning to assume. Highly significant in this connection are the labors of the "Alliance Universelle Israélite" and the recent Jewish conference held in Berlin

on April 23, 1882, where the chief cities of Germany, England, France, and the United States were represented, where such men as Lasker, Professor Derembourg, Sir J. Goldsmid, professors, privy-councillors, and members of the Imperial Diet took prominent part, and where a vast Jewish system of mutual coöperation and aid was organized. "The result of the present Russian persecution," says the "American Hebrew," "has been to knit Jew to Jew as never we have been knitted since the dispersion." From the princes of European finance to the most wretched despoiled refugee who steps from the steerage of the emigrant steamer upon our soil, every true Jewish heart to-day burns with the same sentiment of patriotism and of sympathy. Mr. Laurence Oliphant's scheme for the colonization of Palestine has been too thoroughly and clearly defined in his own interesting volume, the "Land of Gilead," and has attracted too much attention from the press of Europe and America to need more than brief mention here. Strongly impressed with the advisability on political, commercial, and philanthropic grounds, of establishing a Jewish colony in Palestine, Mr. Oliphant started three years ago on an exploring expedition through the land east of the Jordan. The result of his travels was to intensify into an ardent faith his conviction of the practicability and desirability of the plan. In commenting upon it in the "Nineteenth Century" of August, 1882, he writes:

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Emma Lazarus.

A RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

IN an old memorandum book, written during the war, I have some notes of an interview between President Lincoln and several visitors which occurred in the winter of 1862-63, when I had several opportunities, in company with a former college-mate, Dr. P. D. Gurley, then Mr. Lincoln's pastor, of meeting the President. About twice a week, after the official and other privileged visitors had taken their departure, the doors of the President's reception room would be thrown open to whomsoever might be waiting without. Happening to be there on one of these occasions, I entered with about a score of these expectants; and curious to observe the character and process of this informal audience given to the people, I stationed myself in a corner near the President, where I could see and hear all that was going on. The notes referred to were jotted down soon after the interview.

President Lincoln's appearance is too well known to need particular description. The tall, thin, wiry form, which no burdens seemed able to bend, and no amount of labor to deprive of elasticity; the calm, rugged, honest face, grave and deeply melancholy when in repose, yet wont to be lighted up under the influence of some humorous sally—these are familiar to the world. He was clad plainly, but becomingly, in a black broad-cloth suit, nothing in all his dress betokening disregard of conventionality, save, perhaps, his neat cloth slippers, which were doubtless worn for comfort. He was seated beside a plain, cloth-covered table, in a commodious arm-chair.

The first to get the President's eye and ear was a dapper, smooth-faced, boyish-looking little person, intent apparently on obtaining a clerkship in one of the departments. Encouraged by a friendly nod and smile and a "Well, what can I do for you?" which seemed to show that he was not quite unknown, nor seen there for the first time, the youth approached the President, and spoke *sotto voce*, as if afraid that some one else would hear a syllable he had to say.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I will consider the matter and see what can be done," with a manner that implied that nothing further need be said and that this closed the interview. The applicant, however, did not seem to understand it so, but continued to press the matter in earnest half whispers until inter-

rupted by the President with an emphatic "Yes, yes, I know all about it, and will give it proper attention." This ended the colloquy. The young man vanished, and was succeeded by an older man in military dress, wearing lieutenant's shoulder-straps, who desired to be appointed colonel of a colored regiment. The experiment of employing colored troops had not yet been fully tested, was, in fact, hardly begun, and its success may have been doubted, at this time, by Mr. Lincoln, as by many others. In answer to the request he said, "The whole thing amounts only to a colonelcy for the applicant, as, should a regiment be raised, in six months there would be a colonel without a negro left in the command."

"But my purpose is not that," said the lieutenant, "it is to serve the cause, not myself."

"That may be your purpose," said the President, "but the certain *effect* none the less will be what I have described." And as further argument seemed unnecessary the would-be colonel took his leave, with a countenance indicating anything but satisfaction at the result of his patriotic overture.

He was followed by a sturdy, honest-looking German soldier, minus a leg, who hobbled up to the President on crutches. In consideration of his disabled condition, he wanted some situation about Washington, the duties of which he might be able to discharge, and he had come to the President, hoping that he would provide the desired situation for him. On being interrogated as to how he had lost his leg, he answered that it was the effect of a wound received in battle, mentioning the time and the place.

"Let me look at your papers," said Mr. Lincoln.

The man replied that he had none, and that he supposed his word would be sufficient.

"What!" exclaimed the President, "no papers, no credentials, nothing to show how you lost your leg! How am I to know that you lost it in battle, or did not lose it by a trap after getting into somebody's orchard?" This was spoken with a droll expression which amused the bystanders, all except the applicant, who, with a very solemn visage, earnestly protested the truth of his statement, muttering something about the reasons for not being able to produce his papers. "Well, well," said the President, "it is dangerous

for an army man to be wandering around without papers to show where he belongs and what he is, but I will see what can be done for you." And taking a blank card from a little pile of similar blanks on the table, he wrote some lines upon it, addressed it, and handing it to the man bade him deliver it to a certain Quartermaster, who would attend to his case.

Then a striking scene occurred. A person apparently of sixty years of age, with dress and manner which showed that he was acquainted with the usages of good society, whose whole exterior, indeed, would have impressed people who form opinions from appearances, approached the president, asking his aid in some commission project, for the success of which Mr. Lincoln's favor was regarded as essential. The President heard him patiently, but demurred against being connected with or countenancing the affair, suggesting mildly that the applicant would better set up an office of the kind described, and run it in his own way and at his own risk. The man plead his advanced years and obscurity as a reason for not attempting this, but said that if the President would only let him use his name to advertise and recommend the enterprise, he would then, he thought, need nothing more. At this the eyes of the President flashed with sudden indignation, and his whole aspect and manner underwent a portentous change. "No!" he broke forth, with startling vehemence, springing from his seat under the impulse of his emotion. "No! I'll have nothing to do with this business, nor with any man who comes to me with such degrading propositions. What! Do you take the President of the United States to be a commission broker? You have come to the wrong place, and for you and every one who comes for such purposes, there is the door!" The man's face blanched as he cowered and slunk away confounded, without uttering a word. The President's wrath subsided as speedily as it had risen.

A white-haired, gentlemanly-looking person, in company with his daughter, who seemed quite young and was certainly very pretty and prepossessing, though she had a shy, bashful, and even frightened look, met with a most courteous and friendly reception. The gentleman said he had no business to transact and would not trespass on the President's time, that he had come simply to see and salute him, and to present his daughter, who had longed to have this honor before returning to their distant home. Mr. Lincoln greeted them very cordially, rising and shaking hands with them, and with the frank, bland, and familiar manner which made strangers feel

unconstrained and at ease in his presence, he chatted pleasantly, even playfully, with them for some minutes, to the evident delight of both visitors. When they were about to go away, he politely escorted them to a door opening into the hall, and different from that through which the visitors entered, and dismissed them with charming courtesy.

Going back to his chair, he found a gentleman from the "land o' cakes and brither Scots," with letter of introduction in hand, awaiting an audience. Being pleasantly received, the visitor, after some preliminaries, proceeded to say that he had but recently come from Scotland, and had called to present, in the name of numbers of his Scotch friends (mentioning Dr. Guthrie in particular), congratulations and greetings on the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation. He said that the great act met with warmest sympathy among his countrymen, and all trusted and prayed that the President would stand firm in maintaining the principles it promulgated. "Well," replied the President, "I am inclined to remain firm, but do not say I will, certainly, though all others should fail, as Peter once said and repeated with so much confidence, and only saw his folly and weakness as the cock crew—yet, God helping me, I trust to prove true to a principle which I feel to be right, of which the public sentiment approves, and which the country is prepared to support and maintain. Tell this to your friends at home with my acknowledgments for their sympathy and good wishes."

When this visitor had withdrawn, an immense specimen of a man presented himself. Broad-shouldered, robust, with thews and sinews to match his great height, and withal an honest, good-natured countenance—all seemed to mark him as belonging to the hardy yeomanry of the West. He sidled up awkwardly to the President, seeming almost afraid to accost him, but after some hesitation contrived to say, that being on a visit to Washington, he simply wanted before leaving to see the President, and have the honor of shaking hands with him. He found a kindly reception, and after some introductory civilities, Mr. Lincoln ran his eye curiously over his huge caller, surveying him from head to foot, and then saying with a humorous look and accent it would be hard to describe, "I rather think you have a little the advantage of me in height; you are a taller man than I am."

"I guess not, Mr. President," replied the visitor, with the self-abnegating air of one who seemed to regard any claim on his part, of possessing an *advantage* over the Chief Magistrate, as an offense little short of treason—"the advantage cannot be on my side."

"Yes, it is," was the rejoinder, "I have a pretty good eye for distances, and I think I can't be mistaken in the fact of the advantage being slightly with you. I measure six feet three and a half inches in my stockings, and you go, I think, a little beyond that."

The man still demurred, insisting very respectfully that the precedence in the matter lay on the President's side.

"It is very easily tested," said the President, and rising briskly from his chair and taking a book from the table, he placed it edgewise against the wall, just higher than his head. Then, turning to his doubting competitor for the nonce, he bade him "Come under." This the man did not do at once, pausing, with flushed face and irresolute look, as if not certain how far he might venture to trust the lion in his playful mood,—his countenance the while wearing a bewildered, half-frightened, and yet half-smiling expression that was really comical to see.

"Come under, I say," repeated the President, in a more peremptory tone, and then the visitor slowly complied. "Now straighten yourself up, and move your head in this way,"—suiting the action to the word. This being done, Mr. Lincoln added, "Now you hold the book, and be sure not to let it slip down a hair-breadth, and I will try." Planting himself accordingly underneath the book, and moving his head from right to left, it was found that he fell a trifle short of the other's measurement. "There," said he, "it is as I told you. I knew I couldn't be mistaken. I

rarely fail in taking a man's true altitude by the eye."

"Yes, but Mr. President," said the man, his courage, amid the merriment of the company, beginning to return, "you have slippers on and I boots, and that makes a difference."

"Not enough, to amount to anything in *this* reckoning," was the reply. You ought at least to be satisfied, my honest friend, with the proof given that you actually *stand higher* to-day than your President."

With this scene the reception, which had lasted about an hour, came to an end.

This brief interview, medley that it was, and stripped of ceremony, served the better to reveal the man in his true character, and to set forth the salient traits that fitted him for his great position and work, and endeared him so greatly to the popular heart. It showed how easily accessible he was to all classes of citizens, how readily he could adapt himself to people of whatever station or degree, how deep and true his human sympathies were, how quickly and keenly he could discriminate character, and how heartily he detested meanness and all unworthy arts and appliances to compass a selfish or sordid end. It showed the playful vein, whose ebullitions were as spontaneous as water bubbling from a fountain, and finally it showed the strong confidence he reposed in the convictions and heart of the people, with a trust that never faltered in the truth and ultimate triumph of the great principles he was bravely advocating.

C. Van Santvoord.

TO-DAY.

"O HEART, tired out with pain to-day,

A thousand years to come

Thy pain will all have passed away,

Thy crying shall be dumb:

As gayly bird-wings o'er the river

Shall gleam with life that once was thine,

As if this pulse, with pain a-quiver,

Still leaped, with gladness half-divine:

To thee, to all, it is as one

When once thy restless years are done."

Oh, vain to turn upon your heart,

And think to still it so!

It cries back unto all your art,

With pleading, "Ah, no, no!

For gladness dies as well as sorrow;

Then let me live, since I must die.

Ah, quick, for death will come to-morrow—

Quick, ere my years in vain go by!

Because to-morrow I am clay,

Give me my happiness to-day!"

Milicent Washburn Shinn.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Thieves—and Robbers.

HE who takes by stealth what belongs to another is a thief; he who takes by violence what belongs to another is a robber. The robber is popularly supposed to disappear, with other predatory animals, before the progress of civilization; but this is a superficial judgment. The force that unlawfully deprives men of their property passes through many transformations, but no force is more persistent. Men are plundered nowadays in America far more frequently and flagrantly than in England in the days of Robin Hood; there are men among us beside whose robberies those of the brigands of Italy and Greece and the Bedouins of the desert are mere pleasantries. Of all the triumphs of invention none are more wonderful than those by which the hard-earned gains of millions are forcibly conveyed to the vaults of the robber-princes. No business is more highly organized, more strenuously pursued, more successfully managed than the business of robbery. Yet, under all this elaboration of method, it is robbery, nothing worse nor better.

The peculiarity of the modern method of robbery is the employment, by the robbers, of the State as their enforced agent and accomplice. Sometimes, but not often, they organize their clients and retainers into armed bands and seize the coveted booty, combining to have the State confirm possession. But the force on which they prefer to rely is the quiet and resistless force of the laws and the courts. By artfully contrived legal schemes they constrain courts to do their bidding. The judges may be unwilling instruments, yet they are bound to sanction, impartially, the working of legal processes. But what shall we say when weak or corrupt judges hasten to legalize schemes by which great corporations are wrecked or rehabilitated as suits the purposes of the conspirators?

Of the gigantic fortunes now held in this country, not a few have been gotten by legal robbery. Twenty years ago our millionaires could be counted almost on the fingers of four hands. To-day their enumeration would carry us into thousands. Since the new system of robbery was perfected, about twenty men have amassed fortunes, which, taken together, exceed the debt of the nation. Twenty years ago many of these men were poor. Some of the new millionaires have grown rich honestly, but some of them have led a raid upon the production and the accumulated wealth of the country. So Napoleonic in its boldness and success has been the method of the master robbers, that rich men of better instincts have been dazzled by it, and have adopted it openly and independently, or have lent indirect coöperation and social credit to the robber chiefs and have shared in the plunder. Men of honorable reputations, who have been crowned with public honors, have countenanced these crimes as affording the surest way of adding to their unsatisfying fortunes of ten, twenty, or even thirty millions. It is by no

means our purpose to throw discredit upon the pursuit of wealth. Honest production and the honest gains of wealth that is employed in the service of society are the bulwarks of civilization. But we do say that examples of private greed are sapping the sources of public honor; examples of gigantic and countenanced robbery are undermining the foundations of public morality and corrupting the national character.

Our legislators have failed to see, or, for private and corrupt reasons, have winked at the fact, that the laws which were made to fit old-fashioned ideas of honor and morality instead of protecting the public, are the strength and the protection of dishonest men. The old code of commercial honor is lost sight of in the complex transactions of stock-jobbers, who remain out of sight while their work is being done by conscienceless factors; by lawyers skilled in discovering loop-holes in the law and in juggling with the law; by lobbies with money at the doors of legislatures; by paper shares and paper promises to pay; by cipher messages and spies, and by abusing the facilities of stock exchanges.

It is well that our legislators are making at least the show of inquiring into the methods by which the public is robbed in the interest of stockholders, and they, in turn, are robbed by corporate managers; by which wholesale robbery is cloaked with legal forms of "consolidation," "reorganization," "receiverships," and "watered stocks"; by which men may safely conspire to pervert the natural course of production and trade, and rob the public by the artifice of "corners"; by which a man is allowed to control rival or double systems of railways, and with impunity array one against the other, as suits his varying purpose, thereby despoiling the public with the ease of a gambler playing with marked cards.

What have the people to say about these practices? They do not appear, as yet, to have anything to say. The robber princes are held in high esteem. They go about to the colleges, some of them, and Doctors of Law and Doctors of Divinity grovel at their feet; if any Mordecai has refused to bow down before them, his name has not been reported. Men whose riches have been increased by spoiling their neighbors are held up as shining examples for the imitation of our youth. So long as teachers of morality silently indorse such iniquities, it is not to be expected that the people will cry out against them. But the day is sure to come when plain men will clearly see that no one man can get with clean hands, in an ordinary lifetime, a hundred million dollars; that such an enormous pile, so suddenly collected, must be loot, not profit. That will be a day of reckoning, indeed, for the robbers and for the judges and the legislators and the public teachers who have been their accomplices.

Meantime these facts are to be kept in mind,—that we have among us a class of men who, in their rapac-

ity, are bent on enriching themselves by forcibly seizing the property of their neighbors; and that they have learned how to use for this purpose the organized force of the State. Some means must be found of putting a stop to them. Unless this be done speedily, the respect for law on which social order rests will not long survive.

The British Strawberry.

THERE was a time when it did not do for a foreigner to speak disrespectfully, even in his own country, of anything American; of our rivers, lakes, waterfalls, skies, statesmen, manners, voices, liberties, or strawberries. We had the provincial supersensitiveness to criticism. But we have been getting bravely over the weakness lately. We can, on occasion, abuse ourselves roundly; and we can listen, without ruffling, to the tarest things that are said against us by others. If you see in an American paper a truculent reply to a foreign criticism of America, ten chances to one, it is written by a foreign-born writer. The eagle does indeed sometimes spread its wings and tail feathers in prominent places—in Congress for instance; but the emitted scream is not the old-fashioned genuine Yankee scream; it is nowadays pretty sure to be known by its brogue.

At one time, we have said, the whole country possessed the provincial supersensitiveness to criticism. After that, for many years, this supersensitiveness was most marked in our Southern States. For obvious reasons, the foibles of provinciality lingered later there. The North is no longer supersensitive. The South, with the extinguishment of slavery, and the recovery of and advance in prosperity, yearly (we may almost say daily),—loses its supersensitiveness. The Southern States have wheeled into the line of human progress; its citizens are more and more serious, busy, well-informed, independent. Calamity and prosperity have, alike, been good school-teachers to them. They are becoming citizens not merely of the South, but of the Union, and of the world. A few years ago, Mr. George W. Cable, for having an opinion of his own about his own country, would have been strung up to a lamp-post in that native city of his which now is proud to do honor to his genius and to his manly independence of character.

No one can know better than the editors of *THE CENTURY* how generously hospitable is the English public to American literature, art, and opinion. Curiously enough, however, the supersensitiveness to criticism of which we have spoken, while gradually fading out in America, seems lately to have been developed in certain quarters of "the mother country." A singular instance of this state of mind is noticeable in the remarks that have been made abroad on certain essays in the November number of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*. Mr. Howells, in his essay on Mr. James, ventures to express his views as to a change in the manner of writing novels. In the course of his argument, he gives it as his opinion that a different kind of novel-writing has come into vogue; a kind different in form from that of Richardson and Fielding, Dickens and Thackeray, and without certain of their peculiarities; a kind derived from

Hawthorne, George Eliot, and the better modern Frenchmen, like Daudet. (He might have said derived also very largely from the Russian Tourguéneff.) Mr. Howells says that Mr. James is "shaping and directing American fiction, at least." But he asks "will the reader be content to accept a novel which is an analytic study rather than a story, which is apt to leave him arbiter of the destiny of the author's creations?"

There was something in Mr. Howells's way of saying this about the current novel that roused the ire of many readers and critics in both America and England. Mr. Howells's attitude toward Dickens and Thackeray was misunderstood by many—as he has himself explained in a note to a English friend, quoted in the London "Athenæum"; as he may possibly explain more fully in an article which he intends to write on the genius of those two great masters of fiction. Mr. Howells, we say, has been very severely criticised for what he was supposed to mean, in both American and English papers,—in American not less than in English,—the difference being that in England the expression of a purely literary opinion by a novelist, on the art of novel-writing as it now exists, was taken to be a "spread-eagle" attack by an American on those purely British institutions, Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray! The critics of the London press forgot to notice that in fixing the derivation of the modern novel—especially the American—the name of only one American was given, that of Hawthorne (see "English Men of Letters" series)! while as an unconscious offering to the equal demands of British and French sensitiveness, Mr. Howells did not fail to mention George Eliot and the fiction of France!

So sensitive have some of our good English friends become that they at times appear to lose their literary insight, and sense of humor as well. We are willing to submit to any fairly constituted international Peace Congress the question whether Mr. Warner's article on "England," in the same number of *THE CENTURY*, is not a good-natured, frank, mainly serious, partly humorous, literary essay. Along with its earnestness of statement is the dry humor and exaggeration of the same author's "My Summer in a Garden" and "Back-log Studies." The fact is that Mr. Warner was principally moved to write this essay on England by a cordial friendship for English people and a hearty admiration of the country. But he wrote judiciously, not gushingly, not sycophantishly. He wrote with admiration and enthusiasm, but with discrimination. He did not merely marshal forth a series of complimentary and superlative phrases; he criticised, sometimes solemnly, sometimes in the spirit of fun. But listen again to this, O insatiate London critic: "This little island is to-day the center of the wealth, of the solid civilization of the world!" "For any parallel to her power and possessions you must go back to ancient Rome!" "And we must add to all this that an intellectual and moral power has been put forth from England clear around the globe, and felt beyond the limits of the English tongue." In the midst of such praise of England, Mr. Warner pauses to pay his attentions to his own country; and in doing so he makes one of the most

biting criticisms of America that have been made by native or foreigner this many a long year. "What educating influence," he says, "English fiction was having upon American life" Congressmen "have not inquired, so long as it was furnished cheap and its authors were cheated of any copyright on it." This is bad enough, but it is not the statement to which we referred; only Americans can know with what shame we read the bitter and degrading avowal that follows,—that these same Congressmen, after all, "represent us intellectually and morally a good deal better than we sometimes like to admit!"

In this essay then Mr. Warner not only praises England, but abuses his own country. What more can an Englishman desire! Ah, but he gives the other side of the shield also; he does not shrink from praising "Knickerbocker's History of New York" and "The Biglow Papers,"—both notoriously products of the new world; nor does he on occasion shrink from disparaging the English shop-keeper, and the British strawberry. As the two American books named above have long ago been adopted in England itself as creditable parts of modern "English literature," we do not think the rub is there. From the criticisms we have read, and the letters we have received, it is evidently this last offense that most deeply rankles in the British bosom. And there can be no doubt that Mr. Warner has spoken with extreme disparagement either of the British strawberry, or the manner in which it is served (we are ourselves not quite sure which). We are sorry that we cannot help him or ourselves out of this difficulty. We fear it cannot be explained away, as Mr. Howells can perhaps explain away his "attack" upon Dickens and Thackeray. There it stands in the November number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in all its vagueness, and in all its certainty, a flagrant and continuing example of American "spread-eagleism,"—and of the lately developed English super-sensitiveness to American criticism.

P. S.—We have just received advices from England, sent since the arrival there of the December number of the magazine. Mr. James's paper, "The Point of View" has made all right again!

Law-making at Albany.

THE political complexion of several of the State legislatures which assembled at the beginning of the new year has been changed since their last session. But the conviction is growing, among reflective people, that some change more radical than a change of political complexion is needed to secure intelligent and honest legislation, and equally to secure a diminution of ignorant, or dishonest, or meddlesome, or superfluous legislation. In fact most of the State legislatures have fallen into public contempt. The newspapers express moderate expectations of the incoming legislature, and speed the parting legislature with hootings. There is no easier road to popularity for a governor than to treat the collective wisdom of the law-making body with ostentatious contempt, and to make a free and even "slashing" use of the veto power which is theoretically vested in him for rare emergencies.

An examination of the work done by the last legislature of New York certainly tends to confirm the disesteem of legislative wisdom expressed by the newspapers and by the governors. In mere volume, legislative activity has diminished since ten years ago, when the annual "out-put" of new laws was nearly a thousand. The increasing freedom with which recent governors have used the veto power partly accounts for this diminution, which in the last legislature was further accounted for by a dead-lock which prevented the passage of any distinctly partisan law. Nevertheless, it is still true of the legislature of New York, as was wittily said by the author of "The Commonwealth Reconstructed," that "it exhibits the natural fecundity of low organisms." There is no printed record of bills introduced, and it is perhaps a nice question whether the presumption is in favor of bills which passed both houses, or of those which failed in one house or the other. But at any rate there will be a popular presumption in favor of those which the governor allowed to become laws; and of these "Laws of New York" for the session of 1882 there were passed and have been published four hundred and eight, or between two and three for every legislative day.

The most cursory examination shows that the title, "Laws of New York," is in most cases a misnomer. Leaving out amendments to the codes (14), acts merely formal, such as releases of title and legalizations of informal official acts (35), grants and alterations of charters (58), and regulations merely local (198, or almost half of the whole number), and leaving out also appropriations and what are strictly mere bureau regulations of executive departments (64), the number of what are on their face laws of the State is reduced to sixty-four, less than one-sixth of the total volume. Not all of this select fraction are really laws. If we came upon a law providing, for instance, that all red-haired, one-eyed grocers doing business in cities of more than 15,000 and less than 20,000 inhabitants might do something not permitted to other citizens, we might be sure that the object of the statute was to benefit some individual grocer contemplated by the framer of the bill. There are bills in which the private purpose is not much more artfully disguised. Chapter 290, for example, provides in a large and general way that "any corporation" which has sold any of its real estate may, notwithstanding any prohibition in its charter, buy any land of equal value adjoining its own. Of course this is special legislation, and that it has to be granted in general terms makes it the more ridiculous, and is very likely to make it the more mischievous. Another bill of the same kind is chapter 349, which provides that a horse railroad may make use of five hundred feet or less of the track of another horse railroad in order to get from its own track to its car-house, New York and one street in Brooklyn being specially excepted. Some of these special laws can scarcely be said to be disguised. Here, for example, is chapter 216, which provides that a student at law who has been prevented from completing his course of study, "by reason of his necessary absence from such university while a member of the legislature," shall be entitled to admission to the bar on passing his examination. Here the one-eyed, red-haired grocer of our parable stands confessed. The

implication that making laws may be a satisfactory substitute for studying them shows the concurrence of the legislature in the general belief that service in the State legislature is merely an apprenticeship.

Of these sixty-four laws, there are only two which can fairly be said to have excited much public interest, or to have been enacted in answer to a public demand. These are the bill to legalize primary elections, of which the aim is doubtless good, although it is doubtful whether the means provided are sufficient to attain it, and the Railroad Commission Bill, of which much the same is to be said. The subject which seems to have excited most attention in the legislature itself seems to have been the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine, and the treatment of this subject furnishes a characteristic illustration of the capacity of the legislature for its work. The object of all the bills on the subject introduced was the same, to prevent the sale of oleomargarine as butter, or of cheese adulterated with lard as unadulterated cheese. It ought not to be a great strain upon the human intellect to draw a single clear and sufficient act to effect this purpose. But it seems to have been beyond the assembled wisdom of the legislature. So the legislature passed four laws. The first and second (chapters 214 and 215) became laws on the same day, and presumably passed the scrutiny of the same intelligent committee. Chapter 214 makes the coloring of oleomargarine and lard cheese, in imitation of butter and cheese respectively, a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$200, or by imprisonment for not less than thirty nor more than ninety days, or by both. Chapter 215 repeats chapter 214, with variations, prohibiting the imitation in color even of butter artificially colored ("with or without coloring matter"), and takes in "keepers of hotels, restaurants and boarding-houses" (what, by the way, is the legal definition of a "boarding-house"?) as well as makers and dealers, and makes the penalty a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$200, half to go to the informer and half to the poor, or an imprisonment of not less than ten nor more than thirty days. Thus the State of New York, by two laws passed on the same day, prescribes two different penalties for the same offense. But the wisdom of the legislature did not stop here. Chapter 238 provides that every person who manufactures for sale, or offers for sale, or exports to a foreign country any substance in semblance of butter and cheese "not the legitimate product of the dairy," shall brand the same "oleomargarine butter" or "imitation cheese," as the case may be, "in Roman letters not less than one-half inch in length." If he does not he is liable to a fine of \$100, with costs, for each offense, besides being subject to a prosecution for misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$200, or by imprisonment for not less than ten nor more than twenty days, or by both. This ought to settle the wretch, but the legislature returns to the charge with unabated fury in chapter 246. "Any person who shall hereafter sell, either at wholesale or retail, any oleomargarine, butterine, suine, or other substance not butter, and represent the same to be butter, shall be fined not less than \$25, or be imprisoned for thirty days or less, or both." And then, as a second section, follows this mysterious but delightful addition: "The sale by any person of

such oleomargarine, butterine, suine, or other substance not butter, representing the same to be butter, shall be deemed presumptive evidence of the guilt of such person."

This is a fair enough exhibition of the manner in which the legislative intellect grapples with a "giant evil." Four separate, and, in some respects, incongruous acts are passed in addition to those already on the statute book, to attain a purpose which might have been fully attained by a single act. And this illustrates the manner in which the statute books become choked with rubbish. It must not be supposed that all, even of these general laws, are really of general application. To one law, for example, making public property all drains and ditches dug before 1872, which have since been maintained at the public cost, there is a considerable exception of fourteen counties; and a bill was passed excepting fifteen counties from the operations of the County Treasurers' Act. This facility of exception is a great promoter of reckless legislation. A legislator who imagines that his constituents will not like a law dispenses himself from the necessity of examining it by proposing that his county shall be excepted, and the exceptions sometimes apply to more of the people of the State than the rule; and there are instances of bills that have been passed with every county of the State exempted from their operation except the county of the mover. In truth, the notion of a law, in Hooker's sense or in Bentham's, seems never to have entered the minds of the makers of laws for the State of New York.

It is, however, in bills professedly local that this lawlessness of law, this literally "unprincipled" character of legislation, is most manifest. It is in these also that the "jobs" of a session are to be looked for, while a very moderate degree of skill suffices to conceal them from an investigator unacquainted with the local circumstances. It will surprise most readers to learn, however, that local regulations actually make changes in the substantial rights and remedies of citizens in different parts of the State. Chapter 119 discloses the existence of a special mechanics' lien law in Onondaga County. Chapter 171 amends an act of 1871 in relation to "persons who abandon or threaten to abandon their families in the County of Kings." Even if, at the date of the original law, there was so general an upheaval of the social fabric in Kings County as to demand that its heads of families should be put under bonds to live with their families, the domestic morality of that region must since have been so nearly assimilated to that of the rest of the State as no longer to require a keen and special terror of the law. There are many laws of 1882 exempting particular places from the operation of general laws. There are seven laws extending the time for the payment of taxes in districts not known to have been devastated by pestilence or famine, and two enforcing the collection of taxes in other districts. There is a law relating to arrests without process in Schenectady, which, if it is good for Schenectady, is manifestly good for all other places in the State. There is a comic act requiring a person whose leg is about to be broken by a defective bridge or sidewalk in Schenectady to give twenty-four hours' notice of his danger to "the superintendent of streets," in order to make the city liable

for damages. One wonders what is imagined to be the function of a superintendent of streets in Schenectady.

These one hundred and ninety-eight measures, constituting nearly half in number and more than half in volume of the work of the last legislature, are a mighty maze, and quite without a plan. It is impossible to classify them according to any principle, since they betray none; and all but impossible to classify them according to the objects sought to be attained, so miscellaneous are they. The most noticeable thing about them is the triviality of their subject-matter. When there is no question of politics, any importunate legislator seems to be able to "get through" whatever any important constituent desires to be got through. Almost complete local self-government in some cities and villages is contrasted with almost complete wardship to the legislature in others. Cherry Valley is authorized to spend money for certain specified purposes, "and for any other improvements which a majority of the trustees may deem proper," while Utica must have a special law to build an engine-house, and Lockport a special law to buy \$1000 worth of hose, and the village of Sherburne a special law to spend \$250 on a survey for a water supply. There is a general law for villages, it appears, but the existence of the rule is only made manifest through the multitude of the exceptions. Special laws were passed last session for fifty-four cities and villages. In almost every bill it is evident that the legislature can know nothing about the merits of the case, but must pass it on trust, because it is believed to be approved by the people concerned. And why, in the name of all that is rational, should it not be left to the people concerned to say what they will do with their own?

A bill was introduced into the legislature of 1881 containing a proposition to amend the constitution of New York by restricting the legislature to the passage of laws applicable to all cities or incorporated villages alike, and restricting local self-government only by providing that a direct popular vote should be required to increase the debt of any municipality. If this proposition had become part of the organic law, 198 laws, or half the annual out-put would last year have been saved; 42 more, if executive officers, or courts, were given the power of correcting informalities in local offices, of granting formal releases of title, and the former of making their own bureau regulations; and 58 more, if all charters were granted under general laws. If the power of passing special laws of these several kinds had been taken away from the legislature, three-fourths of its work for the past session would have disappeared, and when you examine the treatment by the legislature of the remaining bills, the subject-matter of which is clearly within the province of a legislature, the question what is the public use of the legislature at all, presents itself as a "question of urgency." For assuredly there was not a single law passed by the legislature of 1882, the postponement of which for a year could have brought any public mischief. Not only the constitutional convention, the real legislature of the State, but the municipal commission, and every other body which undertakes in earnest to effect any important improvement in State affairs, finds one of the first conditions of success to be the restraint of legislative activity, and the putting of

an artificial check upon "the natural fecundity of low organisms." If we cannot attain millennial sessions of such a body, it seems that the mild palliative of biennial sessions, which would afford a fair chance of cutting down the birth-rate one-half, might be applied without the least danger of bringing on any public calamity. The clear saving every other year of \$373,000—\$340,000 for compensation and mileage to members and officers of the legislature, and \$33,000 for contingent expenses—though the most direct, is one of the least of the advantages that might reasonably be expected from that change.

Free Art.*

If a dangerous fallacy is in vogue and has obtained a powerful influence over many minds, the first step in the direction of its extinction is to find a clear and uncompromising statement of it. We are, therefore, much pleased to find a statement in the recent report to Congress of the Tariff Commission that "the advance in the duties on works of art" was "made for the encouragement of original American art." This was undoubtedly the view of the case taken by the politicians of Congress in making the present rates; and this view of the case was undoubtedly imposed upon our national legislators by those American artists who worked for a "protective" art tariff, with the intention of making a "corner" in art in the new world for their own especial benefit and that of their friends and cronies. As these gentlemen, or their survivors, are probably anxious to have their share in the matter now quite forgotten, we will name no names. Let us try to forget this, with many another shady episode of the Dark Ages!

But if it is fortunate to find a fallacy boldly and clearly announced, it is still more fortunate to find its opposing truth put with equal bravery and distinctness. A few days before the Tariff Commission report was made public, the public heard a better gospel announced in a resolution of the Society of American Artists which was passed unanimously November 7, 1882, in words as follows:

RESOLVED: That the attention of the present Tariff Commission and of Congress should be called to the fact that, whereas the United States of America is the only leading nation in the world that has not inherited the works of art of any great epoch of the past, it is, at the same time, the only nation that puts a penalty, by means of a tariff, upon the importation of works of art, both ancient and modern, and that, in the opinion of this society, all works of art should be excepted from the payment of duties, both in the interest of art in general, and of American art in particular.

WILL H. LOW,
Secretary.

WYATT EATON,
President.

It is not necessary for us to call attention to the fact that the Society of American Artists contains a considerable part of the artistic talent of the country. Its membership is not confined to the juniors of the

* See "Art and the Stupidities of the Tariff," by Dr. Holland, "Topics" for February, 1881. Also "Communications," in the same number.

profession, but it includes in its ranks most of the older men whose art is abreast with the times. It can be truthfully said of this society that in its own exhibitions and elsewhere it has greatly helped to redeem American art from the stigma of ignorance and provinciality. It is largely—of course not exclusively—upon the members of this society that the future of our art depends; it is largely from its membership that the Academy is now wisely recruiting its own ranks. The decided utterance of such a society cannot fail to have great weight. It is to be hoped that the Academy, as a body, will now add its testimony on the side of culture and enlightenment. We are sure that many of its better-educated and more liberal-minded members will be glad to bear individual testimony in favor of removing the penalty inflicted upon all persons who presume to bring art works into the United States. As we go to press we learn that the Boston Art Club has put itself right on the record on this vital question, and we have no doubt that similar action will be taken by art societies throughout the United States.

There were formerly two points urged in favor of a "protective tariff" on art-works. One was that foreign artists could live at home on less money, therefore could "produce" pictures at less expense, and had, therefore an unfair advantage in competition with the "home producer." One would think that such an argument as this, an argument confounding art with manufacture, pictures with potato-mashers, or whatever it is that the tariff "protects," must have emanated from the brain of a Congressional representative of some "manufacturing district." On the contrary, we have never known this insult to the profession to be given forth except from the lips of some venerable and well-to-do National Academician!

The other argument advanced is an insult, not so much to our artists as to the intelligence of the country at large, and of picture buyers in particular; namely, that unless the public are "protected" by a tariff on works of art, the country will be overrun with painted and sculptured rubbish from the old world, the idea being that good pictures will not be bought when bad ones can be had! This, we believe, is not only the most degrading argument yet advanced in favor of a tariff, and a high tariff, on art works, but it is the most humorously illogical. If a buyer knows enough to buy good pictures, is he going to buy rubbish simply because the country is flooded with it? And if a man likes bad pictures, either dear or cheap, will he be under the necessity of sending to Europe for them? We should say rather that if the extinction of the tariff does have the effect of making the country swarm with painted rubbish from Europe, the only distinctive thing in the way of modern art would be a picture painted by a native artist. Even a commonplace American painter, under such circumstances might have a better show than ever before.

If the Society of American Artists, who have done themselves so much credit by passing unanimously the resolution quoted above, were asked to explain their position more fully, they would probably say that art is not manufacture; that true art can flourish in no community where taste is not cultivated and keyed up by the contemplation of the best works of art, either in the original or by reproduction; that artists them-

selves especially need the example and stimulus furnished by the art productions of other hands and lands, both ancient and modern; and that every barrier against the free introduction into a country of art works, either in the original or in reproduction, is a barrier against the advance of art.

If the society had been asked for fresh examples of injury it might, perhaps, have referred to several conspicuous "modern instances," not only of the inhospitality and hardship of the tariff, but of its actual detriment to the cause of art and to the dissemination of interest in and taste for art productions. No one will deny the good accomplished by the visit to this country of such eminent and able artists as Mr. Seymour Haden and Mr. Hubert Herkomer. One need not make any undue claims as to the value of their specific teachings in order to insist upon the great good to artists themselves, and to those interested in art, of the independent and clearly expressed views of strong men like these. The very presence of such artists along with the contemporaneous public exhibition of their works, serves as a stimulus to our own artists, and an instruction to the public. But see how our great, rich, powerful, and supposedly hospitable country treats Mr. Herkomer! It lays violent hands upon all the drawings, etchings, paintings, he brings over—not for sale, but to let us look at merely—it lays violent hands upon them, and after keeping them in its possession for we know not how many anxious days, mulcts the unfortunate artist in a good round sum of hundreds of dollars. Mr. Seymour Haden, having been apprised in time of the abomination of our desolations of imported art, prudently refrained from bringing over those valuable works of art with which it was his desire to illustrate his American lectures on original engraving. He estimated that he would have to pay to the United States Government (a government whose annual surplus is one hundred and forty-five millions of dollars) the sum of five thousand dollars cash for the privilege of fully illustrating and elucidating his lectures on art to American audiences!

The American tariff on works of art is without precedent in the civilized or barbarous world of to-day. Other governments exert themselves to obtain works of art from abroad, and to hold fast those which conquest, purchase, or native genius has given them. The one great country of the world that has neither inherited nor produced great works of art is the one country of the world that, through the short-sighted selfishness of a passed, or passing, generation of artists, and the proverbial ignorance and stupidity of its legislators in all aesthetic matters, sets up a troublesome barrier against the admission of art works to any part of its enormous domains! And it does it by means of a law which in effect discriminates in favor of the rich, and against the poor man,—who might be content with a photograph, a plaster cast, an engraving, or an original not made costly by an excessive impost. The Tariff Commission has openly declared that the present duties are for the protection of home artists. Every American artist who avowedly or tacitly consents to the tariff as it is, and who refuses to join in the movement now started for its entire abrogation, should be down on the records, and descend to history, as an obstructionist, as a child of darkness, and not of light.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Judicial Oaths and Affirmations.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: Archdeacon Paley, in his "Moral and Political Philosophy," said that in no country are the words of an oath worse contrived to convey its meaning or impress its obligations than in England; the accusation applies with equal justice to most of our States, where the same form still prevails. The concluding words of the oath upon which all the other words are understood to depend are "So help me God"; and their meaning, as defined by the principal writers upon the subject, is that the swearer thereby invokes the vengeance of the Almighty, and renounces His pardon if what he swears to be not strictly true. The tendency of such an oath, as usually administered, must be, if no worse, to confuse the mind of the person taking it as to its true meaning, to impair the reverence which is due to the sacred name of Deity, and thereby to defeat the very object for which an oath is designed. The force of the sentence quoted is said to lie in the word *so*, meaning *upon condition* of my speaking the truth, or performing the promise, and not otherwise may God help me or save me. An ancient form had the additional words *at thy holy dome*; that is, so help me at the last day, or day of judgment. The Latin words known to have been used as early as the sixth century, whence the English form was taken, ran thus: *Sic me Deus adjuvet et hac sancta Evangelia*. With the latter clause, which is now omitted in the English form, originated the custom of kissing the Gospels. This oath was imitated from the pagan form of the ancient Romans, wherein the juror held a stone in his hand and invoked a curse upon himself, should he swear falsely.

Thus, it will be seen that the idea of a curse or imprecation has been attached to the words from the earliest times, and an imprecation of some sort appears indeed to have been an essential feature of every ancient form of oath with which we are acquainted. But the primitive Christians, who interpreted literally the command of their Master, "Swear not at all," refused to utter any imprecation, and for judicial purposes under the Christian emperors of Rome there was substituted a form of religious asseveration as in the presence of God. When, however, priestly power began to flourish, and the Church fell away from its pristine purity, oaths of cursing or imprecation were again introduced, and thus became imported into the customs of England. Although, by the common law, no special form of oath was requisite, yet, by the practice of the Courts, an oath concluding with the imprecatory words before referred to was universally tendered to witnesses and jurors who professed a belief in the Deity. But as there were some who, upon conscientious grounds, refused to swear, it became necessary, in the interest of justice, no less than of humanity, that some provision should be made for those who were thus scrupulous. The first

British statute on this subject was enacted in 1696 [7 and 8 Wm. 3., Ch. 34] for the benefit of the people called Quakers, and provided that instead of an oath they should be permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration in these words: "I, A. B., do declare, in the presence of Almighty God, the witness of the truth of what I say." By subsequent legislation, the privilege was extended to the sects called Moravians and Separatists, and in the case of the Quakers all appeal to the Deity was stricken from the required form. Yet the evidence of those persons who refused to take an oath was not admitted in criminal cases for still a century later. All such disability is, however, removed by the Common Law Procedure Act, and under it all persons, without distinction of sect, who shall satisfy the court or officer of his conscientious scruple, may affirm without any appeal to the Deity, subject, however, to the penalties of perjury in case of a false affirmation.

In this country, nearly all the States have passed similar acts, substituting a solemn affirmation in all cases where the person is conscientiously scrupulous of taking an oath. In some of the States, no question of conscience is raised, but the taking of the one or the other is a mere matter of choice. In many of them also, when forms of oath in certain cases are prescribed by statute, words of imprecation have no place in such forms. In the Federal Courts, and in all proceedings under the general laws of the United States a solemn affirmation may be taken by any one in lieu of an oath. These changes show that with us and in England, the oath is no longer deemed essential in order to bind a man to veracity.

According to Lord Hardwicke, all that is necessary to an oath is an appeal to the Supreme Being, as thinking Him the rewarder of truth and avenger of falsehood. And Lord Coke himself, although generally esteemed somewhat narrow in his conception of an oath, inasmuch as he considered that none but a Christian was qualified to take one, yet was so far advanced as to define its essential feature to be simply "calling Almighty God to witness" the truth of the testimony. The design of an oath is now understood to be, not to call the attention of God to man, but of man to God. Not to call on Him to punish the wrong-doer, but on man to remember that He will. In this view, the imprecatory words become totally unnecessary, and for a believer in the Deity a solemn affirmation taken as in His presence expresses all that is required in an oath.

In France, there is no appeal in words to the Supreme Being, but the person whilst making his declaration, holds up his right hand, which action is understood to imply an oath. Formerly an exception to this form was made in the case of the clergy, who instead of raising the hand placed it upon the breast. Recent action in the Chamber of Deputies in that country; the discussions growing out of the Bradlaugh case in the British Parliament, and the com-

ments thereupon which have from time to time appeared in the public journals on this side the water, indicate a growing sentiment in Christian communities against the use of any oath.

Of the evil tendency of the imprecatory clause so lightly taken in the multiplicity of oaths used among us, no argument can at this day be needed to convince any thoughtful person. If then, the evil of a custom which has so long had a hold upon our institutions be acknowledged, some may ask, what is the remedy? My answer is that, there are three. (1) Let every conscientious person without regard to sect, invariably refuse to take an oath in the form objected to, and claim his right, which, as we have seen, is now almost universally accorded, of substituting an affirmation. (2) Let the judges of our courts having authority to prescribe rules for the qualifying of witnesses and jurors strike from the oath the imprecatory words in all cases within their respective jurisdictions. (3) Let the legislatures of each of our states when assembled, pass an act definitely prohibiting the use of such words in every form of oath, or providing for an affirmation (subject for its violation to the penalties of perjury) to be taken in lieu of an oath by every one without distinction. The first of these remedies is a very simple one. If it were generally availed of the second and third would speedily follow, and the form of oath now so common would come to be looked upon with just abhorrence. Yours truly,

Benjamin P. Moore.

BALTIMORE, MD., Dec. 10, 1882.

Vandalism in "Saint Sophia."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE:

SIR: AMONG the multitudes of tourists who almost daily visit the mosque of Saint Sophia, in Constantinople, there are probably few who do not carry away with them a number of fragments of the colored glass used in the Byzantine mosaic with which this ancient edifice is profusely decorated. The youth who has undertaken to supply the increasing demand for these interesting mementos, is usually found in the gallery against the rear wall of the mosque, and any one may

purchase as many fragments as he desires at the expense of a few piastres. It must be that the methods resorted to in obtaining a sufficient supply of this commodity have not come to the knowledge of the traveling public, else the great majority would hardly make themselves even indirectly responsible for the most outrageous vandalism which it has been my fortune to encounter.

Our guide, an intelligent and apparently honest fellow, who most certainly was not interested in misrepresentation in this instance, informed us at the conclusion of our visit to the mosque that the bits of mosaic purchased by foreigners in the building had not fallen from the vault on account of some defect in the cement as represented, but had been rubbed off by the persevering application of a bamboo rod in the hands of a small boy!

Comment upon the irreparable injury which will surely be caused by the continuance of this nineteenth century iconoclasm seems hardly necessary, but tourists might somewhat delay the work of destruction by discouraging the advances of the pious Mahometan who thus ingeniously combines religious duty and worldly advantages. Yours truly,

J. S. Seymour.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., December, 1882.

The Supreme Court of the United States: A Correction.

EDITOR CENTURY MAGAZINE:

SIR: In the December number of your magazine, on page 175, the author of that very valuable and interesting article, "The Supreme Court of the United States," is made to say: "In 1799 President Adams, on the recommendation of a Senate Committee, sent a commission to France to negotiate a treaty. Oliver Ellsworth, Patrick Henry, and William Van Murray were the commissioners." The fact is that Ellsworth, Henry, and Van Murray were appointed, but Patrick Henry having declined the appointment, William R. Davie, of North Carolina, was named in his stead and served with the commission.

Yours truly,

W. R. Davie.

LANDSFORD, CHESTER CO., S. C.,

Dec. 7, 1882.

LITERATURE.

Leland's "Gypsies."

COMPARED with "The English Gypsies and their Language" and "Anglo-Romany Ballads," the latest publication from Mr. Leland on his favorite hobby is more a collection of short essays than a connected work. As Liszt became inspired by the music of Hungarian gypsies, so the study of Romany words and ways appears to breed in a man a very pleasant species of monomania. In the case of Mr. Leland it results

* The Gypsies. By Charles G. Leland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

in bright, agreeable literature of a light sort, and incidentally in not a little solid information which ought to lose nothing in the eyes of serious persons, because it happens also to be picturesque. Whether Mr. Leland's firm belief that the history of the gypsies has been traced will be always gospel; whether it be true beyond peradventure or not that they are descended from a certain tribe of Hindostan which still has representatives in India,—the pictures he draws are fascinating, and the book, like those that went before, may be hailed as a fresh and stirring addition to the literature of the subject. Mr. Leland's enthusiasm is

infectious, and the reader finds it hard to put himself in the shoes of the farmer whose small livestock have mysteriously disappeared, or of the buyer of a horse who finds his purchase going lame before the gypsy is out of sight. Marian, in Gay's "Shepherd's Week," takes the rustic view of these light-fingered gentry:

"Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three sallow gypsies met:
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;
They said that many crosses I must prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I missed three hens and one old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a smock."

The tendency of Mr. Leland's books, however, is to make one feel that community of goods should be allowed in the case of people who are so wholesome physically, so kindly in their social relations, and so honest among themselves. Not that he directly states that their morals are of a high grade, but he gives one that impression. He is never tired of telling how he watched a mountebank at a fair, followed him to an inn, and then astonished him by talking gypsy to him. It seems to afford him unending pleasure, especially in the instances where the gypsy, though he understands, pretends not to, thereby acting closely like Indians and other savages, who show great repugnance to intrusion on their secrets, and need to be very slowly approached before they will give an alien their confidence. And it is not the English or American gypsy alone whom Mr. Leland pursues: Russian, Austrian, Welsh, Egyptian, and Syrian gypsies are bagged by the same methods, and made to yield some new words or add some new light to the vexed problem of their common origin. The chapter on Russian gypsies is perhaps the most attractive of all. On reading of the irregular part-singing of these gypsies, without notes and without a leader, apparently without any concerted action or training for a special piece, one thinks of the music of such Hungarian gypsies as were lately in New York:

"And I listened to the strangest, wildest, and sweetest singing I had ever heard,—the singing of Lurleis, of sirens, of witches. First, one damsel, with an exquisitely clear, firm voice, began to sing a verse of a love ballad, and as it approached the end the chorus stole in, softly and unperceived, but with exquisite skill, until, in a few seconds, the summer breeze, murmuring melody over rippling lake, seemed changed to a midnight tempest, roaring over a stormy sea, on which the *basso* of the *kálo shuresko* (the black captain) pealed like thunder. Just as it died away, a second girl took up the melody, very sweetly, but with a little more excitement,—it was like a gleam of moonlight on the still agitated waters,—a strange contralto witch-gleam; and then again the chorus and the storm; and then another solo yet sweeter, sadder, stranger,—the movement continually increasing, until all was fast and wild and mad,—a locomotive quickstep, and then a sudden silence—sunlight—the storm had blown away."

Mr. Leland is a lively writer, who by no means confines himself to the subject before him, but throws in side remarks, and vents his feelings on irrelevant matters with a raciness not at all displeasing. He may have had a sharp lesson for many Americans and other "Anglo-Saxons" in mind when he digressed thus:

"It is worth remarking that whenever a race is greatly looked down on by another from the mere stand-point of color, as in America, or mere religion, as in Mahometan lands, it always contains proportionally a larger number of *decent* people than are to be found among those who immediately oppress it. An average Chinaman is a human being far superior to a hoodlum, and a man of color to the white man who cannot speak of him or to him except as a 'naygur' or a 'nigger.' It is when a man realizes that he is superior in nothing else save race, color, religion, family, inherited fortune, and their contingent advantages, that he develops most readily into the prig and snob."

A singular fact recorded by Mr. Leland regarding the spread of the gypsy tongue is corroborated by various gypsies: it is that at present more pure gypsy is talked in the United States than in Europe. The same statement has been made in regard to the Irish, the purest form of the Celtic dialects. In "Shelta, the Tinker's Talk," Mr. Leland discusses the possibility of that lingo being a remnant of the language of the Picts and decides against it. Yet he says: "Shelta is perhaps the last Old British dialect as yet existing, which has thus far remained undiscovered." The chapters on American gypsies would alone entitle Mr. Leland to a good audience, even were there not much else in his book that is piquant and instructive.

Miss Phelps's "Doctor Zay."*

It is now about fourteen years since "The Gates Ajar" introduced Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who was then a young lady of twenty-four, to something more than local fame. Since the success of that book, with its twenty editions in a single year, Miss Phelps has had a good share of public attention. The story was novel and striking rather than strong. Coming, as it did, from the bosom of orthodoxy, and flying in the face of current notions, it was bold in its conception of heaven. But boldness was soon discovered to be a constant factor in all the work done by Miss Phelps. It was an honest boldness that went with careful training and was under the control of a severe conscience. "The Story of Avis" was possibly bolder than "The Gates Ajar." It was certainly more ambitious, and took high, not to say haughty, ground in the illustration of the disabilities and the intellectual disfranchisement of women. It showed, moreover, singularly courageous, artistic independence. The novelty of the author's treatment of the new theme, the incisiveness of her attack on old prejudices, and the daring of her style, were more remarkable than the inworking, dramatic force of the story. The reader found himself at his wits' end in his effort to seize the substance behind the dazzling glow of her metaphor. Her male reader must have been not a little vexed at her choice of his champion. She had set up in conflict a man of straw and a woman of might, and the man naturally went down. Still, what complaint could be made? The thesis which she had undertaken to prove, was precisely this: that a woman of metal might sometimes be pitted against a man of straw, and that, in just this case, the world had

* Doctor Zay. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

denied her the natural use of her weapons. The novelist had chosen her theme and her method of treatment, to both of which she had a right, and it was left to the unlevenged critic to admire the beauty and mental force of the heroine, and to feel deep disgust for the wayward obliquity of the hero, while he felt secure in his conviction that the situation, while possible—nay, even common—was uninteresting in a novel. The novel had been made the vehicle of a brilliant discussion of an important social question.

The story of "Doctor Zay" has the same fine points, and is written with even a greater sincerity of moral earnestness. It is an admirable presentation of the difficulties that hedge in a large-minded, ambitious woman with a "career." Doctor Zay, the heroine, is so intensely in earnest that she undertakes a tilt against the laws of nature and the archery of love, in favor of Hahneemann and a career. The tilt, being unnatural, is of course unsuccessful: it is destined to be so from the start. The elementary forces in both Mr. Yorke and Doctor Zay are against the latter in a fight against love. The author, however, as in "The Story of Avis," gives the heroine many strong points in the contest. She has beauty, presence, energy, mental breadth, and moral strength, with long study abroad to back them up. The hero has inherited indolence and aimlessness, and, in addition to this inheritance, is literally knocked on the head at the start, and then thrown under the doctor's care, whose treatment, in the way of nervous excitation, is, perhaps inevitably, anything but homœopathic. These are his disadvantages. He is compelled to fight with a woman's weapons, while she is cleverly provided by the author with those of a man,—in which matter the author clearly has a right to her own way, although one might be inclined to lift the eyebrows a little, at the happy combination of so much beauty and vigorous strength with ten years of hard work in college, medical school, and hospital, with night and day practice in a country village, with thirty and odd visits a day to be made over rough country roads, and a continual strain of office practice besides,—with measles, small-pox, delirium tremens, drowning experiences, surgery, midwifery, and large draughts on the sympathetic nature. At any rate, the tables are fairly turned on the hero, and this is a part of the novelty and force of the plot. He is handicapped, Miss Phelps would probably say, as a woman is handicapped in her struggle for life. Doctor Zay's almost masculine sternness rarely yields him a point. His almost feminine irritability gives him many a slip. The novelist keeps her grasp on the characters firm, and attends closely to the narrative in its narrowest lines. The material is meager, with no wealth of those rich additions which we find in the more genial writers; but the figures which appear are vigorous. There is some irony and serious grotesqueness, but no wit, and only a modicum of humor. There is some formal landscape drawing, but too ornate to be natural, too fanciful to leave a pleasing impression, and the author's expression, whether in describing a dress, a face, or a scene in nature, is apt to be forced and rather technically precise than suggestive. Her vocabulary is not large, and she has a fondness for certain words, quite equal to that of the early transcendentalists. "Fine," "splendid," "implacable," "inscrutable," do more than their share of service. These,

however, are mannerisms, that belong to an intense nature, and intensity and originality are Miss Phelps's strongest points. She has moreover maintained a high ideal of love in marriage, and she expresses better than any other of our writers of fiction the intellectual heights and energies of women. There is a strong breeze out of the Puritan quarter in all her books, and it is thoroughly stimulating.

L'Art. Volume XXX.*

It is remarkable what a monopoly "L'Art" possesses in the United States to the exclusion of other publications of the kind in Paris and in London. For instance, the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts" is a much older and at one time was a stronger, if not an abler magazine. "L'Art" won its way primarily by its boldness in taking liberal views of art and becoming the champion of the younger and the neglected among artists. It also enlisted fresher and brighter writers; it offered a more sumptuous page, and in that way pleased not alone its readers, but the authors who wrote and the artists who designed for it. There is more than people think in the gratification of the auctorial eye and the reflection that good writing will be handsomely placed before the public. The magazine was also popularized in other ways; a greater variety of topics and a more liberal view of what could be held art made the *menu* more catholic. Finally "L'Art" has made a specialty of trying to reach English and American readers. Good as it was a few years ago, and good as it still remains notwithstanding the loss of several writers of mark, it would be a mistake to imagine that there are not excellent things to be found in the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts." It is stronger than "L'Art" in archaeology, and the papers have often a weight and solidity that approach at times to the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The vice of the "Gazette" is the official flavor which pervades it, a flavor that is often taken for official, be it said, when really it is merely conservative. Perhaps it would do "L'Art" no harm, but spur it on toward better things, and certainly it would be to the advantage of those who prefer their art criticism through French mouths, if the "Gazette" had more foot-hold in America. Another side of many matters would be presented; only, to encourage the reading of the "Gazette" appears at the present speaking something like treachery toward a new-found friend. After years of complete silence, during which "L'Art" appeared to think that America had no art—a great mistake, whatever sweeping grumblers here may say of it—it began to notice in fine print the fact that painting was beginning to exist in the United States. It asked for and got certain very mediocre notices of exhibitions and sales. But of late years enterprising youths from this side of the Atlantic have been grappling with French artists in French schools and with French methods, and the results have startled Paris. For some time, there was comfort in the undeniable truth that the Americans were not original. But when they began to flavor

* L'Art. Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée. Huitième Année. Tome III. Paris and London: Librairie de l'Art. New York: J. W. Bouton.

their imitative work with originality the taste of the critic was fairly hit. At least the unsparing and unscrupulous art-critic of the "Figaro," after many years of spiteful flings at the United States, appeared disposed last year to relinquish the attack. And now "L'Art" comes out in favor of American artists with a fervor which can almost be called indiscriminating. Paul Leroi's characterization of Mr. Knight's work is very good. Of him it is correct to say, "he has much taste, draws with elegance and certainty, composes a picture well, and paints it well, yet with some dryness. I only wish he would get up and stamp around just a little bit; it might turn out that his style would become more obscure; that day he would reach perfection, and that is not so bad a goal to reach." One can also applaud the very mild praise of Henry Mosler and William Dana, and the discrimination which will have none of Mr. Bridgeman's imitative Oriental scenes while it admires his Normandy picture, "La Plantation du Colza," which appeared recently in New York. But it is difficult to follow M. Leroi's admiration of Charles Sprague Pearce, or agree with his one-sided attack on paintings by Whistler. It is to his credit that he brands as absurd the idea that Sargent's "El Jaleo" is unseemly, or, as the critics in Paris appear to have said, libidinous. Though it may seem ungrateful in Americans to quarrel with praise, yet longer reflection will convince that over-praise does more harm than good, and that if, as has often been the case in "L'Art," second-rate American work is flattered, a double injury is effected. On the one hand foreigners are but little impressed with a criticism that proves forced when the art-objects are considered; on the other, native artists are tempted once more to throw away their artistic consciences and strive for temporary fame by the broad way of French art—which may lead them, as aliens, to destruction. It is better to be attacked than praised for second-rate work.

Van Horne's "Life of Thomas."*

AFTER years of laborious study, Mr. Van Horne has at length completed and given to the world his "Life of Thomas." He was selected for the task by Thomas himself, who was more than usually solicitous concerning his biography, for he had a deep-rooted conviction that he had not received his deserts during his life-time, and he looked to "time and history" to do him justice. Whether the choice of biographer was fortunate or not time itself must decide. He has given us a book which is full of ardent, rather than discriminating, praise, which seeks to exalt Thomas by discrediting his commanders and colleagues, and which records, with evident satisfaction, many incidents and statements which the neutral observer may perhaps think would best have been passed over in silence or omitted altogether. For instance, when, at the close of the war, Mr. Stanton told Thomas, with many compliments, that he had always had great confidence in him, Thomas replied: "I am sorry to hear you make this statement. I have not been treated as if you had confidence in me." It is a question whether Thomas's constant dissatisfaction throughout the war and to the day of his death with his position, his rank,

and his promotion was not the principal defect in a character otherwise remarkable for its force, its purity, and its strength. Far from taking this view, the biographer would have us believe that this was an evidence of greatness, and the subject is again and again referred to for the purpose of showing that this dissatisfaction was well founded, and was due to gross injustice on the part of the government. This may be called the main feature of the book, and next to this is the vehement denial that Thomas was ever slow or sluggish:

"No general, in chief or subordinate command, was ever more quick or judicious in his dispositions, or more forceful in fighting an enemy. * * * Thomas was not over-cautious at Nashville or anywhere else. He was bold always, without being rash, and cautious, without being timid. No general was more cautious when there was need of caution, and no one ever bolder or more forceful when the time for action came."

This idea is frequently repeated in different words, now and then supplemented by the assertion that Thomas was the greatest general of the war. Much of this might fairly be characterized as hyperbole; but Thomas's services were so very great, his ideals of duty were so high, and his whole career was so worthy of respect and admiration, that it is not difficult to pardon much to an enthusiastic biographer. And a book which tells the story of his life so fully is entitled to a hearty welcome.

Campaigns of the Civil War. VIII.—The Mississippi.*

It is safe to say that three-fourths of those who have professed any knowledge of the campaigns which resulted in the opening of the Mississippi have generally given undue prominence to minor events, and almost wholly ignored the essentially important; indeed, this campaign calls up in most minds a confused jumble of gunboats and batteries, bayous and swamps. We know that Vicksburg was taken and the river opened, and that is about all. This book, however, is a properly proportioned narrative of the series of operations, and its perusal gives a complete exposition of the difficulties and the solution of the problem.

The author indicates in his introduction the general scheme of operations, and enables us to understand it in its simplicity; states clearly the object of the gathering of the mighty forces in the West, and the essential value to both contending parties of the possession of the great river. The several defensive lines of the Confederates, the causes which led to their adoption, and the movements which brought about their successive loss, are next clearly delineated and explained. Then follows a clear account of the campaign terminating in the battles of Iuka and Corinth, which resulted in placing the Confederates on the defensive for the retention of Vicksburg.

The first of the three series of operations undertaken for the capture of the city was a combined movement on the part of Grant and Sherman, the former moving by the Mississippi Central Railroad, and the latter from Memphis by the river route. Such coöperative movements rarely succeed, and this resulted in failure. The brilliant raids of Forrest and Van Dorn against Grant's long line of communications forced him back, and the

* The Life of Major-General George H. Thomas. By Thomas B. Van Horne, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Campaigns of the Civil War. VIII.—The Mississippi. By Francis Vinton Greene, Lieutenant of Engineers, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

wide separation of the two commands prevented Sherman from becoming aware of the changed circumstances in time to countermand his order to assault at Haines's Bluff. The second series, known as the "Bayou Expeditions," comprised every possible attempt by the river route, and were all attended with complete failure. The author clearly narrates the difficulties encountered, the hardships endured, and the pertinacity with which each new venture was tested to the utmost in the vain attempt to reach solid ground within striking distance of Vicksburg. The third and final effort was the campaign in the rear of the city, the account of which given in Chapter V. is especially commendable, and full of graphic interest. We see Grant, bold, aggressive, self-reliant, against Pemberton, timid, undecided, deferring to councils of war. The author makes a happy analysis of the characters of Pemberton and Johnston, and brings out unconsciously the unmistakable military talent of Grant. He well says "that the deeds of these eighteen days challenge comparison with the most brilliant campaigns of history."

Although Lieutenant Greene was not a participant in the events he so graphically describes, he has had access to the fullest official data, and has visited the fields of operation and verified disputed points by personal inspection. To a sound knowledge of strategic and tactical principles he unites a happy faculty of lucid description and a technical acquaintance with the vocabulary of his profession,—all of which, together with the excellent maps, containing every reference of the text, and the quite complete appendices, make the volume all that could be desired in so small a compass.

Ballard's "Solution of the Pyramid Problem."*

COLLECTORS of paradoxes have suffered for the last few years from a remarkable dearth of circle-squarers, and there is danger that their occupation would have shrunk to small dimensions had it not been for a fair supply of solutions of the pyramid problem. Mr. Ballard, who has written the latest volume on this subject, is chief engineer of the Central and Northern Railway Division of Queensland. Twenty-three years ago, on his way to Australia, he saw the pyramids of Gizeh. He watched them carefully as the train passed along, and he immediately felt a strong conviction that they were built for the purpose of land-surveying. "Here," he exclaimed, "be the theodolites of the Egyptians!" The entombment of their kings may have been one of the "exoteric" objects of the builders of the pyramids, but they must have had firmly planted in their minds before they built them the intention of using them as a great system of landmarks for the re-adjustment of boundaries destroyed or confused by the annual inundation of the Nile. It would be a hard-hearted reviewer who should withhold from Mr. Ballard the credit which he claims on account of the difficulties under which he has worked; to have discovered and described the main secret of the pyramids with no other aids than a "glimpse at them three and twenty years ago, and the meager library of a nomad in the Australian wilderness" is certainly to deserve the esteem and gratitude of all future generations of men.

Mr. Ballard rests his theory upon the establishment

of a number of what he calls primary triangles (by which he means right-angled triangles whose sides are proportional to whole numbers) in the ground plan of the pyramids of Gizeh. Taking a distance between two pyramids as hypotenuse, he constructs a right-angled triangle with base and perpendicular parallel respectively to the sides of the pyramids, and he finds that such triangles sometimes turn out to be "primary" triangles. He does not make known upon what authorities he depends for his measurements, but it is evident that the great work of Lepsius is not contained in his meager library. By measurement of the ground plan of these pyramids ("Denkmäler aus Egypten und Äthiopien," Abt. I., Bl. 14) it appears that the triangle which has Mycerinus and the Great Pyramid at its acute angles has sides which fail by twenty-eight and eighteen meters respectively of being in the ratio of three and four to an hypotenuse of five. Mr. Ballard seems also not to be aware that the pyramid which forms the basis of his theory, alone of all the pyramids, has sides which are not in the directions of the cardinal points, but differ from them by more than four degrees.

From his primary triangles, inaccurately measured, he determines a new cubit of 20.22 inches, which he supposes to have been derived from the division of a second of the earth's circumference into sixty parts. It has not occurred to him (what was early recognized by Mr. Petrie in his valuable and striking "Inductive Metrology") that long lengths are of very little value in determining units of measure, and his firm conviction that exoteric knowledge (by which he means knowledge of the outside of pyramids) is of far greater value than esoteric knowledge, prevents him from being influenced by the fact that the oldest and most accurately worked instance of the Royal Egyptian cubit, which gives a length of 20.627 inches, is found in the King's Chamber of this same Great Pyramid.

Surveying was done in Egypt, according to Mr. Ballard, by means of small models of the Gizeh group of pyramids. The north and south line was determined at any point by bringing the model group into even line and even light and shade with the original group, which could be done with great accuracy when the highly polished surfaces of the pyramids were lighted up by a brilliant Egyptian sun. The only argument that Mr. Ballard finds in support of his theory—slight as that may seem—is that the pyramids were constructed on a ground plan composed of "primary" triangles, in order that the plan of the model groups might be laid down with greater ease, but he does not himself show very great confidence in the accuracy of the measurements upon which his one argument depends. He urges with great warmth the recasing of the pyramids with thin sheets of shining metal, in order that the traveler in Egypt may be properly struck with the force of his idea.

Linton's "Wood-Engraving in America."*

In this volume, as in his previous pamphlet on wood-engraving, Mr. Linton does not attempt to give us what we so greatly need—a history of his art from

* The Solution of the Pyramid Problem; or, Pyramid Discoveries. By Robert Ballard. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

* A History of Wood-Engraving in America. By W. J. Linton. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1882. Quarto, pp. 71.

the earliest to the most recent times. He deals with wood-engraving in America only. Still, as the recent renaissance of the art has been due to American workmen, he has, after all, the most interesting part of the subject beneath his pen. It is difficult to give an accurate idea of the book he offers us. It is interesting because written by Mr. Linton; but it is not what such a history should be. It is, indeed, not a history at all, except in its earlier pages. As he approaches the last dozen years,—with their innovations, their experiments, their partial and temporary failures, and their superb successes,—Mr. Linton becomes controversial in tone and episodic in treatment. Instead of keeping to a more or less narrative form, and describing the growth of new schools and of recent changes in aim and method, he darts at the subject here and there, picking out a work for praise or blame and an artist for criticism or commendation, in rather a hap-hazard and disjointed fashion. From the first chapters we may get a good idea of the beginnings of the art in America, with much biographical information never before put in print; and if the reader has already made up his own mind upon modern work and workmen, the paragraphs of the later chapters will amuse, instruct, and enrage him, in rapid alternation. But to one who knows nothing of the subject Mr. Linton will not make it very clear—even from his own point of view. What that point of view is hardly be explained at length. Mr. Linton, as every one knows, is an old engraver of great ability, brought up on the best English traditions of an earlier day and passionately devoted to those traditions and to the aims and methods which they have induced in him. To accuse him of conscious unfairness would be unjust. But it is not unjust to say that while endeavoring to give every man his due, even when that man's ideas are in opposition to his own, his own are of so set and narrow a sort that they hamper him in every judgment.

The most serious fault of the book, however, is that Mr. Linton does not place himself at the proper point of view when discussing much of our recent work. He fails to recognize the facts that we have been passing through a period of development; that no vital development in its earlier stages can be taught but experimental; and that works which may be more or less faulty in themselves, may nevertheless be most praiseworthy as tentative essays. It was open to him, of course, to have passed whatever judgment he saw fit upon this new movement—to have pronounced no new departure necessary, to have boldly affirmed what he everywhere suggests—that absolute excellence in wood-engraving had already been attained with certain traditional aims and means, and that no aims and means of other sorts can ever produce results as good. This, if a narrow, and perhaps mistaken, would have been a recognizable platform from which consistent arguments might have proceeded. But Mr. Linton does not take any such definite stand, does not show that novel results have been desired, or describe what they are or what the novel means essayed in their production, does not judge essays as essays—successful or unsuccessful, as the case may be. Mr. Closson, for example, whom Mr. Linton admires, and Mr. Juengling, whom he condemns, have had a common and a novel aim in view all through their work. But both the fact and

the nature of this common aim Mr. Linton disregards. The reward of our engravers who have experimented so widely and so boldly, and of those who have encouraged them all through their cause, has come in the blossoming of a novel art,—for such it may indeed be called,—which is the admiration of the world and the most original and national æsthetic product America has as yet to show. But as a school they get no reward in Mr. Linton's pages. Their combined efforts are not explained. Experiments long ago reprobated or improved upon by their authors are held up to scorn as final and necessary results of what he thinks false and unsound ways of working, and when a cut is praised Mr. Linton either compares it with older things with which it has, probably, no real affinity, or insists upon calling it exceptional, though it may in truth be eminently characteristic of the newer school. Many of his criticisms are acute, just, and suggestive in themselves considered, but in the way he states them, and in the conclusions he seems to draw from them, are harmful and misleading.

The real history of wood-engraving in America is still to be written. Every year will supply its writer with fresh material and cause him, perhaps, to recast or modify certain opinions he may hold to-day, for our men are still experimenting and are daily doing new work in the most versatile and surprising ways. But even considering the time when Mr. Linton's book was written, and how quickly material has grown beneath his hand within the last few months, he can hardly be said to have written "up to date." And even considering that he judges chiefly the work of a few years back, he cannot be said to have judged it quite fairly. As has been said, the chief complaint against him is not that he is out of sympathy with modern aims,—this fact pertaining, perhaps of necessity, to the nature of his whole life's work,—but that he does not recognize those aims distinctly or state them clearly, and that in criticising individual works he qualifies the praise he is sometimes forced to give in a vain effort to reconcile *all* praise with his ideas as to how good wood-engravings ought to be produced.

Abbey's Illustrations of Herrick.*

THE handsome volume which contains Mr. Abbey's drawings made to illustrate poems by Herrick, has been years in the making. As the separate pieces were turned out by the artist the public had preparatory views of them in "Harper's Magazine," of which, for a long time past, they have been the most valuable and attractive artistic feature. When they are all brought together, we find less reason to be bothered by their faults and more reason to be impressed by their virtues. As the production of one hand (for Mr. Alfred Parsons's occasional masterly decorative bits do not impair the unity of the work) it would be difficult to find a recent parallel for this book. It recalls only the best things of the kind that have hitherto been done—such as in England, Blake's books, and the volume of Tennyson's poems illustrated by the Pre-raphaelite artists; in America, Mrs. Richardson's "Songs from the Old Dramatists," with La Farge's illustrations. More in the line of the present book would have been Mr. La

* Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick, with Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Farge's illustrations of Browning's "Dramatis Personæ," which, as a whole, was never completed, though the several designs are well-known in the art-circles of New York and Boston.

As we have spoken of what seem to us faults in Mr. Abbey's work, let us say what we have to on this point, and go on. When he passes into work of a certain kind of imaginativeness, of a kind which we can best indicate as *La Fargean*, he is apt to fail. He has power and range enough to make it quite unnecessary that he should try this, and he really does not often try it. Again, he has carried his method of antique lettering occasionally to the point of affectation. This is a difficult problem to handle, and we do not care to lay too much stress upon the matter. An illustration of what we object to will be found on page 177, where one of the best drawings in the book is somewhat interfered with by a lot of rather nonsensical tittivating beneath it. If we should, in addition, point to certain drawings which seem to us not quite up to Mr. Abbey's standard, the artist would probably reply with truth that the fault was mainly the engraver's; for although the engraving, on the whole, is to be greatly praised, on the other hand certain designs have evidently been put into the wrong hands.

After this there is nothing but praise to be given to Mr. Abbey's work. His pictures are not sledgehammer attempts to knock into the reader the most obvious meanings of the poems. The artist has penetrated into and enjoyed the spirit of his originals. The poem serves as a suggestion to the artist's invention, and the result is a picture which not only intensifies but, we may almost say, expands the meaning of the verse. His landscapes are as full of freshness and truth, as his figure subjects are of character and grace. One hardly knows which most to admire, such a landscape-drawing as that on the fifth page, or the series of figure designs which accompany the following "Beucolick." This little "Beucolick" series alone should be enough to give an artist a reputation. A quick and masterly touch, refinement and grace of style, the faculty of characterization,—in a word, the power to enter into and reproduce the gay and tender spirit of an exquisite poem,—these are the qualities here shown by Mr. Abbey; qualities which, indeed, are apparent in almost every design in this remarkable volume. Such a volume, it should be said, could not have been produced, with all its costly beauties of engraving and typography, without the hearty coöperation of liberal and appreciative publishers.

The preface—itsself a most graceful prose idyl—is written by the one man in England who should have been selected for the office, Mr. Austin Dobson.

Bacon's "Parisian Art and Artists."*

If the present volume made professions of any great profundity or thoroughness of treatment, it would be a delusion and a snare. Its modest claims save it from harsh criticism, and enable the critic to say, by way of praise, that in English it would be hard to find anything which gives a better idea of the exterior of the current art movement in Paris. In this sense

the work has historical value. There are doubtless notable omissions, and there is an unprofitable flippancy of style; still reportorially, and therefore historically, the book is worth while; and especially worth while for the numerous excellent reproductions of sketches and studies by a large number of the most prominent Parisian painters of the day. Parisian, in the sense employed in this book, does not mean French; it means the whole body of artists of all nations residing and working in Paris. Thus the work includes a notice, among other Americans, of Mr. John S. Sargent, whose "El Jaléo," was so prominent in the last Salon. A remarkably clever sketch by him of a rehearsal in the Cirque d'Hiver is reproduced, opposite page 202. Mr. Bacon is himself a well-known American artist in Paris, and he tells here many things which will be of special interest to artists. The work is fuller in its present form both as to pictures and letter-press than when it appeared serially in this magazine.

Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."*

A FEW months ago an English book made its appearance in this country, handicapped with the name of "New Arabian Nights." It was, for a time, no more warmly welcomed than might have been the "New Rabelais," or "A Nineteenth Century Nibelungen Lied," or "Robinson Crusoe" with all the modern improvements. Then, by and by, one or two of the chorus of indolent reviewers glanced at the first page, read the second, and of a sudden found themselves *bolting* the rest of the book, and finding stomach for it all, even as in boyhood they swallowed whole the indigestible "Radcliffe." But this new feast had a fine literary smack to it, and it assimilated readily to the mental system. These reviewers found a chance to say of the book a good word in a general way to the public, and a good word in a particular way to their friends, and "New Arabian Nights" passed from hand to hand until it came about that a large and steadily widening circle of readers was asking if Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson had written any more books like this, or if he were likely to write more. For the "New Arabian Nights" turned out to be no new "Arabian Nights" at all; but a very different and surprising something which is much more easily read at full length than described in a few words.

On the face of it, the book is a collection of short stories, each differing from each, every one distinct and singular, yet all linked together by the adventures of one central character, who is half Monte Cristo and half Haroun Al Raschid up to the last page, where in an unexpected fashion he leaves you laughing at him, laughing at yourself, and wondering how long his inventor has been laughing at you both.

This is the book on the face of it. But then, in fact, you cannot speak of the book on the face of it, for under the face is a fascinating depth of subtleties, of ingenuities, of satiric deviltries, of weird and elusive forms of humor, in which the analytic mind loses itself. It would be possible to give a synopsis of the series: to tell how Prince Florizel of Bohemia, accompanied by his Master

* Parisian Art and Artists, by Henry Bacon. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

* New Arabian Nights. By Robert Louis Stevenson, London: Chatto & Windus. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

of the Horse, Colonel Geraldine, wander in disguise about London, meeting with many strange haps and mishaps; how from being a mere spectator, the Prince becomes an all-important agent in the affairs of others, always supernaturally successful, ubiquitous, all-powerful, brave, gracious, wise, and kingly,—the ideal prince, the charming, incredible cavalier apology for the monarchical principle. It would be possible to give an idea of the many delicate touches by which this character is created and vivified before the reader's very eyes. It would be possible to show how the flavor of the original "Arabian Nights" is caught and kept by the mere suggestion of an imitation of the style and language. It would not be difficult to show how the "Story of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts" leads into the "Story of the Physician and the Saratoga Trunk," and that in turn into the "Adventure of the Hansom Cabs," the three together introducing us to the Suicide Club and gratifying us with its complete and final dissolution; how the Rajah's Diamond glitters through the "Story of the Band-box," the "Story of the Young Man in Holy Orders," the "Story of the House with the Green Blinds," and the "Adventure of Prince Florizel and a Detective"; how it exerts a baleful influence upon the lives of many people who in the ordinary course of things would have no single interest in common; how Florizel appears at just the moment he is wanted, and puts all things right by virtue of his royalty and his conversational powers, and how, in the end, having served his turn, as the author remarks, he is hurled by a revolution from the throne of Bohemia, "in consequence of his continued absence and edifying neglect of public business," and now keeps a cigar store in Rupert street, London, much frequented by other foreign refugees. "He has an Olympian air behind the counter," says Mr. Stevenson, "and although a sedentary life is beginning to tell upon his waistcoat, he is probably, take him for all in all, the handsomest tobacconist in London."

But were all this told at far greater length, it would give but a vague notion of the characteristic power and charm of the work. Of course, the passage just quoted is clearly a piece of exquisite fooling—a piece of keen satire, too, this upsetting of one's *deus ex machina* when one has done with him. But there is more behind it than fooling or satire. Any one who reads the "Nights" and the four stories that are bound with them must be struck by the author's versatility, his power of picturesque description, his skill in drawing character with half a touch, and his all-pervading humor.

Yet it seems to us that the qualities we have indicated do not give the key-note of Mr. Stevenson's genius, or whatever one may please to call a faculty one of the most original that we have met since the appearance of Bret Harte. The new author has a power that is strongly akin to the dramatic. He juggles with his readers and with his characters. He dresses up a puppet and tells you it is a man, and you believe it, and hold your breath when the sword is at the puppet's breast. Then he holds up the stripped manikin and smiles maliciously. With him, men and ideas are but literary properties, to be used as he sees fit, for this or that effect. In "The Pavilion on the Links" he offers

you an ordinary English magazine story of the "sensational" sort, very well done. And if one's blood must be curdled, 'twere well the curdling were done *secundum artem*. "A Lodging for the Night" gives an episode in the life of François Villon, told with a realism that is at once brutal and poetic; it is the strongest piece of work in the book. It is followed by "The Sire de Malétroit's Door,"—another mediæval French theme, handled, this time, in the pure romantic style. And then there is an odd little conceit, where laughter comes near the line of tears, to end one of the brightest, boldest, most stimulating books that modern fiction has given us.

It is worth noting here that the two French stories mentioned above seemingly owe their being to Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire." They are not thefts; they imply merely a reversion to the fundamental ideas of the Frenchman's work, and a re-creation from those bases. This is neither blameworthy nor unnatural, for Mr. Stevenson is, as we all have found out now that we have made his acquaintance, a critic and a scholar, an essayist and a traveler, whose brilliant and original work has made him only a local reputation these many years. "An Inland Voyage," "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes," "Virginibus Puerisque," "Edinburgh, Picturesque Notes," and a volume called "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," which has a pungent flavor to the jaded palate of the most wearied student of over-biographed writer-folk and their over-criticised works,—all these, with a delightful and suggestive little "Gossip on Romance," in the first number of Longman's new English magazine, are to be had by those who, having read the "New Arabian Nights," will want something more by Mr. Stevenson.

"Tunis: The Land and the People."*

WHILE the French consular agents were spinning the web that has bound the ancient Regency of Tunis to France, the Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg was visiting the large Tunisian cities and making a wide circuit in the interior. Shortly after the French entry into Tunis he was enabled, therefore, to lay before his German countrymen a picturesque and valuable account of the land and the people whose acquisition, it was supposed, would help to allay French sensitiveness over the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. For good reasons probably, the German edition of the clever volume made almost no allusion to the political history of the annexation. But in a paper contributed to this magazine for March, 1882, the Chevalier gave some interesting inside facts, from a German point of view, which showed that the French were inspired to make the move, and were supported in it, by Prince Bismarck. The work before us is a translation of the German edition, which contained several maps, that, unfortunately, are missing from the American book; and while the latter is an accurate and interesting translation, it is not always idiomatic, and does not do full justice to the vivacity and charm of style of the original. But the reader will find abundant reward in the matter.

* Tunis: The Land and the People. By the Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg. With twenty-two illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The author was indefatigable in his search after characteristic scenes and information, and in recording incidents, to all of which he was greatly assisted by the cordial reception given him at court. His book is a curious picture of a state which has brought down to us something most nearly approaching the traditions and customs of the Middle Ages and the best feature of which is seen in the admirable chapter on the Bey's court of justice, where the ruler presides in person and gives to each man his due in patriarchal fashion. Another aspect is shown in the corruption, lawlessness, and ignorance of the governing class, the beggarly condition of the army and navy, the wretched poverty of the people, and the wasted resources of the country. Rapid improvement is expected to follow the execution of the plans of the French, and the present Bey, Sidi Ali, though he is probably of little consequence in the government, is reported to be awake to the advantages of modern ideas. We learn from the book that Tunis has several good sea-ports, or ports that could be made good, while Algiers and Tripoli are poorly off in this respect. Sfax, at the time of the French bombardment, was the most prosperous sea-port in the Regency; and Kerwan, the holy city of the interior, where the beard of the Prophet is entombed, is the only Tunisian town that makes any pretension to cleanliness and the other municipal virtues; it is the seat of Mohammedan learning, where most of the written copies of the Koran are made. The only notable school in Tunis is the College Sadiki at the capital, which is modeled after a European gymnasium, is conducted principally by foreign professors and is crowded with students. A fair acquaintance with the Koran, which is taught to classes of boys at the mosques, is generally regarded in Tunis as a liberal education. Women have much less freedom than in Constantinople or Cairo, and only a small proportion of the better class of women can read or write. The chapters on the provinces are instructive reading, and represent the country to be parched and sterile, producing little more than is required by the native population. Water is scarce and the scarcity is attributed to the destruction of the forests which several centuries ago covered the mountains. It is now hard to realize that the dry and withered Tunis of to-day was once the fertile Africa of the Romans.

Dr. Ellis's "Life of Edwin H. Chapin. D. D."*

DR. CHAPIN left no material for his biography,—no letters nor journal; and his wife, whose memory was naturally to be relied upon, died before she could be consulted. Dr. Ellis can hardly be blamed, if, under such circumstances, his book must be ranked among the too large class of uninteresting and uninteresting biographies; although we think he may be blamed for attempting, under such circumstances, to write it at all. It is an extended laudation of Chapin's eloquence and general goodness, thinly interspersed with miscellaneous incidents and anecdotes gathered from the recollection of all sorts of people who had known or heard of him. It is surprising, however, that even the poverty of his material should have

induced Dr. Ellis to dwell at so much length upon some of the petty facts and incidents which he thought it necessary to record. Chapin's unfortunate habit of composing his sermons late on a Saturday night after a week spent in a lecturing tour, the exact amount of cash earned by each particular lecture upon its frequent repetition, the peculiarities of his chirography, his habit of punning, the trivial details of his summer vacations, even his difficulty in securing a suitable set of false teeth, are all dwelt upon as essential features of the career which the book attempts to describe, and indicates, we fear, some more serious defect in its writer than want of literary tact. The biography of a great pulpit orator ought not to be written at all, unless for the purpose of revealing something of the man's real inner life. Mediocrity in the pulpit creates no curiosity about the preacher's inmost intellectual and spiritual processes, because we feel instinctively that mediocrity is a self-disclosing thing, and has no mystery of personality behind it. Genius, on the contrary, in the very act of kindling some theme which illumines and reveals to an audience their own heart and conscience, hides the orator's inmost self. Much of the charm of eloquence lies in the interest which it excites in reference to the speaker's own hidden nature; and a biography, like the one before us, which fails to satisfy this most justifiable kind of curiosity must prove a disappointment to every thoughtful reader. How satisfying and instructive, for instance, is such a life as that of Dr. Bushnell written by his daughter, whose admirable use of her father's letters reveals those deeper qualities of his character which were hidden by the theological tumult aroused by his genius. What an exquisite revelation of the inmost convictions and struggles of a great spirit is made in Père Chocarne's life of the great Lacordaire, whose astonishing eloquence in Notre Dame fifty years ago set all Paris wondering what sort of hidden experience lay behind those wonderful orations against the rationalism of the day.

Dr. Chapin was undoubtedly a great orator, but we hardly think one of the greatest. His published sermons show the admirable qualities of clearness and pictorial symmetry, but nothing of the quality of the *seer*,—nothing of that insight which, in Phillips Brooks's discourses, opens up the common experiences of men until they are seen to be revelations of the laws of elemental spiritual life. Dr. Ellis labors hard in his analysis of the sources of Chapin's eloquence, in order to show that it was of the very highest type; and he especially insists in ranking it higher than Mr. Beecher's. But the truth is, eloquence, in all degrees of it, is an essentially mysterious power: it is the soul conquering with the weapons of ideas and words, and no description of the weapons can reveal the secret of its victoriousness. We feel grateful, however, to Dr. Ellis for calling especial attention to the fact that Chapin always preached upon great themes,—themes drawn from the spirit of Christianity rather than from the conflicts of theology. That he should have succeeded for twenty-five years, in a busy city like New York, in interesting large audiences in what is great in the moral life of humanity, constitutes the supreme fact of his career, and is the only fact in his biography which gives us a glimpse into the interior life of the man.

* Life of Edwin H. Chapin, D. D. By Sumner Ellis, D. D. With portraits and illustrations. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Old Valentines.

FOR a long time past it has seemed that the festival of that immortal go-between, St. Valentine, has been elbowed to the rear among our social observances, his perennially smiling visage turned to the wall, as it were, like a first wife's portrait, while a hundred little loves-in-waiting stand by with torches all unlit. One must rest content to rank among persons of a certain age in recalling the sweet stir once produced in a household by the anniversary of this legendary saint. Ah! then, from dawn till evening, what a flutter in the dovecote! what sickness of hope deferred until the mail disgorged its treasures! what radiance of blushing triumph when it did! Then pretty Dorothy stole away to her bedroom, clasping close the contents of her apron-pocket, and Sally and Betty took refuge among the pickle-jars in the store-closet, to exchange their dimpling confidences unobserved.

Woful works of art were those love-tokens in which Sally and Betty took delight! Within their gilt-edged borders sat die-away maids and bachelors, clasping hands under the chaperonage of an apoplectic Cupid, who held aloft a pair of hearts skewered upon his shaft. Beneath were amatory stanzas of the skim-milk school. Or else, when the envelope was removed, there was revealed a sort of golden bird-cage, which, on being pulled like a door bell, brought to view an altar where Hymen stood expectant. Again there was a screen of tinsel and lace-paper inscribed with this delicious mystery, "Within you will find my love." Needless to say that on lifting this, the maiden saw—a mirror! Over such sweet and transparent devices were showered rhymes like those still to be found nestling in the colored papers of mottoes distributed at juvenile parties, and composed off-hand, presumably, by the confectioner's young men.

A better period in the annals of valentine lore was that in which original stanzas, both strong and sweet, were the vehicles by which love was declared. Such a time we should like to see return. A fair sheet of paper, bearing in honest characters the expression of genuine sentiment, whether poetical or otherwise, would outweigh, in the balance of a sensible girl's opinion, a ream or two of printed prettiness. For an example, we may look far back upon the calendar of the merry saint, and there find attributed to an immortal pen the daintiest of old valentines, which, it is supposed, was addressed to Anne Hathaway:

"Is there inne heavenne aught more rare
Than thou sweete nymphe of Avon fayre,
Is there onne earthe a manne more trewe
Than Willy Shakespeare is toe you?"

"Though fickle fortune prove unkynde,
Still doth she leave herre wealth behynde
She ne'ere the heart caune forme anew,
Nor make thy Willy's love unnetrewe.

"Though age with withered hand do stryke
The form most fayre, the face most bryghte,
Still doth she leave unnetouched and trewe
Thy Willy's love and freynshyppe too.

"Though death with neverre faylinge blowe
Doth manne and babe alyke brynge lowe,
Yette doth he take naughte but his due,
And strykes note Willy's heart still trewe.

"Synce thenne not fortune, death nor age
Canne faythfulle Willy's love asswage,
Thenne doe I live and dye fore you,
Thy Willy syncere and most trewe."

To cast lots for one's valentine, who was, by the same token, to remain chained to the chariot-wheel of his enslaver for the ensuing year, was a custom of the seventeenth century, observed both in France and England. That this fashion was not altogether popular, we gather from more than one chronicler of the day,—were, indeed, one's knowledge of human nature in all ages to leave a doubt on the subject! Another custom demanded of a young lady practicing it on St. Valentine's eve a variety of occult devices, among them that of eating a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, with salt in place of the yolk, just before going to bed. Then, without quenching her thirst, the maiden sought her pillow on which was pinned four bay-leaves. Of course she was to dream of her valentines, and an artless votary has thus recorded her success, in a letter to her friend: "Would you think it, Mr. Blossom was the man? I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for the world!" Pepys, who is nothing if not practical, confides to his journal for February 14, 1667, the following prudent comment on his fortune for the day: "I am this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds. I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more which I must have given to others." Elsewhere, Mr. Pepys refers to the fact that one of Miss Stuart's valentines (the Duke of York) "did give her a jewel of about eight hundred pounds." Touching old valentines of a later date, we copy one from a paper yellow with age and crackling at the touch. It was found in the lacquer dressing-box of a belle of by-gone days, wrapped in a bit of saffron lace, and faintly scented with vanilla bean. The lady to whom the lines were penned had lived and died single:

HER VALENTINE.

"This merry maiden, radiant, rare,
With winsome ways and debonair,
When sweet she smiles on me, I swear
That Eden's light is resting there
Upon those lips so ripe, so fair!
To look upon her face, old Care
Would cease to cary and court Despair,
Would give up dole, his trade forswear,
Don sunny looks, make Joy his heir.
What wonder, then, that I should dare
Her praise to sing, her colors wear,
Her valentine myself declare?
This merry maiden, radiant, rare!"

Constance Cary Harrison.

Careless Speech.

CONVERSATION as a fine art has fallen much into neglect. We seem to be relapsing into a belief that speech is merely a medium of exchange, and that, so long as the meaning is clear, it matters little if the vehicle be crude. But it is a mistake to think that we can use language with slap-dash incoherence, and con-

vey our thought unimpaired. The relation between thought and expression is so close that one cannot be independent of the other; and this connection is so vital that, when an idea becomes extinct in a language, the word that expressed it withers and falls away, unless the word happen to find employment in expressing a new idea.

Clear thinking is, of course, the first step toward clear speaking, but inaccuracy in the use of language arises less from vagueness of thought than from a carelessness of speech, content to hit somewhere in the neighborhood, but never piercing the bull's-eye, of the thought. A crusade against the stupidity of thought that lies at the root of much stupidity of expression, is too hopelessly Quixotic to attempt. There is a fitness about a poor or infirm thought going badly clothed; but there are plenty of people who do think, and yet who express themselves in a manner so stumbling as to distort completely their meaning. Not realizing the beauty and richness of the language that is open to us, we yet insist on limiting ourselves to a certain class of rough Saxon words, making them do yeoman service, and forcing upon them a mass of work for which they are entirely unfitted, until under this burden they lose even their primitive strength.

An extreme development of the evil of careless speech is the indiscriminate use of extravagant adjectives, so common among school-girls, who, with smiling prodigality, expend the resources of the language upon mental trifles. The injustice to the listener from this inaccuracy of speech is obvious. However, this is slight beside the greater injustice done to the language itself, in which we have only a life interest, and which we must pass on to the generations following us. We have no right to abuse the language we have inherited, for the traces of our rough handling will surely endure.

Louise Herrick.

Family Records.

"THE family Bibles of past generations," Mr. Francis Galton has said in an English review, "served as registers of family events. Births, illness, marriages, and deaths were chronicled on their fly leaves, and those ponderous tomes fulfilled an important function in this incidental way. But they are now becoming generally replaced by more handy volumes, and the family register is disappearing with the old family Bible." Mr. Galton goes on to make a plea for an improved substitute for the fly-leaves usually found between the Old and New Testaments. As a special student of sociology, he knows the high importance to science of exact family records. The substitute which he wishes to see adopted generally is at once too costly and too complicated to be attempted by many. He notes that the disappearance of the family Bible almost exactly coincides with the invention of photography, and with the recognition of "the hereditary value of what are called life histories"; and he then suggests that the present seems to be a good time to urge the opening of a new form of family register. He advises the use of a thin quarto volume, solidly bound, and having leaves of tough paper. A pair of pages should be given to every member of the family. Down one side of each page may be placed a line of photographs, showing both the full

face and the profile, and taken at regular intervals from birth to death. In the opposite spaces the happenings of his life may be recorded. Thus every pair of facing pages would reveal the changes of countenance and the events in the life of one member of the family.

Surely this suggestion, or some modification of it, is worthy of adoption in American families, for in this country the young are constantly breaking away from the old homestead and striking out for themselves, and even whole families not infrequently make a complete transfer from the East to the West. Nowhere is there so much difficulty and confusion in gathering up the threads of family history as there is here. It would be well if some sort of family record were kept in every household. Mr. Galton's plan requires, at the beginning, nothing more than the purchase of a stout blank-book and the ruling of a few lines; or if even this is too much trouble, recourse may be had to the more elaborate "Family Record Album," containing a comprehensive system of blanks classified on a new plan. It has family pages for the names of the members of the family. It has genealogical pages for the descent of the family as far as it can be traced in a direct line. It has tabular pages, one for each person, for the setting down of all the leading particulars of his or her birth—parentage, time and place of birth, weight and height at birth and at various times, dates of vaccination, naming, walking, talking, learning to read, write, swim, etc., going to school or college, entering on trade, business or profession, marriage, residences, diseases, accidents, travels, and death. It has biographical pages for other special and personal details. It has heirloom pages, on which to keep the record of the interesting things about the house, and of their history, in so far as they have any. It has domestic economy pages for the record of the manner of living, house-rent, expenditure, and income, etc., from year to year. It has travel pages to record the incidents and dates of any sojourn away from home, of any member of the family, and it has miscellaneous pages for all the other manifold things to be thought of.

A convenient substitute for the formal family record is a family scrap-book. This would agreeably supplement the record, if there were one. By a family scrap-book is meant a book devoted solely to the collection of those printed paragraphs in which the name of the family appears. First of all in importance are the marriages and deaths; and if there is an English branch, there may also be birth notices to insert. Then there may be the chance newspaper paragraph announcing the taking of a prize at the county fair; or the description of the fire which burned half the house; or the report of the decision of the Supreme Court in that everlasting lawsuit. These may go in, side by side, with the inaccurate paragraph on your neat after-dinner speech, and that other on your wife's table at the church fair. A place may also be found for the few lines which remark on your son's departure for the village to enter college, and also for the straggling verses he sent home shortly after for insertion in the "poet's corner" of the local newspaper. If you travel by water, some newspaper is likely to print a list of the passengers, and even this deserves its place on the pages of the family scrap-book.

Arthur Penn.

Old Children.

ONE can no more help loving children than he can help liking rose-buds. But I meet with some children whom I cannot love without considerable effort. These are the old children. Their wise looks and sedate and dignified ways are appalling. They seldom laugh, and their smile is a sickly, sneering, sardonic smile. They never romp, but step staidly, and with a gravity of deportment which would become an octogenarian.

These poor, little, old children, withered and hard and dry before their time, are the legitimate fruits of certain forms of the child-culture of to-day. We were not used to have them. In days not remote, children were children in tastes, feelings, manners, and occupations; the spring of life lasted twenty-one years and longer. Our boys were buoyant and sportive, and the rippling laughter of our girls was as sweet music. But now, too many of our girls are fine ladies, and our boys sedate gentlemen. The jacket of jean, frock of flannel, and bowl of porridge, have passed away and with them have passed healthy, hearty, happy child-life. With our artificial modes of life and premature development of mind, we are in danger of abolishing that out of which come all valor, heroism, and worth whatsoever—a *healthy childhood*. Our children are in school, when they ought to be at play; at the ball, when they ought to be in bed; promenading in stiff, fine clothes, when they ought to be frisking with the lambs in the meadows, as blithe and gay as lambs, and knowing as little of fashionable life. Books, fashion, and, I may add, business, are what make old children.

Our girls are clamoring for "higher education," and we think we give it to them when we extend the range of their school studies. I met a child the other day who knew "enough for a professor," I was told, but she was wearing six strengthening plasters, and could not look you in the face. Men have, in every age, played the fool for knowledge; have got it at the cost of wisdom, health, happiness, and virtue; but no previous age has equalled ours in madness of this sort. I would not give a girl that knowledge which might put a single wrinkle in her face. A formal walk or game of croquet sandwiched between six hours of study and six of fashionable life, will not go far toward developing the physical well-being of our girls.

The premature placing of our children in mercantile relations, or the inculcation of what has been termed "shop-keeper's philosophy," is another of our expedients for abolishing youth. We begin by giving the child one of those fool-invented toys, called "banks,"—an invention which has done harm enough to counterbalance the good of all other toys,—and persuade him to shut up in it all his penny-gleanings, as if they were angels' gifts, instead of spending them as soon as acquired, as a healthy child is sure to do. Such a toy is a practical object-lesson in avarice. Visiting once at the house of a Christian minister, I found that each of his children had his little bank in which he deposited every penny that came into his hands. A beggar stopped to ask an alms. I said: "Why do you not give some of your money to the poor old blind man?" The answer was: "We don't give our money to tramps; we're going to keep it and make more money with it." When I see the best years of childhood monopolized by the acquisition of a

trade or profession, I feel like telling parents that such treatment is wicked, and uncalled for even by avaricious calculation. The shallow utilitarianism so prevalent among men of business is attributable, in a great measure, to the premature entrance of boys into commercial relations. Ignorant of poetry, nature, and history, they base their theories of human nature upon what they see of Dick, Tom, and Harry. There is no ideal in their lives, nor aught of nature, and they transmit the plague. If we would prevent our children from becoming dry, withered, and callous in mind and in heart, we must prevent them from coming too early in contact with the tricks of trade, and the heart-hardening principles which rule over the commercial world.

Another aging influence is to be found, as I have already intimated, in the high and fast living in which we indulge our little ones. We exhaust them by a system of profusion, luxury, and dissipation. The breakfast of life should be frugal, for dinner must be an improvement on it. To what serious consequences are we bringing our children when we give them a high-seasoned morning feast and a table of dainties? It is sad to see how many of these old boys and girls there are, who, at the age of fifteen years, or thereabout, have gone into chronic *ennui*, and are surrounded with appliances for their instruction and diversion which would have bewildered their grandparents at their age. He is the promising lad who cares not to consult a thermometer before going out; who would as lief be kissed by the north wind as by any lass in Christendom; who would willingly exchange all the overcoats in the world for a pair of skates or a sled; who takes to the water like a duck, to the mud like an eel, and to the sun like an "American citizen of African descent."

O. O'B. Strayer.

A Bar to Social Evenings.

HAS there ever been a time when—at least outside of our cities—it was not considered an essential of hospitality to offer food to a guest? It is the savage instinct of hospitality, and civilized nations have pampered it into an imperious custom. Among savages it is well enough. These livers "from hand to mouth" are often half famished; and, naturally, "after the famine, the feast." There is no expense, and the trouble is not to be considered. Hunting game is only sport to the men, and the simple manner of living gives the women of a tribe very little else to do or think of besides manual labor and preparing food; the children take care of themselves. In warm countries they do not even have to be provided with clothing, and in colder latitudes their garments are of the simplest kind. But where women have to make a great variety of under and over garments, with seams and gussets and bands, ruffles and pockets, button-holes innumerable, thin summer wear, and thick winter wear for two, three, or four children, who are all the time growing out of said clothing, with no seamstress, probably, and only one servant to do the housework, it will be readily understood that the company entertainment is the straw that often breaks the housekeeper's back.

The expense of a simple refreshment is the smallest part to consider when persons wish to have their

friends come in often to spend a social evening. It is the care and extra work which make it impossible for the average family to entertain guests as its members would like. How often it prevents the informal sending to the neighbors to "Come this evening and have a dance," or to "Come and help us act charades." It has broken up many a "sociable" and given the death-blow to the good-fellowship of a whole neighborhood, filled with pleasant people who would have enjoyed one another very much and would have done one another a world of good.

It is a trouble to both mistress and maid to supplement all their various labors with the frequent preparation of even such a simple entertainment as sandwiches, coffee, and cakes. An extra amount of bread must be mixed, twice molded, and properly baked. A ham must be prepared, and boiled, and nicely cut into thin slices—a process that requires some skill and a good deal of time. The coffee must be roasted, ground, and then prepared with a nervous nicety that is somewhat wearing. The materials for the cakes must be collected from store-rooms and closets; and what a time of anxiety it is until the cakes come out of the oven! and then, though they look all right, there is the possibility that in cutting our loaves, with the eyes of our guests upon us, we may find them streaked with dark lines! But even this is not all. Perhaps the most arduous part, and decidedly the most disagreeable, is the cleaning up after the cooking and after the guests.

When we give large parties, much more than this is cheerfully borne; for the thought and the labor begin a long time before the event, and, usually, extra help is hired. But we are not now considering large parties. We want to meet our friends frequently. Cannot we do so without this interminable eating? We would not eat after our supper (or dinner) if we

had remained at home. Why should we find it necessary when we go out? If we "drop in" at a friend's house for an evening we do not expect it or think of it. But if this same friend asks us to come to hear some music, or to look at some new engravings, or to do anything whatever, we look for something to eat in the progress of the evening. "She invited us," we say, "and, of course, there will be refreshments of some kind." Why "of course"? We don't need them,—often we would prefer to do without them,—and certainly we should be clearer in our minds in the morning if we were to do without them. Still the senseless custom goes on.

The surprise parties of a few years ago, which were so mercilessly condemned, arose out of a genuine feeling of friendliness, due to the naturally gregarious habits of mankind. After a day of housework, sewing, and "bother," after office hours are over, when the little folks are in the land of dreams, while Bridget or Dinah is quiet in the kitchen, with sewing, or a visitor, a yearning arises in our souls for some sort of recreation. And there is a need for it, too. But the surprise parties were a mistake for the same reason that we hesitate to accept the general invitation, "Come and spend an evening with us some time!" We do not go because the very evening we fix upon may be the most inconvenient one of the whole season to our hosts. But, were it not for those bugbears, "sandwiches and coffee;" or, "oysters and ice cream," instead of this vague, unmeaning phrase, one might give the specific invitation: "Come this evening, or next Wednesday evening!" for they would have nothing to think of in the meantime, in relation to the visit, but the pleasure of their friend's society.

Louise Stockton.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Test for Fire-damp in Mines.

THE inflammable gas known as fire-damp has been made the subject of long study, and many plans have been tried to obviate, as far as possible, its destructive explosions when set on fire. It appears it can be removed by proper ventilation whenever it collects in dangerous quantities. Whenever it is known to be present in the mine, any method of indicating its presence in advance, or before it can become dangerous, would therefore be of value. Among the plans that have been proposed to accomplish this is a comparatively new one, that has the merit of indicating above ground or at the mouth of the pit the presence of the gas in the mine. On the roof of the galleries, where the gas may be known to collect, is placed a hollow ball of wire gauze. This is placed, by means of wires, in electrical communication with a bell at the mouth of the mine. The ball is supported by a suitable bearing, in such a way that, when free, it will revolve by its own weight, but is ordinarily kept in position by a plug of fusible metal, so that it cannot move. Upon the

ball are arranged pins, or teeth, in such a position that when the ball is released by the melting of the fusible plug the teeth alternately make and break the electric circuit, and the signal sent to the station above indicates the number or position of the ball in the mine. Within the ball is a piece of spongy platinum, connected by a second wire with the station at the mouth of the pit. When it is desired to ascertain if gas has collected in the mine, say just before the men go to work, a current is sent through the second circuit, and the platinum sponge is raised to a white heat. If the air is pure, nothing happens. If gas has gathered in explosive quantities, the heat of the platinum sets it on fire, and there will be a small explosion inside the wire gauze ball. This will give heat enough to melt the fusible plug, and the ball will be released. It will by its own weight, or by means of a spring, make a revolution, and the teeth will cause the signal to sound at the station above. At the same time, the burning of the gas is limited to the ball, as the flame will not pass the wire gauze, and all danger of extensive explosions of the gas are avoided. While this system has not, as far as can be learned, been tried

on a large scale, it has the merit of pointing the way in which it is quite possible to make these gases report their presence before they can become a source of danger. Something of this kind has long been needed, and this design has apparently much to recommend it.

New Photographic Process.

THE ordinary black-and-white photograph has the defect of being merely black and white, since all the colors of nature, from which it is taken, are lost. It seems hopeless to look for any photographic process that will give colors in the negative, and the attention of artists and inventors has been given wholly to efforts to find a method of coloring the photo-print by hand. The most obvious plan is to paint the silver print, and this is very largely done; but the result is never wholly happy, for the photograph is simply smothered and painted out of sight. Attempts to put the color on the back of a film have given better results, but even this has not been wholly successful. Recently a still different plan has been followed. In this process a negative is taken in the usual way, and a note is made of the chief colors of the subject, the dress, hair, and flesh tints of the portrait, or the grass, ground, water, etc., of a landscape. The negative may be retouched or not, as seems desirable, the only requisite being that it should be a good one. From this negative is taken a light silver print; that is, a print made with a very short exposure, so that only the main outlines of the picture are secured. This print is then painted roughly by hand, according to the colors of the subject, as described by the note made at the time the negative was taken. These colors are in the form of thin, transparent washes, and are laid on in broad masses, and without regard to the shading. For instance, in a portrait, the hair is given one color in a single mass, the flesh tints merely cover the face, hands, etc., and the colors of the dress are spread evenly over the whole of the costume. In a landscape, the foliage receives a coat of green, the soil a coat of brown or yellow, the sky blue, and so on. This work is simple, but at the same time, in a flower-piece, or an elaborate interior, or a copy of a painting, there may be room for considerable artistic skill. The colored print is then treated with certain chemicals, which fix the colors and make it possible to spread over the print a freshly sensitized silver film. The negative is then replaced in the printing frame, and the print is laid face-down over it. Care is taken to see that the print is exactly under the negative, and is properly "justified." An exposure is then made, and a new print is secured exactly over the first print. This second print is then toned and fixed in the usual way. The finished print is now a double photograph, with a film of color between the two. Wherever the second print is thin or white, the color shows through. Wherever the shades are deep or black, the color is blotted out. By this placing of a second print over a colored print all the detail of the original negative is secured; the picture shows gradations of light and shade, and the color is preserved, and yet smoothed and softened. The process will, no doubt, prove of value in business, because it gives pictures in their true colors, and pictures that may serve as

samples of goods offered for sale. The pictures examined included colored portraits from life, copies of oil paintings, pictures of china and colored glassware, toys, carpets, and fabrics of all kinds.

Improved Signal System.

AS THE number of trains increases upon a railroad there always appears a proportionate increase in a certain class of accidents. These are rear collisions, or the running of one train into another in front of it. To prevent such accidents, one system divides the line into short sections or blocks, and forbids any train to enter a block till some signal has been given that the preceding train has left the block and the line is clear. The method of making these block signals has been the subject of much study, and a great number of signaling systems, both mechanical and electrical, have been tried. Some of these have already been described here. One thing now seems to be sought for in preference to anything else: to make the system self-reporting and wholly independent of human agency; that is, the passing train must cause the signals to be displayed, and without calling upon the aid of any flagman or signal or telegraphic operator. While a number of systems do this in greater or less degree, it appears to be accomplished by a new system in a manner that is worthy of notice. The idea upon which it is based is to enable the passing train to break an electrical circuit, this breakage causing all the signals, whether by sign or sound, to be made. The train also closes the circuit on leaving the block, and restores all the signals to their normal condition, thus showing that the line is clear. To accomplish this the section is provided with a single wire supported on poles, a suitable battery, and a number of signal targets, lamps, etc. If the section is a single line without switches, a target is placed at each end of the section and facing in both directions. If there is a crossing there is a target, bell, or some other signal there also. At each end of the section are placed under the rail two circuit-breakers, close together. On the entrance of a train either going forward or backing, the first breaker is operated by the weight of the first pair of wheels. This breaks the electrical circuit, and all the banners in every target in the section are displayed. In a second or less the first axle crosses the second circuit breaker and the circuit is closed again, and all the signals would be withdrawn were it not that the next pair of wheels arrives at the first breaker and resets the apparatus. Thus, so long as the train is passing, there is an alternate breaking and making of the circuit. This affects all the signals, and they quiver or hesitate, but so rapid is the alternate breaking and making of the circuit that practically they do not appear to move, but remain at "danger." When the last axle crosses the breaker the signals come to danger till the train leaves the section. At this end there is also the same momentary hesitation, but it is not apparent in the targets (except by very close observation), and, as the last axle leaves the section, the circuit is closed, and every signal is put to rest or "safety," and the line is reported clear. Simple as this device is, it has the merit of displaying the signals at both ends of the section at the same time, so that a train on the same

track coming in the opposite direction is warned in time. The signals remain at danger from the time the first axle enters the section till the last axle leaves it. If the train breaks in two and leaves a car behind no other train can enter the section from either direction till it has been removed. If the car left behind should bodily leave the line the signals would still remain at danger, and if it ran back into the rear sections, it would display every signal in advance, even if left wholly unguarded. If, for any reason, the circuit is broken by the breaking of a wire, or fall of a tree, or the failure of the battery, the signals would be displayed at danger at each end of the section. It will be seen that this closed circuit plan may be operated free from human agency. The train and even an obstruction affecting the circuit in any way causes the signals to be made. Besides this, the movement of every switch-rod may break the circuit and cause every signal to be displayed so that the entrance of a train from a branch or siding automatically closes the block. In like manner the departure of a train upon a branch and the closing of the switch may place the main block clear in both directions at once, and at the same time display the signals on the branch. By a different arrangement of the targets the entrance of a train upon the main section where there is a branch may cause a danger signal to be displayed on the branch, so long as the train is on the section. In the working model examined, which, as far as the targets are concerned, was of the full size, the movement of the signals appeared to be prompt and regular. The manner in which the banners in the targets are displayed is very simple. The round disk of red cloth is cut in halves, each half being supported by a rod pivoted near the top. The top of the rod is connected by a short link with a lever pivoted at the lower end carrying the armature of the electro-magnet. When the circuit is closed the armature is drawn to the magnet, and this by means of the lever draws the rod carrying half the banner to such a position that it is hid by the sides of the target. There being two banners and magnets, the entire signal is drawn apart out of sight so long as the circuit is closed. Any break, from whatever cause,—the arrival of a train, the movement of a switch, or any failure or break-down,—releases the armature and the banner drops down by its own weight, and the danger signal is given. This system appears to be adapted to the most complicated lines, and to be at once simple and inexpensive. It leaves nothing to be done by trackmen, switchmen, or train-dispatchers, and if, for any reason, it fails, the signals are placed at each end of the section at danger. If now there is a rear collision it is the following engineer's fault; and, to prevent every accident, it would seem that our railroad companies should place a pilot or lookout on the engine whose sole duty it could be to look out for signals. This has been suggested elsewhere, and it deserves attention.

New Pulverizing System.

THE tendency in all work having to do with ores, minerals, phosphates, fuels, etc., is to employ the materials in as finely divided a state as possible. This has led to the introduction of a great variety of attri-

tion mills, disintegrators, and pulverizers, each having greater or less merit in its respective field. The invention of the sand-blast led to experiments with blasts of air or steam as a means of breaking up or disintegrating minerals. It was found that if a powerful jet of air, carrying particles of quartz, ores, or other minerals, was thrown against a hard surface, that the minerals could be dashed or broken to pieces very rapidly. The only difficulty was to get some substance hard enough to stand the impact of the particles driven against it, and it was not till a wholly different plan was tried that the work appeared to be successful. This new system has now been tried upon a commercial scale, and in actual operation appears to work in a satisfactory manner. The novel feature of the system is to have two jets of air or steam, both laden with the minerals in the form of coarse powder, and to place them in line facing each other. The particles thrown forward by one jet would meet those from the other, and they would be crushed and shattered by dashing against each other. The manner in which this novel idea has been carried out is simple and inexpensive. The ore, minerals, stone, phosphates, or other materials, are first crushed to a coarse powder; for the apparatus is not designed as a rock breaker, but a pulverizer for reducing powders to flour or impalpable "float." From the crashing rolls it is led by a spout into a hopper placed over the pulverizer. This hopper has two spouts or openings below that lead the material to two smaller hoppers on each side of the machine. At the bottom of each hopper is a brass nozzle or steam jet. Directly in front of it is a second nozzle or guide-way, there being a small space between the two. Practically these two nozzles form an injector. The two injectors are placed exactly opposite and facing each other, the ends being in an inclosed chamber between them. From the upper side of this chamber is a large pipe for conveying away the exhaust steam, and the floating powder and dust, and at the lower side is a spout through which the coarse particles that will not float in the steam may pass out of the apparatus. The large exhaust pipe leads to a dust chamber, where the powder settles while the steam escapes into the air above. In using this apparatus it is the custom to employ two, side by side, and to place an elevator between them. The coarser material that will not float away with the steam to the dust-room, is led through the spouts to this elevator, and may be raised to a bolting machine, or it may be returned to the apparatus and put through it again. In the plant examined in operation two pulverizers were in use at once, pulverizing crushed marble, and reducing it to flour. It will be seen that in this system no power is needed beyond that required for the elevator and the bolting machine. Air can be used in place of steam, if it is more convenient, as the process is the same—a jet to impel the particles one against the other. There is no hard surface to be worn out, as the particles meet in mid-air quite free from anything. The only wearing parts of the apparatus are the ends of the nozzles. These, for economy, are made of cast-iron, and can be replaced in a few moments and at small expense. The system has the merit of cheapness, and appears to have been thoroughly thought out and tested on a large scale.

New Refrigerating Apparatus.

THE increase in the demand for cold-air machines has naturally stimulated improvements in old, and the invention of new, refrigerating appliances. Among the more recent of these is one employing sulphuric acid as an absorbent of the vapor of water, the extraction of the vapor from a mass of water in a vacuum causing the lowering of the temperature. The idea is not new, for it is the basis of familiar experiments in school laboratories, yet its application on a commercial scale appears to be both new and quite successful. The plant consists essentially of a freezer, in which the ice is formed, an acid tank, through which the vapor of the water is drawn, and an air-pump for creating a vacuum. There is also an apparatus for condensing the acid when it becomes too heavily loaded with water. The freezers, of which a number may be grouped together with one acid tank, consist of cast-iron tanks of any convenient shape or size, according to the size of the blocks of ice that is required. There is a funnel closed by a stop-cock for admitting fresh water, and a hinged trap or door, at the bottom, for taking out the blocks of ice. The acid tank is a cylindrical vessel of iron, having a helix or stirrer inside for agitating the liquid whenever it is necessary. This tank is connected by pipes with the freezers, and over the top has a dome, which is connected with an air-pump. The operation of the machine is simple. The air-pump creates a vacuum in the dome over the acid, and indirectly, by means of the pipes, in the freezers. The water begins to evaporate, and the vapor pervading the pipes and tank is absorbed by the acid, the air partly freed from vapor being steadily drawn away by the air-pump. This evaporation and absorption of the vapor causes a lowering of the temperature of the remaining water, and it freezes into solid blocks in the freezers. The pump is then stopped, and the tanks are opened from below. The ice falls out, and the tanks are closed and again filled with water, when the process begins anew. The only pause in the work is the occasional removal of the saturated acid and the putting in a fresh supply. The acid is freed from water in a condenser, and may be used over again in the machine indefinitely. While this is the main idea of this refrigerating plant, it has many details, and requires a special kind of air-pump. Lead is used wherever it is necessary to protect the apparatus from the action of the acid, and ingenious appliances are added for preventing the ice from clogging the water-pipes that fill the freezers, and for releasing the blocks of ice when they are finished. In a small plant, demanding a six-horse-power engine and the services of two men besides the engineer, six blocks of ice, weighing six hundred weight each, can be made in one hour, or fifteen tons in twenty-four hours. The cost of production must depend on the price of coal and labor; but, so far as can be learned, it is as low as by many of the larger and more costly appliances now in use.

New Telegraph Sounder.

In a new form of sounder for indicating by sound the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet, bells have been substituted for the metal stops of the common sounder. The object of this is two-fold: to give two

tones of different pitch or quality in the same instrument, and to enable it to be used with either an alternating current or an intermittent current of the same polarity. The armature is in the form of a metal ball suspended on a vertical rod that is pivoted above and carries a metal hammer at the top. There are two coils, each having an iron stop or elbow at the top, and so arranged that the armature hangs between the two ends of these stops. By this arrangement the armature is free to swing between the coils, and may be drawn by the current to one or the other. Above the pivoted armature are two gong-bells, one on each side of the hammer, each being pivoted so that it may be brought nearer or drawn away from the hammer as circumstances require. When the apparatus is to be used for simply telegraphing by sound with a Morse current, the armature is drawn against one of the stops on the coils and the hammer is in contact with one of the bells. An interruption of the current causes the armature to move slightly, and the hammer strikes on the opposite bell, giving the long and short sounds of the code. When the vibrating needle system is to be used, and currents of continually varying polarity are to be employed, the armature rests quietly halfway between the coils. On the arrival of the current it is drawn to the right for one polarity and to the left for the other, and the opposite bells are struck. As the two bells have a different pitch or tone the signals of the code are indicated (long or short) by the difference between the bells. Besides this, in either method the pivoted arm supporting the armature is plainly seen to vibrate so that the messages may be read by sight as well as by sound (in a noisy place where the bells cannot be heard distinctly) as in the old needle instruments and one form of cable instrument. The new sounder is said to be very sensitive, and to work well on long lines and with feeble currents. It is now under practical experiment on an important telegraphic system. The only objection to such an apparatus that appears at first sight is the use of a sonorous bell, as the ringing, persistent sound would be troublesome. This objection appears to be met by making the bell of a soft metal that gives an agreeable but rapidly vanishing tone.

New Methods in Tunneling.

MUCH attention has been given during the past few years to the work of making tunnels for railroads, aqueducts, and subways. Many experiments have been made with a view to substituting machinery for the common system of drilling holes by hand or power tools, blasting out the rock and removing the broken material in cars. The aim in these experiments appears to be to make some kind of cutting tool that, when pushed up against the end or head of the tunnel, shall cut or tear down the rock in the form of dust or powder. In one machine this appears to be successfully performed. The apparatus is designed to be used in cutting a circular heading or advance tunnel of small diameter. If even a small opening is secured in advance, it is comparatively easy to enlarge the heading to the full diameter of the tunnel. The new machine is therefore designed to bore a round heading about 2.20 meters (84 inches) in diameter. It

consists essentially of a T-shaped cutting tool, having a cutting edge on top, and turning on its axis or stem. This cutter is laid down horizontally with the cutting edge toward the face of the rock, and by turning it around rapidly the face is gradually cut or shaved off in the form of fine dust. The stem carrying the revolving cutter is hollow, and rests on a sliding support, so that it can be pushed forward, or fed up to the work as it proceeds, by means of a hydraulic ram within the stem. The machine rests upon a suitable frame, and is operated by means of a pair of steam or compressed-air engines. When the cutting tool has advanced to the end of the stroke of the feeding system, the entire machine, motors and all, can be raised from the frame and supported by jack-screws. The frame, by means of the hydraulic ram, can then be dragged forward under the machine till it is in position for work again. The machine is then lowered upon the frame and the cutting is resumed. The apparatus is reported to work in chalk at a speed of one hundred revolutions a minute, with an advance of 0.8 of an inch a minute, or nearly 50 feet in 24 hours. The broken rock and dust from the cutting tool falls into a hopper that leads it to an endless belt carrying buckets, by which it is conveyed under the machine to the rear and dumped into a car.

Smoke Prevention.

THE general principles upon which all smoke-preventing or smoke-consuming furnaces must be built are now clearly understood. The formation of smoke may be prevented by adding a fresh supply of hot air to the fire just beyond the fire-box, or furnace proper. This has been accomplished in a number of ways already described here. One of the most recent and simple methods offered consists essentially of a pair of fire-clay cylinders, placed one within the other, and having a small annular space between them. This double cylinder is placed in the furnace just beyond the grate. All the products of combustion pass through the smaller central tube, or cylinder, thus imparting a portion of their heat to both cylinders. Fresh air is taken into the furnace through ducts under the fire-box and ash-pit, and through the annular space between the cylinders. In passing between the cylinders it is intensely heated, and is delivered hot into the combustion chamber, where it meets any unconsumed gases that may have escaped from the fire, and assists in burning them. The novelty of the invention consists simply in the use of the double cylinders as a means of heating the fresh supply of air needed for complete combustion.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Song of Sir Palamede.

*"Came Palamede, upon a secret quest,
To high Tintagel, and abode as guest
In likeness of a minstrel with the king,
Nor was there man could sound so sweet a string.*

*To that strange minstrel strongly swore King Mark,
By all that makes a knight's faith firm and strong,
That he, as guerdon of his harp and song,
Might crave and have his liking.*

*'O King, I crave
No gift of man that king may give to slave,
But this thy crowned queen only, this thy wife.'"*

SWINBURNE. *Tristram of Lyonesse.*

WITH flow exhaustless of alliterate words,
And rhymes that mate in music glad as birds
That feel the spring's sweet life among light leaves
That ardent breath of amorous May upheaves
And kindles fluctuant to an emerald fire
Bright as the imperious seas that all men's souls desire:
With long strong swell of alexandrine lines,
And with passion of anapests, like winds in pines
That moan and mutter in great gusts suddenly,
With whirl of wild wet wings of storms set free:
In mirth of might and very joy to sing,
Uplifting voice untired, I sound one sole sweet string.

Love, that is ever bitter as salt blown spray,
Yet sweet, yea sweet as wrath or wine away,
As red warm mouths of Mænads subtly sweet;
Love, that is fleetier than the wind's fleet feet
Soft-shod with snowflakes; love, that hath the name
And fury and force of swift bright shuddering flame:
Fate, that is foe to love and lovely life,
Yea foe implacable, and hath death to wile;
Fate, that is bitterer than the salt spray blown
And colder than soft snow yet hard as stone;

Fate, that makes daily fare of heart's desire,
 Being found thereunto a devouring fire:
 Death, that is friend to fate and fair love's fee;
 Death, that makes waste the wolds of life with snow;
 Death, harsh as spray of seas that wild winds blow:
 Life, that is strangely one of all these three,
 Being bitter as is the sharp salt spray of sea,
 And thereto colder than the blown white rose
 And soft brief blossom of unmothered snows,
 And fiercer than the forceful feathered fire,
 Fed as a flame with hope of heart and high desire:
 All these I sing, and sound the same sweet string.

And as fresh-gathered leaves of bay I bring
 Green praises to all dear dead lute-players,
 Whom Plato's passionate queen holds fast as hers,
 Yea all sad souls that have smiled and sinned and sung,
 With whose gold-colored hairs and hear this harp is strung,
 And blame of the high great gods that do amiss,
 Being cruel and crowned and bathed complete in bliss,
 And careless if this world be out of tune,
 And deaf to dithyrambs of bards that bay the moon:
 And all perfections of all those I love,
 Each bettering still the best and still above
 The last this violent voice proclaimed the best,
 And blown by stormy breath still starward o'er the rest:
 And all large loathsomeness of all I hate,
 Whose poisonous presence doth Caina wait,
 And better it were that they had ne'er been born,
 I being dowered with hate of hate and scorn of scorn,
 And shrinking not to name them newts and snakes,
 Lepers and toads and frogs and hooting owls and crakes:
 All these with ease of measureless might I sing,
 And sound, though sheer stark mad, the same sweet string.

And many a theme I choose in wayfaring,
 As one who passing plucks the sunflower
 And ponders on her looks for love of her.
 Yea, her flower-named whose fate was like a flower,
 Being bright and brief and broken in an hour
 And whirled of winds: and her whose awless hand
 Held flickering flame to fawn against the brand,
 Till Meleager splendid as the sun
 Shrank to a star and set, and all her day was done:
 And her who lent her slight white virgin light
 For death to dim, that Athens' mastering might
 Above all seas should shine, supernal sphere of night:
 And her who kept the high knight amorous
 Pent in her hollow hill-house marvelous,
 And flame of flowers brake beauteous where she trod,
 Her who hath wine and honey and a rod,
 And crowneth man a king and maketh man a slave,
 Her who rose rose-red from the rose-white wave:
 And her who ruled with sword-blue blade-bright eyes
 The helpless hearts of men in queenly wise,
 And all were bowed and broken as on a wheel,
 Yet no soft love-cloud long could sheath that stainless steel,
 Her tiger-hearted and false and glorious,
 With flower-sweet throat and float of warm hair odorous:
 These sing I, and whatso else that burns and glows,
 And is as fire and foam-flowers and the rose
 And sun and stars and wan warm moon and snows.
 Who hath said that I have not made my song to shine
 With such bright words as seal a song to be divine?
 Who hath said that I have not sweetness thereon spread
 As gold of peerless honey is poured on bread?
 Who hath said that I make not all men's brains to ring,
 And swim with imminent madness while I sing,
 And fall as feeble dykes before strong tides of spring?
 And now as guerdon of my great song I claim
 The swan-white pearl of singers, yea Queen Fame,
 Who shall be wed no more to languid lips and name,
 But clasp me and kiss and call me by my name,
 And be all my days about me as a flame,
 Though sane vain lame tame cranes sans shame make game and blame!

Every Man his own Novelist:

SUGGESTED BY "EVERY MAN HIS OWN POET."

Specimen Recipes.

A NOVEL IN THE STYLE OF MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

TAKE one yacht, the Hebrides, an obstinate young lady, and one piper. Add to these a Highland laird and Colonsay; now, introduce a young man in a kilt and Oronsay, with a pinch of the Kyles of Bute and Ben Muich Dhal. Flavor to suit taste with Gaelic, border ballads, and Styornaway; cover with pathos and serve.

IN THE STYLE OF MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THIS is a dish always in season, but depending, like the omelette, on a certain amount of mechanical skill. The ingredients are simple: three English clergymen of slightly doubtful reputation, a county family, one Duchess, and a pair of purely conventional lovers. It is indispensable that the latter should at once quarrel gently, but, unless they positively curdle and refuse to mix, they should not betray any marked emotion. Stir in several Cabinet ministers and one impossible American; dilute to taste; garnish with one suicide, chopped fine, and sauce *mariage à la mode*.

MISS BROUGHTON.

THIS simple and innocent entrée is preferred by many to the cumbrous and heavy joints so popular with the last generation. It merely requires a willowy and somewhat vicious young woman, and an ugly and somewhat more vicious young man (guardsmen preferred) of middle age, with two wives living. Skewer and roast them together over a quick, passionate fire, and serve either hot or cold, as the heroine survives it or not. Vegetables in the shape of relations are sometimes added, but they are quite immaterial, and are generally skipped. Serve with an historical present platter, and molten lava kisses to give a finish.

"OUIDA."

TAKE one languid Greek god, with fair hair and the shadow of a crime. Flavor him with a ruined abbey, nothing a year, a palace on the Bosphorus, and turquois hair-brushes. Take also several Duchesses, to whom he makes love,—very languidly, or he will not do,—a Dalmatian gitana with a thirst for revenge, and one vivandière. After these become thoroughly mixed, introduce carefully a chapter on Ariadne at Naxos, one little wooden shoe, a gifted dog, and a plain mister to give a piquant flavor. Season with a bouquet of choice misquotations, and serve with a supreme expiation.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

A Pîce Montée.

PROCURE, ready-made from the pastry-cook's, one Palladian palace, which may be filled at pleasure with allegorical figures representing the British aristocracy, the Rothschild family, the great Asiatic mystery, and Lord Beaconsfield. Powdered footmen should be sprinkled over the whole.

Augustus M. Swift.

Jennie's Woo'in'.

YOUNG Davie was the brawest lad
In a' the Lairnie Glen,
An' Jennie was the bonniest lass
That e'er stole hearts o' men;
But Davie was a cotter's lad,
A lad o' low degree,
An' Jennie, bonnie, sonsie lass,
A high-born lass was she.

Sae Jennie did the woo'in' a',
As weel the guidwives ken,
The woo'in' a', the woo'in' a',
O' Davie o' Lairnie Glen.

'Twas fair-time at Lairnie Glen,
An' ilka lass maun gang;
To mony a lad said Jennie, "Na,"
For Davie thought she lang;
They met at gloamin' on the brae,
Ayont the gowany lea,
Quoth Jennie: "Sin' ye ask me na,
Winna ye gang wi me?"

Sae Jennie did the woo'in' a', etc.

The mither cried: "Ye mauna, lass!"
But Jennie did protest:
"I canna break twa lovin' hearts,
Na, na; I ken the best!"
Sae, when he didna dare to speak,
Jennie, with downcast e'e
An' mony a blush, said, "Davie, lad,
Winna ye wed wi' me?"

Sae Jennie did the woo'in' a',
As weel the guidwives ken;
Ay, Jennie wooed an' Jennie won
Davie o' Lairnie Glen.

Emma C. Dowd.

Song of the Parsee Lover.

THY face is like the violet's
That to the red rose lingers close,
And he who looks at thee forgets
The honeyed sweetness of the rose.

Oh, if the nightingale should come
In quest of beauty so divine,
I beg of thee to strike him dumb,
And tell him all these charms are mine.

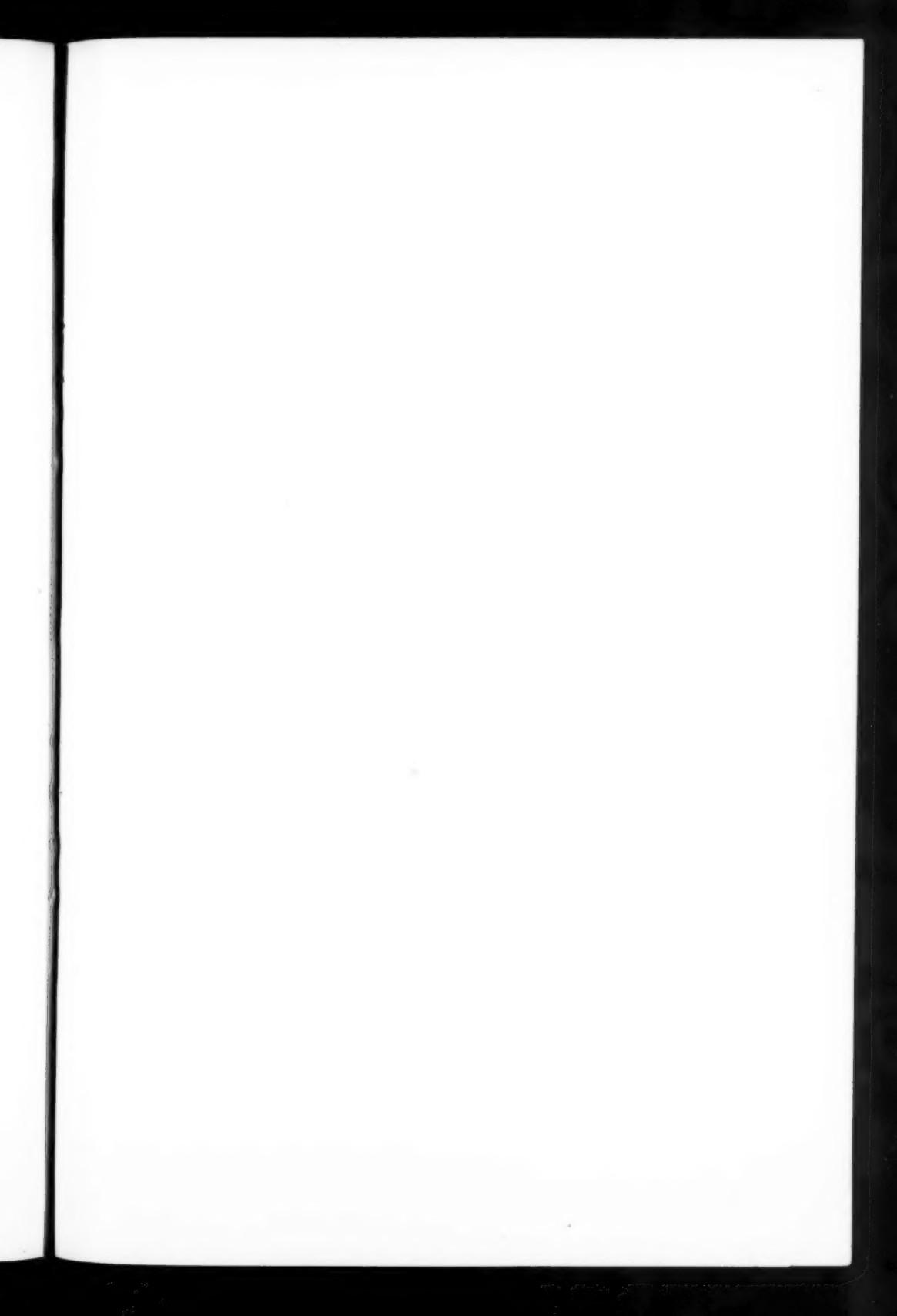
For thee I die, I disappear,
I sink in Love's bewildering sea;
That moment when thou art not near
I ask the flying birds for thee.

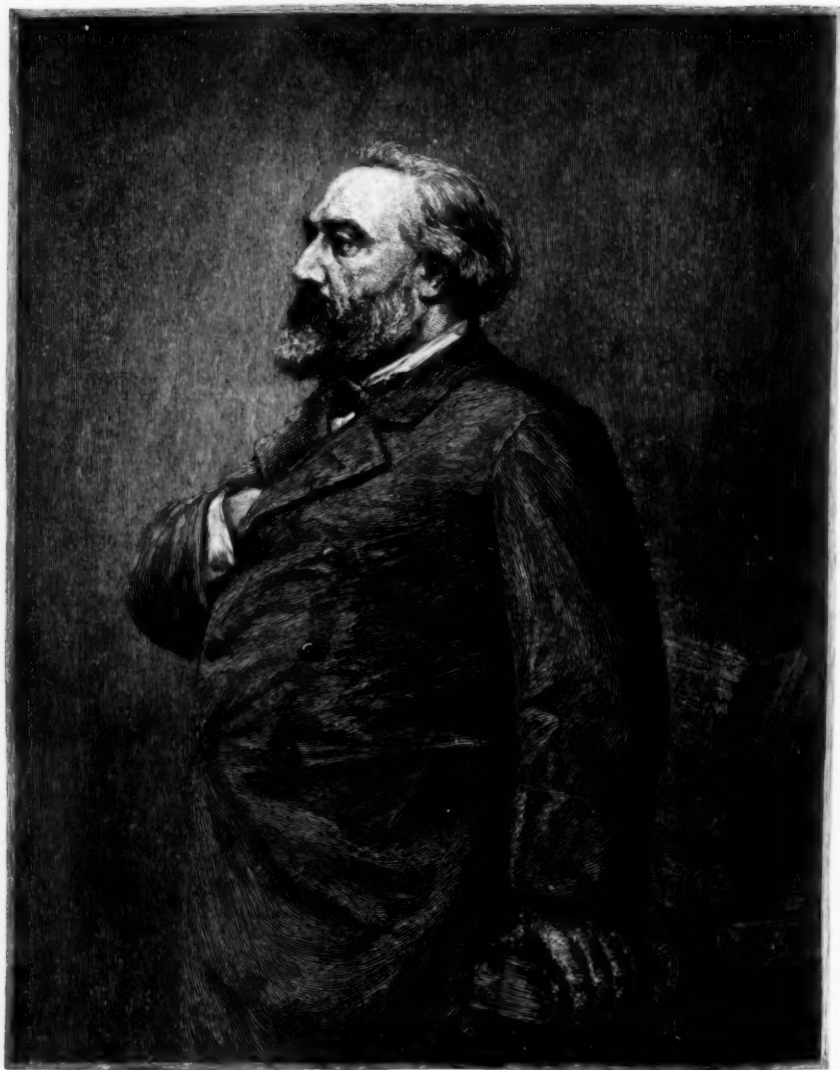
About me coils thy conquering chain,
Upon thy heart my heart is set;
If thou art nigh I laugh at pain,
Yet flounder helpless in thy net.

When, frantic, I thy favor sought
To catch the chrism of a kiss,
Thy shrewd reply, more quick than thought,
Came in such roguish words as this:

"A kiss? Indeed! In ambush placed
Behind my lips it hides. Ah, me!
My mouth is locked. But do not haste:
My loving mother holds the key!"

Joel Benton.





LÉON GAMBETTA.